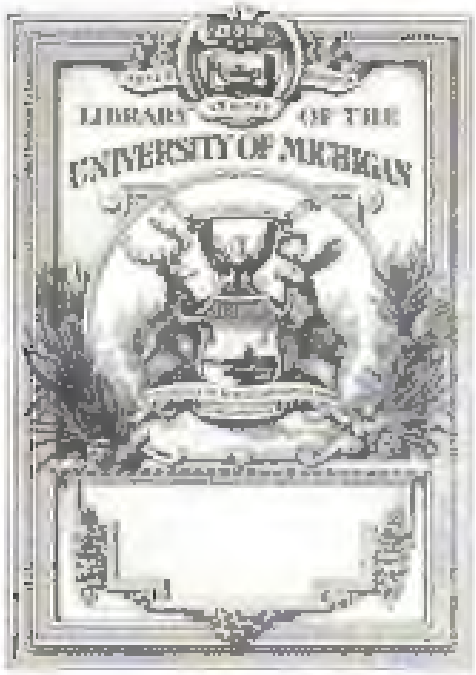
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AP
4
.M85

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

1 1 6 7 3

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. II

JANUARY—MARCH 1901

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF AUTHORS

			PAGE
Baillie-Grohman, W. A.	An Emperor's Sporting Chronicle	Feb.	119
Bellairs, Lieut. Carlyon, R.N.	The War Training of the Navy	Feb.	13
Bigelow, Poultney	The Evolution of the Boer	Mar.	79
Corbett, Julian S.	Colonel Wilks and Napoleon	Jan.	63
Editorial Articles	Unity and Uniformity	Jan.	1
	The Little Englander	Jan.	10
	The Happy Warrior	Feb.	1
	The Housing of the Poor	Feb.	11
	Loyalty	Mar.	1
	On the Line	Feb.	21
	"	Mar.	10
"Englishwoman's Love Letters, An," the Writer of	On Lansdowne Hill	Feb.	163
Evans, Arthur J.	The Palace of Minos	Mar.	115
Fremantle, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund, G.C.B.	Training of Naval Officers	Mar.	20
Fry, Roger E.	Giotto	Feb.	96
Fuller-Maitland, J. A.	Giuseppe Verdi	Mar.	133
Hamilton, Lord Ernest	Brains in Arms	Jan.	107
Habt-Davis, Capt. H. V.	London: a Seaport	Mar.	72
Hayashi, His Excellency Baron	The Progress of Japan	Jan.	20
Hodgkin, Thomas, D.C.L.	Oliver Cromwell	Feb.	82
Hogarth, D. G.	The Birth Cave of Zeus	Jan.	49
Hope, Anthony	Tristram of Blent. Chaps. X.–XI.	Jan.	167
	" " XII.–XIII.	Feb.	165
	" " XIV.–XV.	Mar.	165
Housman, Laurence	A Chinese Fairy Tale	Feb.	141
Irwin, Sidney T.	The Drag-Net of Cowley	Jan.	91
Kinloch, Alexander	Trade and the Siberian Railway	Mar.	60
Macritchie, David	Modern Views of the Picts	Jan.	131
Maude, Lt.-Col. F.N., late R.E.	Army Reform	Feb.	24
Meredith, George	A Reading of Life	Mar.	155

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

			PAGE
PHILLIMORE, MRS.	The Overcrowding of London	Mar.	11
QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.	Coventry Patmore	Jan.	149
ROSCOE, SIR HENRY E.	The Outlook for British Trade	Feb.	69
SHIRLAW, MATTHEW, MUS. BAC. EDIN.	Naturalism and Musical Æsthetic	Feb.	122
STEPHEN, LESLIE	Right and Wrong in Politics	Jan.	33
STREATFEILD, R.A.	Two Poets of the New Century	Mar.	93
SYMONS, ARTHUR	A Study at Toledo	Mar.	144
WILLIAMS, BASIL	On Some Boer Characteristics	Jan.	117

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
A Reading of Life	George Meredith	Mar.	155
Army Reform	Lieut.-Col. F. N. Maude, late R. E.	Feb.	21
Birth Cave of Zeus, The	D. G. Hogarth	Jan.	19
Boer Characteristics, On Some	Basil Williams	Jan.	118
Boer, The Evolution of the	Poultney Bigelow	Mar.	79
Brains in Arms	Lord Ernest Hamilton	Jan.	107
Chinese Fairy Tale, A	Laurence Housman	Feb.	141
Colonel Wilks and Napoleon	Julian S. Corbett	Jan.	63
Coventry Patmore	A. T. Quiller-Couch	Jan.	149
Cowley, The Drag-Net of	Sidney T. Irwin	Jan.	91
Cromwell, Oliver	Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L.	Feb.	82
Drag-Net of Cowley, The	Sidney T. Irwin	Jan.	91
Emperor's Sporting Chronicle, An	W. A. Baillie-Grohman	Feb.	149
Evolution of the Boer, The	Poultney Bigelow	Mar.	79
Fairy Tale, A Chinese	Laurence Housman	Feb.	141
Giotto	Roger E. Fry	Feb.	96
Happy Warrior, The		Feb.	1
Housing of the Poor, The		Feb.	11
Japan, The Progress of	His Excellency Baron Hayashi	Jan.	30
Life, a Reading of	George Meredith	Mar.	155
Little Englander, The		Jan.	10
London: a Seaport	Capt. H. V. Hart-Davis	Mar.	72
London, The Overcrowding of	Mrs. Phillimore	Mar.	44
Loyalty		Mar.	1
Minos, The Palace of	Arthur J. Evans	Mar.	115
Modern Views of the Picts	David Macritchie	Jan.	131
Napoleon, Colonel Wilks and	Julian S. Corbett	Jan.	63
Naturalism and Musical Æsthetic	Matthew Shirlaw, Mus. Bac. Edin.	Feb.	122
Naval Officers, Training of	Admiral the Hon. Sir E. Fremantle, G.C.B.	Mar.	20

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
Navy, The War Training of the	Lieut. Carlton Bellairs R.N.	Feb. 43
Oliver Cromwell	Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L.	Feb. 82
On Lansdowne Hill	The Writer of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters"	Feb. 163
On the Line		Feb. 21, Mar. 10
Outlook for British Trade, The	Sir Henry E. Roscoe	Feb. 69
Overcrowding of London, The	Mrs. Phillimore	Mar. 41
Palace of Minos, The	Arthur J. Evans	Mar. 115
Patmore, Coventry	A. T. Quiller-Couch	Jan. 119
Picts, Modern Views of the	David Macritchie	Jan. 131
Politics, Right and Wrong in	Leslie Stephen	Jan. 55
Poor, The Housing of the		Feb. 11
Progress of Japan, The	His Excellency Baron Hayashi	Jan. 20
Right and Wrong in Politics	Leslie Stephen	Jan. 55
Siberian Railway, Trade and the	Alexander Kinloch	Mar. 60
Sporting Chronicle, An Emperor's	W. A. Baillie-Grohman	Feb. 149
Toledo, A Study at	Arthur Symons	Mar. 111
Trade and the Siberian Railway	Alexander Kinloch	Mar. 60
Trade, The Outlook for British	Sir Henry E. Roscoe	Feb. 69
Training of Naval Officers	Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, G.C.B.	Mar. 29
Tristram of Blent	Anthony Hope	Jan. 167, Feb. 165, Mar. 165
Two Poets of the New Century	R. A. Streatfeild	Mar. 93
Unity and Uniformity		Jan. 1
Verdi, Giuseppe	J. A. Fuller-Maitland	Mar. 133
Zeus, the Birth Cave of	D. G. Hogarth	Jan. 49

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

JANUARY 1901

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

UNITY AND UNIFORMITY — Page 1

THE LITTLE ENGLANDER — 10

HIS EXCELLENCY BARON HAYASHI——THE PROGRESS OF JAPAN — 20

LESLIE STEPHEN——RIGHT AND WRONG IN POLITICS — 33

D. G. HOGARTH——THE BIRTH CAVE OF ZEUS (*Illustrated*) — 49

JULIAN S. CORBETT——COLONEL WILKS AND NAPOLEON — 63

SIDNEY T. IRWIN——THE DRAG-NET OF COWLEY — 91

LORD ERNEST HAMILTON——BRAINS IN ARMS — 107

BASIL WILLIAMS——ON SOME BOER CHARACTERISTICS — 118

DAVID MACRITCHIE——MODERN VIEWS OF THE PICTS — 131

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH——COVENTRY PATMORE — 149

ANTHONY HOPE——TRISTRAM OF BLENT, X–XI — 167

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS. and to give them his consideration. They should be typewritten or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for their return in case of non-acceptance. It must be understood that neither the Editor nor the Publisher of this Review can be responsible for the loss of any MS. submitted to them, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

Google

UNITY AND UNIFORMITY

IT is natural that, when any community has reached a certain stage of civilisation, those members of it whose life is too busy for thought or too complex for depth of inquiry in any one direction should come to trust more and more to the judgment of experts. It is also natural that, at the same time, for those who have the opportunity or the determination to think for themselves, these professional opinions should be less valued as they are seen to be inevitably narrow in proportion to their depth. The House of Commons recently refused to leave a technical subject to the investigation of experts unaided by laymen; and there were probably few outside who did not share the feeling of the House.

It is on this ground and on this principle that we propose to consider here the bearing of what has been called "Lord Halifax's Movement." The discussion of doctrine of all shades, from Commemoration to Transubstantiation, we shall leave to the Doctors; these are, indeed, whether intellectually or as matters of faith, questions of unsurpassed interest, but we do not think them fit, or even possible, subjects for public or unlearned argument. On the other hand, when those to whose learning we defer become in any sense leaders, and originate or head a movement involving the practical side of life, it is no longer possible for them to escape the criticism of laymen. To their actions we may legitimately apply a test for which no specialised knowledge is necessary; we may consider what is

Digitized by Google

the object which they have in view—whether it is a lawful one, and whether its pursuit by such methods is likely to bring good or evil to the community.

The ideal put forward in the present instance is one which must appeal to all who profess themselves Christians. Unity is an object which in itself needs no defence; we can but regret that it should need a special recommendation: it is a fundamental part of the institution of Christianity—of that power which "over against the divisions of race and continent raises still its witness to the possibility of a universal brotherhood." Anything which tends towards disunion is here an element of failure; an act of secession is *prima facie* an act of treason, an act of exclusion is *prima facie* unconstitutional. This is not to say of secession or exclusion that they have never been justified; but there can be no dispute that they are courses which should be avoided by every possible means, and only thought of with all possible deliberation and humility. Yet to those who have read the reports of the speeches delivered at meetings of the English Church Union during the present year, it has not seemed clear that deliberation or humility have been characteristic of all the speakers; and we are left to hope that they may see cause to abandon their threatened policy of despair, which is certainly in striking contrast to Lord Halifax's original object.

At the present moment it is still possible to say of the Church of England, upon an impartial survey, that her position is exceptionally strong, lying as it does midway between the exclusiveness of Rome and the individualism of Dissent. In the past she may appear to some to have gone too far, either in one or the other of these two opposite directions; but we are not now concerned with the past. Of the three views of the Church of Christ offered to the generation of men now living in this country, that presented by the Church of England certainly seems, in theory at least, to give the best combination of a strong corporate life with the widest principles of membership. Looking at the position from a national rather than a

Digitized by Google

sectarian point of view, we are convinced that the beneficial influence of the Church upon thought, her ability to attract and hold the most powerful and courageous minds, depends more than ever upon the maintenance of this combination. The clashing rocks between which her course is to be steered are described by Dr. Lock in his Essay (ix.) in *Lux Mundi:*

> It is possible to overpress either side: the claims of the society may be urged to the detriment of the individual, the central organisation may crush out national life and give no scope for individual development, and so there arises the imperial absolutism of the mediæval Church. On the other hand, it is equally possible to exaggerate the claims of individualism, of independence, of freedom, and the result is division and disaster to the whole society: the individual is only anxious to save his own soul, and religion is claimed to be only a thing between a man and his God; common Church life becomes impossible.

These are no remote or imaginary difficulties, and with the rapid growth of the educated and intellectual class they tend more and more to constitute a real danger; men shrink from entering the strait which lies between two such opposing forces; at one moment it is this side, at another that, which they dread most. Lord Acton in his lecture on "The Study of History," after inquiring what is "the significant and central feature of the historic cycle before us," concludes with these words:

> It has led to the superiority of politics over divinity in the life of nations, and terminates in the equal claim of every man to be unhindered by man in the fulfilment of duty to God—a doctrine laden with storm and havoc, which is the secret essence of the rights of man, and the indestructible soul of revolution.

There is no mistaking the force of this conclusion; it is more than logic; in the mere act of expression it has become an echo of the trumpet-call to which the armies of thought are marching. And yet man—at his highest—is Christian as he has perhaps never been Christian before, and in our belief he will still be Christian, in spite of all his rights and after all his revolutions. But, for the present at any rate, his temptation is to do violence to his natural affections and to stand outside

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Churches, for he has learned at the knees of science a noble fearlessness of truth, and he shrinks from donning a uniform which he feels he may possibly outgrow, even if it be not stiff enough to impede the free use of his powers at the present moment. So long as the choice offered appears to be one between truth and the Church, there will in this country and in the existing state of feeling be little or no hesitation. Such an assertion of the right of private judgment as is involved in this attitude may be excessive: it certainly implies a moral obligation to give to inquiry a greater amount of time and thought than is usual in these days, especially among the class of whom we are speaking; but it is, nevertheless, common and not unlikely to become more so, and to meet it with an equally direct assertion of authority, or to propose stricter and narrower terms of membership, would, in our judgment, be once more to rend the Church.

We say "the Church" advisedly, for we use the word in its primitive sense, and in our view the educated Christian Englishman, when he says that he prefers, or regrets, or is content to stand outside the Church, is generally speaking without a clear remembrance of what "the Church" in the primitive sense really is. No better dissertation on this subject has been put forward of late years than that contained in Dr. Lock's Essay from which we have already quoted. For him, and for those who can find no good reason for not agreeing with him, the Church is, first, "an organisation for the purpose of spiritual life; a universal brotherhood knit together to build up each of its members into holiness; 'the only great school of virtue existing.'" Secondly, it is "the school of truth as well as the school of virtue"; its function is to teach a philosophy which claims to explain sufficiently the relation of man to the universe. Thirdly, "the Church is the home of worship." "Worship is the Godward aspect of life—this the Church leads and organises."

Viewed thus as it were from a little distance and in outline only, it cannot be supposed that the Church offers a very

Google

forbidding aspect to any man who is indeed a Christian; for Christianity undoubtedly includes a life, a philosophy, and a worship: so far the Church has been defined simply as the organisation of each of these, and in mere organisation there is nothing generally repellent. With regard to the first and simplest part of the definition above given, it may be said at once that no question whatever arises: the modern world, Christian and non-Christian, is in practical agreement as to the teaching of virtue and as to the type of the virtues to be taught; so that no man has here a reason for standing aloof. It is when we approach the questions of doctrine and worship that difficulties appear: granted the desirability of organisation, what form is it to take, and to what degree of spiritual bondage will it commit us? These are doubts which find little sympathy in the ardent partisan, but to the plain man considering the position and function of the Church in the life of society they seem more and more to demand a liberal attitude in those who meet them. We need here no leader who, like Gideon, will sift his army till none but the proved and enthusiastic remain: on the contrary, in this host numbers are a large part of success, and none are to be driven out or kept out, except in the last necessity. Bacon says well:

> Men ought to take heede of rending God's Church by two kinds of controversies: the one is, when the matter of the point controverted is too small and light, not worth the heat and strife about it, kindled only by contradiction; for as it is noted by one of the Fathers, *Christ's coat indeed had no seame, but the Church's vesture was of divers colours*; whereupon he saith, *In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit*; they be two things, *Unity* and *Uniformity*. The other is, when the matter of the point controverted is great, but it is driven to an over-great subtilty and obscurity, so that it becometh a thing rather ingenious than substantiall.

He also notes in the same Essay that quarrels and divisions about religion were unknown to the heathen, and gives as the reason "because the religion of the heathen consisted rather in rites and ceremonies than in any constant belief." This will help us to explain the fact, which at first sight seems so dis-

Google

creditable, that the divisions of the Church are connected at least as closely with rites and ceremonies as with those points of controversy whose matter is great. There is more in worship than a mere external act or series of acts; otherwise, like the heathen, we should all be agreed. To some extent many of us are agreed. "Our worship," said the Bishop of Hereford at his Primary Visitation, "cannot be made too solemn or beautiful, so long as it is based upon the truth and is distinctly spiritual, and helps to purify the affections and desires, to invigorate the will, and to uplift the aspirations." This is not difficult of acceptation; but it is vain to go further and require that the same rites shall present the same aspect to every worshipper. This is impossible even with regard to the commonest objects of everyday life; as Pascal said, "Nous supposons que tous les hommes conçoivent et sentent de la même sorte les objets qui se présentent à eux: mais nous le supposons bien gratuitement, car nous n'en avons aucune preuve." The greatest value of symbols is perhaps that they have not only more beauty but more various aspects than any form of words, however carefully and skilfully constructed; there are even times when they seem to offer a more immediate apprehension of truth than any method of thought. What they mean to others must to each one of us be for ever unknown; we have no evidence, and we must ask for none. In Utopia, where also, we are told, religion was not of one sort among all men, "nothing is seen or heard in the churches, but that seemeth to agree indifferently with them all. If there be a distinct kind of sacrifice peculiar to any several sect, that they execute at home in their own houses." In the literal sense this is, for obvious reasons, an impossible suggestion; and it would not be a very real unity which would be obtained in such a way. But there is for all men "a distinct kind of sacrifice" which they must "execute at home" in the dwelling of their own hearts, and the recognition of this truth should make it easier for them to agree in accepting the outward forms prescribed by the authorities of the Church, though

Google

these forms may appear to some to go beyond, and to others to fall short of, what is desirable.

The question of doctrine is, theoretically at least, far more difficult and, one would think, far more likely to cause division. Practically, however, as we have said, it seems not to present so clear a line of cleavage as, either for its own sake, for its associations, or for its supposed implications, ritual unquestionably does. If any one doubts the truth of this, he has only to study the proceedings of the recent Round Table Conference at Fulham. Not only do these reveal a general nearness of agreement which is, to us at any rate, as welcome as it is unexpected, but it appears to be the fact that upon more than one occasion the Conference was within sight of a unanimous declaration. If anything could deepen the impression made upon the mind by this unperfected miracle, it is the knowledge that of the two propositions which brought it about one was put forward by Lord Halifax, and one was in its origin derived from Hooker.

Some have been eager to press upon us the recollection that the miracle was after all unperfected, and that in any event the agreement of a few, however representative, would not have had the practical effect of producing a corresponding unity among the many. We admit both propositions, but we do not see anything in them to diminish our sense of the importance of the event. The inferences we draw from what has happened are these: first, that it is only when the inquiry is narrowed down and centred upon one of the comparatively few great fundamental truths of which the Church is the guardian, that any degree of unity can reasonably be hoped for; secondly, that nevertheless there does exist deep down in men's hearts and understandings, and possibly hidden away even from their own consciousness, so much fundamental unity of belief, that any one forcing a policy of severance would be certainly driving out or abandoning many who, even when judged truly by his own standard, are not against the Church but for it; thirdly, that if it is so difficult and delicate a matter to bring into any state approaching unison a few men of clear insight and specially

Google

trained powers of mind, it is vain to hope and unjust to demand of the untrained heterogeneous mass of men that they shall assent not merely to the simplicity of the Gospel, but to abstruse doctrines rigidly laid down in unfamiliar terms.

It follows, in our view, that no attempt should be made, rashly or on private initiative, to extend the sphere of the authoritative teaching of the Church; but that, on the contrary, full advantage should be taken of the principle that "the very fixity of the great central doctrines allows the Church to give a remarkable freedom to individual opinion on all other points." This is in accord with the view so strongly expressed in the "Ecclesiastical Polity"—

> There is not the least contention and variance, but it blemisheth somewhat the unity that ought to be in the Church of Christ, which notwithstanding may have, not only without offence or breach of concord, her manifold varieties in Rites and Ceremonies of Religion, but also her strifes and contentions many times, and that about matters of no small importance; yea, her schisms, factions, and such other evils whereunto the body of The Church is subject, sound and sick remaining both of the same body, as long as both parts retain by outward profession that vital substance of truth, which maketh Christian Religion to differ from theirs which acknowledge not our Lord Jesus Christ the blessed Saviour of mankind.

In the passage immediately preceding this we have Hooker's view of the use of subtle or extended definitions as tests by which to narrow the circle of the Church. "If we go lower," he says, "we shall but add unto this certain casual and variable accidents, which are not properly of the being, but make only for the happier and better being, of the Church of God, either in deed or in men's opinions and conceits." Of such spiritual Gideons he declares, "They define not the Church by that which the Church essentially is, but by that wherein they imagine their own more perfect than the rest are."

The passages we have quoted are sufficient to show that our view, though it is taken from the standpoint of a mere layman, is at any rate not inconsistent with the opinions of some of the learned and devout. The layman desires fellowship as sincerely, in his degree, as the ecclesiastic or the eccle-

Google

siastically minded; he desires also, and most imperatively, truth or the right of free inquiry: he demands that the one desire shall not impede the fulfilment of the other. He sees the perpetual unfolding of the revelation of science, and in proportion as his faith is strong, he looks fearlessly for the evolution of religious truth. The Church is the guardian of the truth already committed to her keeping; if she is to remain The Church she must never forget that truth, just because it is eternal, is no less changeable in aspect than unchangeable in substance. There is no such thing in nature as uniformity either of present time or of all times; in all the millions of men in millions of years no two were ever alike; to a thousand generations truth has worn a thousand different faces; "to the same dawn none ever twice awoke." Uniformity is not only not the same thing as unity, nor a possible road to it; it is impossible in itself. It is not only impossible in itself, but if possible it would be the spiritual end of the race of man. The attempt to impose the appearance of it upon any body of men is a vain imagination which has led in the past to indefensible persecutions and the irremediable delay of human progress. The latter it is now happily powerless, in England at any rate, to accomplish, but it may lead, apparently, to results far enough from unity; if not to exclusion, then to secession. At such a time "that voice had need continually to sound in men's ears, *nolite exire*—'go not out.'"

Google

THE LITTLE ENGLANDER

THERE is an Eastern saying that "the stone which is fit for the wall will never be left in the way." This may be true of the operations of the Master builder, but it has not always been true of the work of Man the political mason. From the extermination of hostile tribes the ancient world progressed to the system called proscription, by which death or exile was allotted to the political opponents of a successful party. In our own day we are apparently still liable to the temptation to reject good material summarily because it is not yet squared to our hand : an unscientific and wasteful method of building. There is in a corner of our yard at the present moment a material which we have named "the Little Englander." We refuse to consider the possibility of permanently excluding any class or section of Englishmen from their share of influence in our national and Imperial life; of the Little Englander we hold that if the Empire cannot do with him as he is, nevertheless the Empire cannot do without him.

He has to a dispassionate observer two aspects; in the one he represents a political tradition that is definite, logical, and of proved value, in the other he is, partly at any rate, mythical, a fictitious personification of ideas which many ardent Imperialists conceive to be the antithesis of their own. For it is an almost universal habit of thought with men of any school of opinion to fortify their convictions and to stimulate their propagandist energy by the contemplation of a creed diametrically opposed

Google

to that which they profess, and to attribute this creed, however hypothetical or obviously absurd it may be, to all their adversaries without distinction. The process appears to be inevitable, and as a rule is transparently honest, but it is nevertheless a serious obstacle to right thinking. For all their energy and earnestness, men who work on these lines advance matters but little. Instead of directing their efforts to the vital point, they waste them in grappling with a kind of phantom, which is little more than a shadow cast by their own opinions. They mistake a sort of abstract negative of what they themselves affirm for the affirmations of their opponents, and uselessly beat the air. The truth is that the creed of what is called the "Little England" party is no mere negation. Every creed that has been held, as that creed has been held, must be something more, and we shall do no good until by patient inquiry we can lay bare the affirmation which inspires it and see clearly how it may be opposed, if indeed we do not find it after all to be a friend in disguise.

Here the misapprehension is expressed in the nickname with which the party has been disfigured. It may be doubted whether any body of serious opinion has been more erroneously named than "Little Englandism." The political idea which underlies it is, as we have said, no new thing. It is as old as our idea of Empire, and is respectable no less from its age than from the authority of the statesmen who have found in it the mainspring of their action. From Burghley to Walpole, from Queen Elizabeth to Gladstone, many of the greatest and most powerful minds that have made England what she is have taken it as the basis of their policy. It is far too venerable and far too weightily held to be dismissed with a sneering epithet. If we will only bring ourselves to consider the thing seriously, we shall see that it has a distinct affirmative relation to the gravest problems of the new Empire, the problems which concern the position of the mother country in regard to the great federations that are growing up amongst her children; and surely the time has come for us to settle down, and with

Google

all the light we can get from whatever source soberly to consider these vital problems as they multiply upon us.

For they do multiply. In our new complacency we talk pleasantly of how recent events have settled at least one of the great Imperial problems. That, no doubt, is true enough. But if we have cut off one of the Hydra's heads, those who look closely can see a dozen others growing in its place. The stricken field, as Lord Salisbury well said, cannot but bring irrevocable change. We have fought our first Imperial war, and the Empire can never be the same again. When the military system of the mother country proved inadequate, the Colonies came to her aid—not, as in the old days, reluctantly and to drive an enemy from their own doors, but with spontaneous enthusiasm for the Empire's sake. They suffered and made sacrifice for the shortcomings of the central army system, and now, if they were to claim a voice in its reorganisation, what are we to answer? Hitherto the mother country has done these things alone, and her children, absorbed in their own pursuits, have asked no questions. But now that they have stood by her in the gate of the city, the door of the council chamber cannot be closed against them. These are only indications of the difficulties that are springing up, but they suffice to point to the vast change that is coming. The old order of a sun and its satellites seems to be passing away, and we dimly see forming in its place a system of suns moving round each other. The problem of adapting the State to its new functions is daily increasing in intensity and reality. It is a problem no less vital than that with which Diocletian grappled when, with heroic knife, he unwittingly gave a death wound to the empire he tried to save. We must beware lest our surgery is equally at fault. The case cries for all the brain power which the country can produce. Amongst those we call "Little Englanders" there are still, as there always were, some of the deepest and most instructed political thinkers that are available for council, and it is sheer madness to let them any longer stand aloof with a fool's cap on their heads. They must

Google

be brought into line with the Empire, lest in our need we lose the wisdom of those men—men, we believe, in whom still lives the old Imperial tradition.

What then is the affirmation to which these men cling? What is it that underlies the attitude which seems to many Imperialists so perverse, so incomprehensible, and even disloyal? What is the view of a healthy commonwealth which causes them to stand so sturdily in opposition to certain current conceptions of empire? The inquiry is overlaid with difficulty and prejudice bred of party strife—in a matter where there should be no party and no strife. This must first be thrown aside. If we are to understand the position of these men we, must approach it in sympathy and assume, for the time at least, that they are in aim, as they always maintain, as good Imperialists as ourselves; that they have the high interests of the Great Commonwealth seriously at heart, and that this is why they set themselves in opposition to the newer Imperialism. It would be useless to attempt the inquiry unless we can shake off the preoccupation that they are merely pusillanimous and afraid of responsibility. Such an accusation is really untenable. We must put clean away a popular notion that the one side are all nerveless cowards, or perversely blind, or desirous only of selfish ease, while the other are purely magnanimous and solely devoted to the good of the community. Let all that go back to the Sheol where the literature of elections is engendered. In these days no one can hope to judge between two parties in the State unless he starts with the assumption that both are fighting for the same ultimate end with different views of how it may be best attained.

In the present case the difference between the two schools is more than usually difficult to define. The question that confronts them is wholly new, and is, therefore, one in which imagination must play a prominent part. With most people the difference undoubtedly rests on a kind of sentiment or instinct. For the one side the expansion of the Empire is an exhilarating sign of health and stability; for the other it is

Google

rather a cause of anxiety for the sufficiency of what it feeds on and the stability of that on which it is based. Each seems to conceive the situation metaphorically, but in each case there is a different simile underlying the metaphor. It is usually in this way that men who have no leisure or opportunity to study the complex facts of the case unconsciously shape their attitude to a great political question, and, consequently, it is in this way that we can often most surely reach their point of view. The term "Empire-builder" will give us the key. It is the name which we are accustomed to bestow as the highest praise a statesman can receive, and it is, probably, also the one which jars most harshly upon the sentiment of the "Little Englander." For it suggests a conception of the Empire which is foreign to his own. It seems to represent the Empire as an edifice that has been gradually added to—a farm-house, as it were, that by diligent and conscious effort has become a palace; and the Little Englander shrinks from the dangers that such a conception seems to involve. He hears every one who adds to the pile praised as one who has strengthened and improved the whole; yet he knows that to add a storey to a building is often to destroy it, unless it is certain that the foundations and the older walls will bear the new weight; and he knows that to add a wing wherever space may chance to offer is not always to increase the convenience or the beauty of what already existed. To him the metaphor is false and misleading. For him the Empire is no lifeless structure, but a living organism that is continually exerting a force of its own, and this force is for him the most serious matter to be reckoned with. He feels the gradual development of the Empire to be like the growth of a tree: the Great Commonweath is a giant of the forest which grew while politicians slept, by the inherent vitality of the seed from which it sprang. He cannot regard it as the work of men consciously and deliberately laying stone to stone, knowing what they did, but as a thing that grew of itself in despite of statesmen and political theories. As Mommsen has pointed out, the Roman Senate found itself

Google

committed to the conquest of half the known world before ever it had made up its mind whether such conquest were desirable or the reverse. And so our Little Englander sees the British Empire: as an organism that came into being and grew to its vast proportions in answer to the pressure of internal strength—a strength due to something of race, something of wise guiding, and much of happy circumstance. The seed, he will tell you, was good, and it fell into good ground, and so in due time the fowls of the air gathered in its branches.

In this way we come nearer to the affirmation upon which rests the creed of the serious "Little Englander." It is this: that the vital need of the Empire—the need that far outweighs every other—is the greatness of England. If we would name him fairly we should call him rather "Great Englander." For the cardinal article of his faith is this: that it is upon the greatness of England that the unity and vitality of the Empire ultimately rests. No doubt he fails to appreciate how a sober consciousness of Empire reacts upon the inherent greatness of the mother country, how it tends to lift her and render her more fit for the increasing greatness and increasing difficulty of the part she has to play. That aspect of the thing is obscured for him by a certain exuberant self-satisfaction which is certainly on the surface the most glaring effect, and which unhappily is the only effect, he can see. It is idle and demoralising, he will protest, continually to stand back to admire the greatness of your tree and glory in the rapid growth of its branches. To the old forester such exuberance must be tinged with anxiety. All he can see sets him wondering how long such vitality can last. He watches every new growth pruning-hook in hand. He searches every symptom of decay that tells of evil at the roots; and he would be ever at work to renew the exhausted soil and keep it fresh and fertile.

We know well that this view is narrow and limited. We know it is far from representing the whole philosophy of empire. But can we deny that there is in it an element of truth,

Google

and can we be sure that of late we have not been forgetting it? Let us listen a moment to what some of these old foresters are saying. What was it, they ask, that immediately preceded this sudden awakening to the consciousness of empire? It was a period of unexampled prosperity and of almost unexampled popular interest in political and economical reforms at home. A steady and relentless determination to set our own house in order had resulted in laws that set commerce free and lifted the people to a sense of political responsibility. The result was an energy that could not be restrained. It pressed into the farthest corners of the earth, and England stood up the admiration of all Europe; and the men who did all this we should now brand as "Little Englanders." But in the face of these undoubted facts we cannot dismiss them so. We cannot ignore the presumption to which these facts give colour, and which the heirs of their opinions claim to-day. It only weakens our position to shut our eyes to it. Let us, then, look it in the face. The presumption which they claim to be the plain outcome of history is this—that so long as the soil is stirred with a vigorous political activity at home, so long as it is prepared with wise and liberal measures that sweep away particular interests for the good of the whole country, so long the Empire will flourish of itself. It is a presumption too well supported to be met by mere ridicule. We know that the mistake they make is to spring directly to the conclusion that it is best to go back to the old *laisser faire*. We feel instinctively that the organism has now grown too great to be left alone. The stupendous forces that have been set whirling in the world cry out for regulation, as they threaten to clash and bring destruction. But that is no reason why we should forget the source of their energy.

And here lies the danger: the Little Englander remembers what Rome became when her central political life was starved into nothingness, and the communal activity of her citizens was killed by doles and vast accumulations of capital. To

Digitized by Google

this we feel sure we can never fall. But that is not enough. We must not permit even a step on the downward road. If once we lose interest in these social and political reforms which alone can keep the body politic sweet and sound; if we cease for one moment to strive against the fatal tendency of wealth to concentrate in the hands of the few, and of the lower classes to sink still lower, how can we tell what may happen? If in the old days our colonies and dependencies clung to us with a long-suffering devotion, it is because they could regard the Old Country as a model to the world and to themselves, because they could be proud to be her children, and could look to her for temperate counsel and strong support. But if we fall behind other countries in wise and liberal laws, in sagacious education, in healthy commercial activity, how can we hope that the bond will not be weakened? And worse still, if in these matters we fall behind our colonies themselves, as indeed we are already in danger of falling, what hope is there that the bond will not be broken? No schemes of federation or customs union will avail to avert the catastrophe. It is idle to think of such artificial ties. They can never bind when the sentiment of respect is lost.

This, we take it, is what the Little Englander wishes to affirm. It is on this his creed is founded. True it is that he probably underestimates, and even ignores, the new political vigour which the growing consciousness of empire arouses, and the new commercial activity which its expansion nourishes. Yet, can we be sure that he is worth no attention when he warns us that, in fixing the attention of the people on Imperial questions, which for the most part are beyond their grasp, we are certainly dimming their interest in home matters, which touch them more nearly and are more within their intelligent comprehension; and can we be sure the change is healthy? If this tendency is indeed a danger, it is one that is real and growing. For it is not confined to the people. These high and engrossing Imperial questions that so fill the imagination and entice the intellect are not diminishing in magnitude or

Google

attraction. We have already indicated how they are crowding upon us. Every year we see Parliament, and, still worse, the Ministers of the Crown, more and more absorbed by them. We see that, so long as the offices which deal with Imperial questions are filled by the master-minds of the Cabinet, there is little care who has the rest, where the spirit and the life-blood of the whole has to be watched and cherished. It is against this tendency that the Little Englander, for good or evil, is striving. He is earnest that the old country shall continue worthy of her children. His gospel is that empire, like charity, begins at home.

Few sober Imperialists will deny that there is room for such a man in the ranks. Many will even believe that his moderating influence is essential to a sound Imperial policy. It is for this reason, we say, that the Empire cannot do without the Little Englander. It is for this reason, we say, that he should be gathered in and not be suffered any longer to cry in the wilderness. It is in this way, and in this way alone, that there can be organised such a healthy force as that Liberal Imperialists are seeking to recreate in our shattered party system. Every man, no matter what his political creed, wishes them so far success: but by any process of secession or proscription it can never be achieved. Every man who cherishes the old Liberal traditions must be brought into line by persuasion, concession, or right understanding. The miscalled Little Englander must be of the army, or the army will be one battalion short. But before this can happen the Little Englander, too, has much to look to, and this is why we say that the Empire cannot do with him as he is. Amongst those who cry in the wilderness are too many who are so much amazed and confounded by the threatening dangers that they will not even look them in the face. They can only lament the neglect into which their own social ideals have fallen, and curse the Empire as the cause. It is the temper of a hasty child. The Empire is indeed the cause of the neglect; that cannot be denied, but they will not see that it is just what

Google

their own ideas have already achieved that is the main cause of the Empire's growth; that the moral force, the social health, the well-distributed prosperity which result from such endeavour as theirs, must in turn result in expansion. They must accept the fact and study the problems it entails as earnestly as they have hitherto studied the narrower problems of nationality. It is useless for them to turn their backs on it. They must join hands with their old comrades and try to make the best of it. No one denies that it is a burden, but it is a burden we have to bear and a burden we can lightly bear, if every capable man will put his shoulder under it, and not shrink from the task, however repellent he may feel it to be. Of all such shrinking from the inevitable the Little Englander must be purged before he can become again a force for good. If he would take the mote from the Imperialist eye, he must first remove the beam from his own. He must accept the fact of Empire for all the good that may come of it. He must try to feel the inspiration which has lifted men to so much self-sacrifice and so much heroic effort for the thing his understanding and his faith have yet to grasp. Then and not till then will the Little Englander be recognised for what in truth he would be, the Great Englander. Then and not till then can there be any hope that Liberalism can live again to do for the Empire what it has done for the Nation.

Google UNIVER M AN

THE PROGRESS OF JAPAN

EUROPEANS, observing the sudden adoption by Japan of all the modern improvements of the West, from the most complex of State institutions down to the simplest pieces of mechanism, attribute this generally to a special aptitude for imitation inherent in the Japanese character and not developed to such an extent in other nations. On the other hand, the Japanese themselves for the most part believe it to be the result of their national superiority to those peoples who have been left behind by them in the path of progress.

But the faculty of imitation is not inherent in the Japanese in a higher degree than in other peoples. Men of great originality of mind are rarely found in any country; the rest merely study and adopt from what they have done, and this study and adoption are nothing else than imitation. What differentiates the case of Japan is the fact that, coming so late into contact with other nations, she has had to learn and adopt so much in so short a time. Moreover, even if we grant that the Japanese are endowed with an aptitude for imitation greater than that of other nations, yet this does not explain how it was brought into such full play.

The idea that Japan owes her progress to her superiority to those nations which are backward in adopting modern improvements is quite an excusable one; for in what country do we not find a similar patriotic self-conceit? Nevertheless, this view is not less misleading than the former. Let us take,

Google

for instance, the case of the Chinese, who are considered the most unprogressive of nations, and try to realise the immense progress, both intellectual and material, that was made by them more than 2000 years ago, a progress of which we have ample evidence in their ancient literature, and in that old-world civilisation which they have preserved intact down to the present day. A people that was once so progressive cannot be naturally incapable of adopting the fruits of modern progress, and its backwardness must be attributed to other causes than inferiority.

There can be no doubt that the general character of a people is determined by the climatic and physical conditions of the land which it inhabits, and that, though isolated events are often due to a sudden impulsive movement which subsides as suddenly as it arose, yet the special character both of the people itself, and of any consecutive series of events in its history, is the result of the evolution of that people.

The recent progress of Japan, then, is neither the result of a sudden movement, nor of any special characteristic innate in the people, but is due to the special conditions which affected Japan—the most important of which are the following: The continuance of the Imperial dynasty in one line from prehistoric times to the present day; the existence of the system of feudalism; and the stimulus given by the highest authority in the State to the cultivation of Western knowledge 200 years ago.

Before entering upon the investigation of the main subject of this article, it is necessary to apprehend clearly the political system that was in force in the country before the revolution in 1868. So much, however, has been written about the Mikado, the Tycoon or Shogim, the Daimio and the Samurai, that it will be sufficient here merely to give a general outline of their history, so as to refresh the reader's memory and enable him to follow the train of thought developed in the following pages.

The Emperors (Mikado) of the present dynasty have been the *de jure* sovereigns of Japan since the legendary era, and

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

anciently the Emperors exercised absolute sway over the whole empire, a sway that was limited only by the defective state of the means of communication, which necessarily left a great deal to the discretionary powers of local and provisional chiefs. We have here the germ of that feudalism which grew to perfection in after years.

Towards the end of the seventh century the hereditary ministers of the State, the Fujiwara families, began to encroach upon the power of the Emperors, and from that time up to the date of the recent revolution (1868) the Emperors reigned but did not rule. During the latter half of the twelfth century these ministers, from their frequent altercations with the Emperors, and the civil wars caused by their long abuse of power, lost the influence they had so long enjoyed. A successful military chief, Yoritomo, now came forward to the support of the sovereign. This soldier conquered and subdued the turbulent local chiefs, and ousted the families of the hereditary ministers from their position. He, however, did not restore the real power to the Emperors, but arrogated it to himself by causing the Emperor to appoint him head of the feudal families and generalissimo (Shogun) of the Empire, the absolute control of the administration of the whole country being entrusted to him and to his heirs. This family of Shoguns, after ruling for several generations, abused in time its power, and caused civil wars, whereupon a new military chief came forward and, driving it from its position, arrogated the power to himself and his family. Thus, in like manner, one family succeeded another until, after the successive rule of several families, that of Tokugawa assumed power in 1608.

Although the military power of each chief who established his ascendency was very great, it was always found necessary by him, in order to reduce the turbulent feudal lords to submission, to proclaim that he was supporting the cause of the Emperor against the presumptuous arrogance of the last holder of the position which he had abused. Not only was it politic for him to make this proclamation, but he himself perhaps

Google

believed it to be the duty he owed to the principle of loyalty. For not only is the very antiquity of the Imperial line the cause of the awe and veneration entertained for the Emperor by his people, but the fact that, while he was looked upon as the source of all power in the State, he yet confined his activity to the bestowal of titles and honours, brought it about that, while he thus did not give the slightest cause for complaint, at the same time he earned a great deal of gratitude from what human vanity holds most dear. The Emperors, therefore, were held in most loyal adoration in all ages throughout the Empire. The maintenance of the Emperor was essential to the power of the Shoguns, and, his sovereignty acknowledged, the very aloofness of the monarch made it easy for them to appear, not as the usurpers they in fact were, but as trustees of the throne.

In fact, when a Shogun's heir succeeded his father, he was formally invested by the Emperor with the several offices held by him. So, too, it was at the instance of the Shoguns that fiefs were confirmed by the Emperor, by the conferring of appropriate ranks and honours, whenever feudal heirs succeeded their fathers.

The feudal system was developed to perfection under the administration of the Tokugawa family. The number of feudal lords (Daimio) exceeded three hundred. Their power was so evenly balanced, both among themselves and in comparison with that of the central government of the Shogun, that neither could encroach upon the other.

There were various grades of nobles. The greatest held as hereditary dominions two or three provinces with a total population of 1,500,000, or an average of 250 souls per square mile. Each had an annual revenue of about £500,000, with full power to raise it to an extent that was limited only by the resources and tractability of the people. The least enjoyed a fortune of about a hundredth part of that of the greatest. They all held in their own provinces the power of life and death; they organised their own governments, and maintained a proportionate military and naval force.

Google

The government was carried on for these nobles by the vassals who held fiefs of them, and the relations of the two were rather those of master and servant than lord and liegeman. These vassals constituted the Samurai, and the more powerful members of this class owned larger estates than the lesser nobles, though their privileges were fewer. They had a voice, directly or indirectly, in the affairs of the provincial governments, and might be promoted either by the favour of their lords or by purely personal merit from a lower grade to a higher.

The number of families in this class, including those under the Shogun's rule, exceeded 400,000, comprising over 1,600,000 souls. It was this class that was in reality the depository of the educated intelligence and energy that kept up the vitality of the Empire for nearly eight hundred years, and it is not going beyond the truth to say that Japan under the feudal system was governed by the political opinion of the Samurai. When public opinion is mentioned in this article, it is the opinion of this class that is referred to, for the other classes—agricultural, commercial, industrial—were merely passive objects of the care of the Government. There were, indeed, isolated cases of individual members of these classes distinguishing themselves in the professions peculiar to the governing class, but such individuals were rare and were soon incorporated into the higher class.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, and at the beginning of the seventeenth, the political intrigues and interferences of the Jesuit missionaries became so audacious and obnoxious that the policy of the exclusion of the outside world seemed to be the only means of avoiding impending dangers. Accordingly, all the missionaries and converts were either expelled from the country or executed, and all intercourse with foreigners was prohibited under pain of death. The only exception to this prohibition was the permission given to the Dutch and the Chinese to carry on trade at Nagasaki under the strict surveillance of the Government. The preference shown to the Dutch was due to the fact that they were not of

Digitized by Google

the same religion as the Spaniards and Portuguese. Henceforth the idea was firmly rooted in the minds of every class in Japan that the admission of Europeans was tantamount to the admission and revival of Jesuitical intrigues and conspiracies, that would eventually expose the empire to unavoidable disasters. For a similar reason the study of the Western arts and sciences, as well as that of European printed and written books, was strictly prohibited, even the interpreters who transacted business with the Dutch being only allowed to learn the language by writing the pronunciation in Japanese phonetic characters. These measures for the prevention of the introduction of European knowledge were continued in full force until the year 1709, when an event occurred which may be considered seed sown in a fertile field, destined to grow into full luxuriance and to bear as its fruit the progress of Japan in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

In that year there arrived in one of the southern islands of Japan a missionary from Rome who called himself Johan Battista Sirotta (or Silotta; the exact spelling is uncertain, as there is no sound corresponding to "l" in the Japanese phonetic alphabet), of Palermo. According to his own statement, he was sent by Pope Clement XII. to investigate the state of religion in Japan, with a view to the despatch of a nuncio to open up the country for the propagation of the Gospel. After having studied the Japanese language for five years at Rome, he had come over to Luzon in company with another missionary, named Thomas Tetornon, who was entrusted with a similar mission to Peking. In Luzon he met with many descendants of Japanese Christian exiles, and by their assistance improved his knowledge of Japan and of its languages. After having been thrice baffled by storms, he succeeded at last in reaching Japan. At that time the Shogunate of the Tokugawas was at the zenith of its power under the fifth Shogun of the family. Ara-i, one of the greatest scholars Japan has ever produced, was the Shogun's tutor and confidential adviser, and upon him devolved the task

Google

of investigating and reporting on the purpose of this newcomer, who was intruding himself into Japan in spite of the most rigid prohibition.

In the course of this investigation, Ara-i was so much struck by the priest's encyclopædic knowledge that he is said to have tried to persuade him to abandon his attempt to propagate Christianity, and to put his secular knowledge at the service of the Japanese Government. Nothing, of course, could have been further from the missionary's thoughts than to adopt such a course, and, on his refusal, he was detained in captivity until his death, which occurred about six years later. During his detention he had converted two servants—a man and a woman—who attended on him.

Ara-i was so imbued with admiration of what he had learned from the missionary that henceforth he made the acquisition of Western knowledge the pursuit of his life. He collected information from the Dutch, who were in Nagasaki and came periodically to Yeddo (Tokio). He had written books for the enlightenment of the Shogun, especially on such subjects as geography and the constitution and history of foreign countries. His influence was, no doubt, very great in obtaining the withdrawal of the prohibition of the study of Dutch writings and of scientific and technical works. After this, several Shoguns in succession followed the course initiated by Ara-i, and appointed to the honourable posts those in whose houses were said to be preserved the secrets of those arts and sciences (astronomy, medicine, mathematics, gunnery, &c.) which had been originally learned by their forefathers from the Spaniards and Portuguese. At the same time the choicest spirits betook themselves to the study of the Dutch language, in order to acquire fresh knowledge from the perusal of the most recent publications. But the want of teachers and the scarcity of books were great impediments to progress, and only a few who were gifted with extraordinary perseverance and energy succeeded in attaining any measure of success. Yet, in the hundred years that followed the appearance of the

Google

Roman missionary, the study of the Dutch language made considerable progress, and many translations of scientific and technical works were published and constantly read by the most advanced of the Samurai class. Their opinions had now begun to have some influence upon the thinking part of the community, and, as a consequence, indications of conflicting opinions on political subjects began to manifest themselves about this time.

But, owing to the prevalence of the feudal system, opinions suppressed in one part of the country were able to find supporters in another. Even in the capital itself, where all the feudal lords held large enclosures for their palaces and the houses of their followers, enjoying something like the privileges of exterritoriality, the persecuted opinions found shelter under the protection of some nobles who favoured them.

As where a despotic authority has exclusive control over the administration and religious organisation of a country, that authority does not brook any contradiction of its own views, and, if there is no rivalry of neighbouring nations, necessarily unifies the ideas of the whole nation, and suppresses all new opinions that may rise against the established ones, the new views that were springing into life in Japan would have perished at once, had it not been for the peculiar form of government existing at that time.

Measures for the suppression of the new views were, however, adopted in earnest by the central Government in or about the year 1836, when one Nieman, the captain of a Dutch merchantman, reported to the governor of Nagasaki that an Englishman named Morrison was preparing to visit the Bay of Yeddo, ostensibly to bring back some shipwrecked Japanese who had been saved by an English ship, but in reality to open the country to foreign trade. This report was kept as a State secret in the Government archives, but those persons who paid greatest attention to foreign affairs contrived to ascertain its purport.

These latter, fearing that those who were at the head of

Google

affairs would, from ignorance of the world outside Japan, on Morrison's arrival, pursue the old policy of expelling foreign ships, thus "plunging Japan," to use the words of their own memorial, "into the calamity of being regarded as a common enemy by all the nations of the world," tried every means in their power to persuade the authorities to waive the old-established laws and receive Morrison in a friendly spirit. Morrison, however, never came, and the arguments employed by those persons were made by the opposite party a pretext for their accusation as disturbers of the peace of the country by spreading unfounded rumours and causing needless anxiety. Several of the accused were put in prison or executed, and many sought the protection of the feudal lords who had countenanced their views. The party of the conservatives, as it may be called, was still in a great majority, and all discussions about the treatment of foreigners and their ships were suppressed for a time, only to revive more vehemently shortly afterwards when the squadron of the United States under Commodore Perry steamed into the hitherto undisturbed waters of Yeddo Bay in 1858.

Previous to that time the English and Russians had frequently attempted to obtain admission to the country, but had always been refused, or even repelled by force. Coming, as they did, only to the more distant provinces, such as Yesso or Kiushiu, they did not make any impression on the central authorities collectively, but only a few enlightened individuals. But the boldness of the Americans in steaming straight into the Bay of Yeddo, close to the seat of government, took by surprise the central authorities, who were already not a little moved by the really forcible arguments of those they were persecuting in favour of the opening of the country. Standing between the clamorous majority, who simply upheld the old-established rule of exclusion, and the enlightened minority, whose opinions revived with increasing force under the new circumstances, the central authorities, as well as most of the provincial authorities (the governments of the nobles), already

Google

demoralised by the long enjoyment of power, committed themselves to a vacillating policy.

On the one hand negotiating and signing treaties of commerce and friendship with the representatives of the European powers, who now began to arrive in succession, and on the other trying to conciliate the opposite party by proclaiming that they were only gaining time in order to make preparations for the successful execution of the old law of expulsion of foreigners, the central Government paid the natural penalty of their irresolute action. One difficulty followed another, until the Shogun lost more and more every day the confidence of both political parties.

At first each of the two different schools of political opinion attempted to prevail upon those who were in power to favour its own views in dealing with foreign affairs. Both parties became at length convinced that the Shogun's government, as well as those of the nobles, which, conducted with the precedents of ages and with the prestige of ancient military power, had been hitherto considered all-powerful in the management of internal affairs, were utterly inadequate to cope with the new national exigencies, and they felt the necessity of a radical reform of the system of government.

Meanwhile, some rash adherents of the anti-foreign party attempted to give effect to the policy they advocated by firing upon the foreign ships and by assassinating foreigners, but they were made to suffer a just retribution by the bombardment of Kagashima by the English in 1862, and that of Shimonoseki three years afterwards by the combined forces of the several countries.

In these short but decisive engagements the superiority of foreign arms was so plainly demonstrated to them that they began to realise the truth of the often-cited precept of Sonshi, the Chinese sage, that in order to carry on war successfully it is necessary to know the ability of the enemy as well as one's own. The anti-foreign party, therefore, with the exception of a few who still clung obstinately to their old views, turned

Google

their attention to the investigation of things European. This could not fail to convince them of the folly and the impossibility of maintaining the policy of exclusion any longer, and the reconciliation of the two political opinions was the result. Since then, to obtain admittance to the family of nations on an equal footing was the most ardent desire and aim of all the intelligent classes of the nation.

A short civil war sufficed to overturn the old system of government, which had alienated the sympathies of the thinking classes. It was not difficult for the reformers to discover the person best fitted to assume the government after the revolution. The Imperial House, whose dynasty had continued in one line from pre-historic ages, having been always regarded with reverence and adoration by the whole nation, and being unaffected by the prejudice usually felt against all such as have been in the enjoyment of active power, stood out in all its fresh brilliancy capable of adapting itself to any requirement of the time.

Under the Emperor, supported by those statesmen whose intellectual superiority made them recognised leaders of the new Government, the two parties were amalgamated into one, and the modern progressive policy was definitely adopted in 1868. On March 14 in that year the Emperor, soon after his accession to the throne, proclaimed on oath the five principles that were to guide the Government newly established.

First.—Deliberative assemblies shall be established on a broad basis, in order that governmental measures may be adopted in accordance with public opinion (taken in broad sense).

Secondly.—The concord of all classes of society shall in all emergencies of the State be the first aim of the Government.

Thirdly.—Means shall be found for the furtherance of the lawful desires of all individuals without discrimination as to persons.

Fourthly.—All purposeless precedents and useless customs being discarded, justice and righteousness shall be the guide of all actions.

Google

Fifthly.—Knowledge and learning shall be sought after throughout the whole world, in order that the status of the Empire of Japan may be raised ever higher and higher.

The very first care of the Imperial Government was to send at the State expense those persons who held or were to hold responsible posts in the Government to various countries of Europe and America in order to widen their views. These were soon followed by young students, who were sent out to complete their education in a regular manner at the colleges and universities abroad. At the same time colleges and schools were established in Japan, under European teachers and professors, to educate the youths in all branches of modern sciences and arts. A system of national education was established on a very wide basis, elementary schools being founded in every village, however small, in the country, where the young girls and boys were taught by the teachers trained in the normal schools. According to the last statistical report (December 8, 1897), the students of both sexes who attended the colleges and schools in that year numbered altogether 4,180,211, of whom 577,044 finished their course in the same year. About the latter end of the seventies the first set of graduates were sent out by the colleges, and they have been followed by increasing numbers every year. Some of the best were sent to Europe and America to complete their education, and most of them have returned with academic honours and distinctions. They have acquired during the last ten to twenty years great experience in their several branches of knowledge, and are now holding high positions in the country. That they are fully qualified for their professions is testified by the able manner in which they carry on the work committed to their care, and also by the publications in journals and magazines of the results of their investigations and researches on the special subjects they study.

In regard to the system of government, the most important measure was the establishment of deliberative assemblies of various grades in the villages, towns, and provinces respectively.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

For many years past all of these have been found to work satisfactorily. Finally, the national assembly was summoned in 1890, in accordance with the constitution granted in the preceding year, by which political, civil, and religious liberties are guaranteed.

The administration of justice has been organised on the most enlightened models, and the laws, both civil and penal, have been codified.

Thus for more than thirty years the government and policy of Japan have been conducted strictly in accordance with the proclamations of the Emperor at the beginning of his reign, and still give every promise of continued improvement.

From this historical sketch of the recent progress of Japan it will not be difficult to perceive that it is not the result of passing fancy or individual caprice, but of the mental evolution of a nation which has been gradually progressing during the last two hundred years.

There is no danger, then, as there would be in the case of a sudden revolution or a temporary caprice, of a reaction that would cause the nation to fall back into its previous state. It will be a mistake to assume that the occasional manifestations of so-called "patriotic bias," which are common to all nations, are symptomatic of a deep-seated reactionary spirit.

Those who think that the Japan of to-day is the same as that of thirty or forty years ago, and that all her present civilisation is merely veneer and apish imitation, do a great wrong, not only to Japan herself but to humanity at large, for differences of colour, language, customs, and manners are but local and accidental, and there is no fundamental difference in human beings the world over. Where the conditions are favourable there is no reason why nations everywhere should not make as much progress as is possible. This is the true ideal of universal civilisation, and for it we must all combine to work.

HAYASHI.

Google

RIGHT AND WRONG IN POLITICS

SOME time ago I was requested to sign a protest against the war in Africa. I declined upon an obvious ground. The protest argued in substance that the action of the English Government before the war had been criminal. That statement, it seemed to me, whether true or false, had become an anachronism. The question whether Mr. Chamberlain's treatment of the Boers had been immoral was for the time as obsolete as the question whether Pitt's declaration of war against the French in 1793 was justifiable. We had somehow got into a bog, and could only consider how to get out of it. Undoubtedly, if the guide who had led us should ask us to renew our confidence, the question of his previous conduct would be very much to the purpose. For the present we had simply to accept facts. It was idle to say that they ought not to have been facts. "What has been has been," as poets have remarked, and, as philosophers generally admit, the past is irrevocable. The folly or wickedness of bringing about a war does not alter the fact that a war, when once begun, has to be fought out; nor even prove that the victory of the wrong-doer may not be the most satisfactory solution of the question.

My friends, I believe, thought this reply very immoral. I only mention the particular case as an illustration of the general principle, and I admit that my principle may apparently sanction very immoral consequences. If the actions of a

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

statesman are to be condoned upon the simple ground that they are accomplished facts, we should be setting a very dangerous precedent. The virtue which says, "Don't pick pockets," but is ready, when the pocket is picked, to absolve the thief and accept the plunder, is very like hypocrisy. Such a principle, too, seems to sanction the doctrine that in politics we have nothing to do with morality. We are to be guided by immediate expediency, and therefore to recognise no permanent rights. A rule which ceases to apply on the simple ground that it has been broken cannot be a rule of much practical value. Unjust conduct to individuals does not cease to be unjust because the original action is now past recall; and the moral law which condemns a policy must condemn the position which has been created by the policy. It is surely desirable that moral considerations should affect our policy towards nations as well as individuals. The problems which are arising all over the world as it becomes more closely packed and distance ceases to separate are constantly giving fresh importance to a clear understanding. The growing keenness of competition tends to weaken the moral bonds which tie our hands in the contest, and it is desirable to consider their true nature.

International conflicts are one product of that "struggle for existence" which troubles many people by its apparent indifference to morality. The man of science deals simply with the facts. The words "right" and "wrong" have no intelligible application to the prehuman world; for prehuman is pre-moral. If the sea, which once harboured plesiosaurs, is now occupied by whales, it is not because the plesiosaur was a sinner, but because under new conditions he was a failure. But we find the struggle continuing between races of men who had moral qualities and therefore, it may be supposed, some claim upon the justice of their fellows. The man of flint-implements went out before the man who used iron; the aborigines of America and Australia have been extirpated by the Spaniard and the Englishman; and the same process is operative, however much the form of the contest may be modified, all over the world.

Google

It underlies all the greatest movements of the day. The historian, so far as he aims at scientific methods, must consider such processes simply as facts. He must record impartially the series of events by which nations have grown and races succeeded, as the natural historian describes the changes which have substituted the modern horse for the hipparion. The victorious races may have won success by barbarous cruelty. The Saxon got rid of the Celt without paying any attention to the Sermon on the Mount. He succeeded not less, or possibly succeeded all the more, because he had never heard of that document. In later times war and conquest have laid the foundation of the most civilised races. We preach the Christian ethics, but we admit that in practice the code of the barbarian has answered better. The gospel according to Darwin seems in some versions to confirm this view, and we are invited more or less explicitly to get rid of our moral prejudices, and admit in theory what we have exemplified in practice, that war, covert or open, must always be the dominant factor in development. We cannot reconcile our moral convictions with success in the great world-struggle. If goodness leads to extinction, what is the use of being good?

The doctrine accepts, I think, some indisputable truths. It is idle to neglect facts. We have got to make the best of the actual world, however it came to be actual. The injustice to which the existing order owed its origin cannot determine the question of its present justice. Philosophers have denounced property in land because it originated in force. A man, it is urged, cannot transfer to others any rights which he does not himself possess, and therefore the original defect in the title can never be remedied. The estate which is now mine was, perhaps, taken by sheer force from some primitive savage; transmitted, according to unjust laws, to the descendants of the new proprietor; confiscated by a tyrannical Government and acquired by fraud at some later date. How can I derive a just claim from an accumulation of wrongs? At what point in this series of transactions does the title become a good one?

Google

Lawyers have to admit prescription. The title becomes good when it has been unchallenged for a certain period. The practical necessity of such a rule is obvious. It is utterly impossible, in the first place, to trace the history. Then, if I could trace it, I could not say what was "right" at each period. The "good old rule," that he shall take who has the power, was once the moral rule. Later systems of inheritance, which now appear to be unjust, were long thought to be right. Must I apply the morality which I now hold to be right, or the morality which was accepted at the time? But, moreover, if all such problems could be solved, we could not redress the evil. I have acquired my property by perfectly innocent means. I have paid a fair price according to the existing law. To take it away from me then would be in any case to inflict an injury without compensation upon an innocent person. It would be as hard as to confiscate a sovereign which I have fairly earned, because on some previous occasion the same coin was stolen from a rightful owner. The "right" is not inherent in the thing possessed, and must be determined by the interests of the living, not by the history of the dead, whose rights have expired with them. This applies even more obviously to the questions between nations. Who are the rightful heirs of the tribes who once occupied the United States? The "last of the Mohicans" died long ago, and we cannot expropriate the present possessors of Massachusetts and hand it over to any rightful heir. No rightful heir exists. Obviously in such cases we have to consider the actual state of things, and to admit that the abstract right has vanished with the original owners. When a wrong cannot be redressed it ceases to have any bearing upon actual problems. Some disregard of this very obvious truth seems to be implied in many popular arguments. Philanthropists denounce existing arrangements because they were originally created by injustice. The division of Poland and the conquest of Ireland are pronounced unjust, and it is inferred that the independence of both should be restored. So far as the existing order actually involves injustice or bad government it is, of course, in

Google

need of amendment; but to argue to the injustice of the present system from the bare fact that it originated in injustice would upset every order, and would not do any good to the people who were injured originally. Go far enough back, and at the origin of every political system you find either force and fraud or absurd doctrines as to the rightful grounds of action. The claims of a ruler were formerly treated as simply questions of private property. If a man descended from a certain person, and certain rules of succession were regarded as applicable, he had a right to be king, without the slightest reference to the wishes or interests of the subjects. If we granted all the statements of fact and law by which the English justified their attempts to conquer France, we should still regard the attempts as monstrously absurd and unjust. The "rights," which were established in conformity with the moral ideas of the time, to us appear to be scarcely more moral than those which were established by simple force. The whole question of whether the claims were morally right, or right upon the old moral assumptions, is therefore one for antiquaries, but has no significance on actual questions. We can only ask how the established order works now, and whether it is producing good or bad results.

The past right has expired. But the difficulty applies even to actual conflicts. Moralists have been denouncing conquerors time out of mind. Heroes, Pope tells us, are much the same,

> From Macedonia's madman to the Swede:
> The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
> Or make, an enemy of all mankind.

Alexander and Charles XII. were moved by selfish ambition, and therefore their wars were simply wicked. The whole political movement is embodied in the conspicuous leader. Carlyle's hero-worship illustrates the case. He identified the rise of Prussia with Frederick. The cause and the man must, he thinks, be approved or condemned together. He must either justify a selfish ambition or condemn what he holds to

Google

be a most desirable result. The difficulty arises from his failure to allow for the degree in which a great man is the product of the soil and the instrument of great movements. Napoleon is reported to have said, when he was accused of crimes, that he was the creature of circumstances. He simply "marched with the opinions of great masses and with events." True or false of Napoleon, the statement is to the point. The great man appreciates the real elements of strength. All great men, we have been told, are unscrupulous. They have an eye for facts which will not always fit in with established conventions. Half their greatness consists in a clear perception of what are the strongest passions that are really moving the world of to-day. They see that to gain power they must have those passions at their back. They represent the forces, moral or immoral, which are working the evolutionary process. They may be selfish and have low ambitions, even in a good cause. We may hold that the social evolution, whose instruments they are, is on the whole for the best, and that they are so far likely to be on the right side. Frederick may have been unscrupulous and selfish, but if the formation of a great German Power was desirable in the interests of the world, we must reckon him among the great, though the unintentional, benefactors of humanity. Undoubtedly the desire to be on the strongest side often goes with the inadequate appreciation of the strength of moral considerations which misleads the Napoleons and the Fredericks. I am not optimist enough to believe that all conquests have been right, or that they have not constantly led to disastrous results. We can only say that, when some great change is desirable in the interests of mankind, any one who can make himself the organ of change will be backed by a rightful demand and, so far, the great man will be moved by his selfish interests to take the side of advance or, as we call it, of an "evolution" in the right direction. Considering how much men are still governed, as they always have been governed, by blind instincts and hampered by erroneous conventions of morality, it is surely a matter for congratulation that our

Google

leaders have not to be chosen exclusively from the virtuous and the scrupulous. It is as well for the good cause that it is often helped by the wicked.

The great statesman on this showing is inclined to be on the side of "evolution," and likely to be moral so far, and only so far, as the actual evolution is itself demanded by morality. It is also undeniable, however, that the struggle is very far from implying the steady and invariable victory of the right cause; that, even where the predominance of a race is desirable, it may be achieved at the cost of needless cruelty, leaving an indefinite legacy of oppression; and that, in some cases, a superior race may be crushed out by brute force, and, for the time, degeneration rather than improvement be the result. Philanthropists therefore aim at securing the general recognition of rights which shall at least minimise the discrepancy. The struggle for existence may be inevitable, but the warfare may be at least carried on by less brutal means, and the resort to arbitrary violence may be discouraged. So far as greater authority can be won for international law and nations be persuaded to settle their differences by arbitration, we can approximate to that most desirable consummation. Yet, it must be added, could such a result be obtained in spite of the obvious difficulties, it would not of itself secure the coincidence with moral aims and actual progress. No positive law can be absolutely coincident with the moral law. The existence of fixed laws is essential to civilisation. There must be some law of marriage, and yet in particular cases the law may sanction the cruellest domestic tyranny. The whole social machinery depends upon the possibility of making contracts to be enforced by law; and yet there will always be a Shylock who can use the law to extort the last drop of blood. The moral relations are so complex, and take into account so many indefinable and varying conditions, that the hard-and-fast rules of legislation can never be made precisely to conform to them. If international law could be made as cogent in practice as the laws which regulate the action of individuals, the result would be to stereotype not only incon-

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

venient but unjust relations. Treaties between nations are as necessary as contracts between individuals. But, as the world changes, the treaty which may have been advantageous at one period produces intolerable inconveniences at another. They cease in one generation to correspond to the actual needs of its descendants; and yet, from a legal point of view, they must be regarded as binding unless both parties consent to a change. Interests constantly grow up which had no existence at the time of the agreement, and no arbitration, bound, as it must be, by the purely legal aspect, could be satisfactory, for it could not take into account the really important questions. We have, again, experience enough of the difficulties which occur when two nations at different stages of growth are in close contact. The moralist, if he keeps to the merely legal aspect of things, will denounce the "lust of conquest" which leads to the absorption of less civilised States. Yet, in point of fact, the process may be not only inevitable and, so to speak, automatic, but really desirable on moral grounds. Vindication of undoubted rights by the stronger produces anarchy in the smaller: that involves protection, and protection passes insensibly into annexation. The selfishness of the dominant race may secure a good result for both. If, that is, we take into account the whole interests of the peoples concerned, it is desirable that the less civilised should pass under the control of the higher; and the admission of absolute and irrecoverable right to independence implies a neglect not only of the instinct which will in fact govern mankind, but of the moral considerations which make the change desirable. To annex a feebler State, however barbarous or demoralised its actual government, may be wrong from a quasi-legal point of view, but there are times when it is really demanded in the interests of the world at large. In that case, it is a mischievous scrupulosity which shrinks from doing right because the right course is also recommended by selfish motives.

This suggests the really difficult problem. If the weak should admit that he would be better for being conquered, no

Google

difficulty would arise. But the normal case is the opposite. It may be desirable that a stupid and barbarous person should accept my supremacy, but he does not generally perceive the force of the argument, and I am very likely to assert the desirability upon entirely insufficient evidence. The plea, it may be inferred, is of so doubtful a nature that it should never be admitted. Even upon purely utilitarian grounds we must make some rules absolute, though in particular cases they are not beneficial. There are many cases in which I may accidentally be doing good by knocking out the brains of an innocent person; but the excuse would not be admitted as valid for a murder, either in law or morals. In the same way, we may hold that it should be a rule in international morality that a people should never be compelled to submit by sheer force. Government, according to the accepted formula, should invariably rest upon the consent of the people. That is a maxim sufficiently in accordance with accepted moral principles to be not beyond the possibility of insertion into the code which actually regulates the action of States. This rule, it is asserted (I do not argue as to the truth of the assertion), is being broken by England in the Transvaal and by the United States in the Philippines. In both cases it is, of course, asserted that, although the stronger Power is not acting from purely benevolent motives, it is still acting for the good of the annexed populations. It might be replied that such an argument, if not implying downright hypocrisy, is yet so open to suspicion that no attention should be paid to it; and that, in any case, while the benefit is doubtful, the admitted evil is undeniable and enormous.

To the conquered race the conquest must appear to mean the triumph of injustice. A parallel difficulty occurs in the case of individual morality. It is necessary to suppress conduct which is generally mischievous, even where it is dictated by motives which we approve. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, this difficulty does not arise, because the law is normally in accordance with the prevalent morality. But, in

Google

the case of the international relations, there is not the same security for this desirable harmony. We hold that patriotism is a virtue. Even the most cosmopolitan of philosophers would admit it to be a virtue so far as it implies a keen interest in the society of which we form a part, and the public spirit which leads a man to promote the welfare of the body upon which he can really exercise some influence. As one of the main forces by which the most tolerable societies hitherto known among men had been built up, it has been of inestimable value. It measures the real vitality of a race. It cannot be weakened without weakening the mainspring of national progress. Its utility is proved by the survival of the races to which it has given vigour. It is the name of an instinct which has been useful to the possessors because it has enabled them to crowd out those in whom it was wanting. If it is in some aspects moral, it constantly leads to immoral conduct. It supposes the selfishness of a race, though not the selfishness of the individual. The patriotism of one has been normally in conflict with the patriotism of other peoples. It has led to great crimes as well as to most heroic actions. English patriotism supported the disastrous wars in France, and Englishmen still take a pride in Crecy and Agincourt, though they were victories won in an admittedly bad cause. But was the motive bad because it stimulated a lust for conquest or because it stimulated a lust for impracticable conquest? If the same force could have been directed to an effective conquest of Scotland and Ireland, we should by this time have forgotten the injustices and animosities and have regarded the process as we regard the Norman Conquest—as part of the struggle through which we had obtained a complete national unity. When the patriotic cause triumphs, we praise the patriots; when it has failed, we often think that they made a useless struggle against a desirable unification. The goodness, then, of the motive is no presumption for the wisdom of the aim. The great forces which we sum up as the patriotic spirit were necessary to the progress of civilisation. But they were very far from implying morality in the international relations. Some-

Google

times they led to the most preposterous enterprises and the most disastrous despotism. Sometimes they have led to the evolution of the highest civilisation yet attained. The competition between nations has been not more moral than the competition between species, and once more all that can be said for it is that it has tended to promote the "survival of the fittest."

The application to the present needs no expansion. When the English population rejoiced over the relief of our garrisons it was impossible not to be impressed by the enthusiasm which bound together men of all ranks. An emotion shared by great masses is always impressive. But then we must equally respect the same spirit when manifested in the Transvaal. Patriotism in the Boer is as admirable as patriotism in the cockney. The direction which either should take was a mere accident of time and place. The Boers may be stupid and ignorant, and obey the lead of a selfish oligarchy. But is the average Briton a fair or competent judge? He, too, follows a blind instinct. Not one in a thousand knows enough of the case to form anything that can be called a real judgment. He goes for his country, right or wrong; and is neither acquainted with the relevant facts nor capable of reasoning about them if he could study them. Identify the nation with its rulers, and we may attribute to it a reasoned policy and discuss its grounds and their morality. But these are not the grounds which determine what is called "public opinion." That is the product, at the best, of sentiment or imagination, guided by tradition and prejudice, and accepting without criticism one-sided and ignorant statements of facts. Yet it is the force to which the statesman must appeal, and which he obeys on pretence of directing. Patriotism, then, is a virtue, so far as it implies harmonious relations within the nation itself; but, in regard to international relations, it is a neutral quality. It is as likely to prompt criminal as beneficent action, or it is only good for the world in so far as it is desirable that the toughest and strongest race should prevail. Yet to preach a purely cosmopolitan instead of a patriotic principle is idle: first, because

Google

nobody will listen; and, secondly, because the nation which did listen would be suppressed and would deserve suppression.

This has a very cynical sound. It is better, perhaps, to be cynical than hypocritical, and to avow openly the principles upon which, in any case, you are certain to act. The doctrine represents, once more, some undeniable aspects of the case. The struggle for existence means a permanent and inevitable condition of life. To abolish competition, were abolition possible, would be to arrest progress. Moreover, the force embodied in the competition is, and always must be, lamentably blind, and nations must be so far selfish that their own view of their own interests must control their conduct. How can we avoid the uncomfortable paradox which results; admit that morality applies to relations between individuals, and that force is the only rule between communities? Practically, perhaps, it is difficult to keep morality for home consumption. A spirit of fair play once encouraged affects our view even of foreigners. Civilisation has certainly stimulated reluctance to using the old barbarous methods, even against savages; and we may plausibly invert the argument from the struggle for existence. If it be a "law of nature" that the weaker race dies out, we can leave nature to do her dirty work for us. Slaughter is demoralising to the slaughterer, and benevolent treatment may lead to the same conclusion. The weaker will be extinguished by a comfortable euthanasia instead of being stamped out. We can afford, it may be said, to use mild methods, because they lead to the same result by a cleaner path. The argument is perhaps a little awkward, but it raises the real problem. Is a race really weakened by acquiring some regard for the rights of others? In barbarous times moral scruples might be a disadvantage. If you exterminate me whenever you can, I may have to exterminate you. Even a Quaker would have to carry a revolver in a land where revolvers settled all disputes, or there would soon be an end of Quakers. A possibility of good understanding is implied in morality, and reciprocity must not be "all on one side." But when the understanding is once formed, what is

Google

best for all may become also best for each. The continent which had only room for thousands when every tribe took its neighbours' scalps has room for millions when they can keep the peace. The rule, "the more there is for you, the less for me," does not apply, for there may be more for everybody. Another obvious fallacy seems to vitiate the hasty argument from the struggle for existence. Nations, after all, are not selected as the kangaroos and rabbits in an Australian district, where it must be all rabbits or all kangaroos. Nations represent mainly superficial varieties of one race, and the improvements which win success are not transmitted by simple "heredity." If a beneficial variation occurs in the rabbit, he can only transmit it to his descendants to help them in the struggle. But a race improves its position by other than organic changes; by scientific discoveries or modifications in its social or religious ideas; and such changes are essentially transmissible to its rivals. It cannot, if it would, monopolise them and, therefore, must improve others in improving itself. Moreover, the improvement of others may be directly beneficial to it. The old free-traders were quite right in arguing that we gained instead of losing by the enrichment of our customers, though the argument is now too often forgotten. The civilisation of the world at large would improve the position of each race. We must give up the hope of clearing out all foreigners and making the whole world English; but the English race may improve by adaptation to others more quickly than it would by simple antagonism to others, because the whole position is improved. The struggle implies also mutual help, and, besides favouring the best races, enlarges enormously the whole sphere of human life in the planet. Now, only a patriotism of the "dog in the manger" kind would grudge the process which helps me on the ground that it does not tend to my exclusive possession of the world. I have my own patriotic prejudices, but I should be very sorry to anticipate a period in which the British should be the only type. Variety of type is good in itself. Even the dullest John Bull may surely wish that there should be a

Google

sprinkling of French and Germans up and down in the planet —especially as he cannot prevent it—and that some place should be left for the negro and the Chinaman. He has, we may hope, enough spirit of fair play to resign the impracticable hope of excluding all others, when he can win what is really attainable by taking his share in a general improvement.

The inference from the struggle becomes immoral so far as it takes advantage of this misconception, and applies to men the formula which is applicable only to mutually incompatible races. A nation thrives by adapting itself to other races as well as to its physical environment. It profits, like an individual, by becoming tolerable to its neighbours. Nature gives prizes for good conduct as well as for mere athletic excellence. The competition cannot be annulled, but may be moralised. It may be a competition in good qualities and imply gentle treatment of the losers. If so, then the law which imposes regard for other men's rights is not only moral but attainable, and indeed simply recognises a most important condition of the welfare of a nation. The objection to government by sheer coercion seems to be an obvious corollary, and the only question is how far we should regard it as absolute, or whether, under any circumstances, its application must be limited by the admissions which we have made. I must be content to suggest my view by applying them to the problem from which I started. No rule of conduct, I have said, can entitle us to ignore facts, and the past cannot be altered. Arguments, therefore, which condemned the war could be applicable so far, but only so far, as the issue to be decided was unaltered. The issue, however, was vitally altered. It was no longer a question whether we should enforce certain demands, but whether the Transvaal should be suppressed or the English turned out of Africa. The right and wrong of the wider question could not be decided by the right and wrong of the preceding controversy. Assuming that we had been in the wrong, the far wider question was not thereby settled. Even if our claims had been unjust, we might be bound both by our interests and by

Digitized by Google

morality not to abandon our position, the right and wrong of which has come to involve a new set of considerations. Ahab may have behaved abominably to Naboth; but if Naboth raised a rebellion and called in the Philistines to right himself, it might still be the duty of a loyal Jew to put him down. Right and wrong are so mixed up in this world that an error or injustice in one part of the proceedings which has led to a conflict cannot decide the rights of the whole controversy. The protest, therefore, seemed to me to be unfairly simplifying the question by excluding the most relevant considerations. There was not simply condonation of the previous criminality. Let Mr. Chamberlain or President Kruger be condemned as heartily as you please, when their morality has to be considered. I only say that our decision about their conduct does not answer the essential question. We must accept the facts as they are, and the whole facts. Of course, if the war still appears immoral or inexpedient, it is a duty to say so. The fact that the protest was certain to be unavailing would not excuse us from the duty. That would not justify ourselves for yielding to "necessity," when the necessity meant that we could not help being tyrannical and unjust. The "necessity" for the moment must be recognised, but we may still try to arouse a better feeling; still it is desirable to remember the other fact upon which I have insisted. The war, like all wars, represents a conflict between blind instincts. The passions of the combatants have only an accidental relation to the morality of their conduct. The moralist likes to denounce national crimes, and has a right to give that name to wars which lead to oppressive and unjust systems of government. Still, he should remember that the great masses of men are inevitably acting without knowing the facts, and may be contributing to mischievous policy simply from entire ignorance and incapacity. It is unjust to accuse men at large of indulging "lust of conquest" or tyrannical impulses, when they are perhaps very good fellows, obeying a real sense of duty to their neighbours, though unfortunately never realising the conse-

Google

quences visible from the other side of the question. Simply to call them bullies is to alienate them by a real injustice, when what they really need is enlightenment and an appeal to their real humanity and love of fair play. That, indeed, leads to the opposite, and now the most important, side of the question. I fully agree that the question of the justice of the previous proceedings is still relevant in its proper place. It is relevant in its bearing upon the future. Whatever happens, the belief that they have been unjustly treated will leave in our antagonists a bitter resentment of which it is desirable to understand the real force and meaning. The importance of conciliation, and of showing by our action that, if necessity has justified coercion, coercion is in itself a monstrous evil, and should be supplanted as soon as possible by a concession of rights to the conquered, is too obvious for me to expatiate upon the topic. Plenty of moral, eloquent, and competent people will no doubt enforce that doctrine. I only refer to it to explain that I am as far as possible from desiring to exclude moral considerations. My view is the opposite: but I have tried to define what is the aspect of the question in which they become relevant, and therefore to answer the charge of moral indifference suggested by a refusal to join in a thoroughly well-meant protest. It illustrates an artifice often, though quite unconsciously, adopted by moralists. Because it is wrong to quibble over a moral law, they tacitly modify the facts so as to make the application of the law unequivocal; because the instinct which opposes them is dull and stupid, they ignore the fact that it also involves a muddled and purblind recognition of real duties. The error is pardonable, for I admit that an appeal to morality is better than a cynical disavowal of morality. Still it is an error, and means an imperfect appreciation of the true grounds upon which a moral judgment must be formed.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

by Google

Google
Original from



Lavithi, called by the old Cretans, Dicte



Psychro

Google

THE BIRTH CAVE OF ZEUS

ANCIENT logic accepted Immortality more easily than Eternity. Gods might be to all time, but not from all time; and, while Cretans were branded the liars of antiquity for showing on one hill the tomb of Zeus, no one doubted the divine birthplace which they pointed out on another.

The Greek held devoutly that somewhere on his own beautiful coasts his Father God had once been cradled; and an immemorial tradition, whose source he neither knew nor inquired, pointed to Crete. There were other stories indeed, one giving the honour to Arcadia; but those awful peaks which rose in pale morning and opalescent evening light out of the Southern Sea prevailed with ninety-nine out of a hundred Believers. In this belief, perhaps, the Hellenes showed some unconscious memory of their racial origin, or, at least, some tradition of an earlier civilisation, that had contributed to make their race what it was; but of that it seems they never knew as much as we may learn.

If he was sure of the island to which he owed his God, the Greek was not, however, in his latter days, so sure of the precise spot hallowed by the divine infancy. The God was certainly cradled in a cave, but there were two caves—one in the central peak of Ida, which looks west on Retimo and east on Candia, the other in a lower but still majestic easterly mountain, Lasithi, called by the old Cretans, Dicte. Some who knew of this rival claim tried, like the Sicilian Diodorus,

Digitized by Google

to reconcile the local stories, making the babe, born on Dicte, be reared on Ida. But more voted for one or other hill, and those of the best authority for Dicte. There the momentous scene was placed by the oldest poet who relates the story of the Zeus-Genesis, the Greek Hesiod; there, too, by the great Latins, Lucretius and Virgil, to say nothing of lesser lights.

The familiar Greek tale, become at last more familiar to the West than the myths of its own primitive creeds, varies little in the authorities. Kronos, who is Time, King of Heaven, warned that a son shall cast him from his realm, determined to devour his male issue as soon as born. But Queen Rhea, wrathful and feeling her hour nigh, fled to Crete, and there was delivered of a boy, whom she hid in a cave on Mount Dicte, while the blind old God accepted a stone in place of his child, even as stones were accepted for mansions of godhead all over the Near East. The baby's whimperings were drowned by the clashing shields of faithful servants; or, as one story has it, by the routing of a fostering sow. In Hesiod's narrative all this event is connected expressly with the city of Lyttos. Thither the pregnant Queen was sent by the kindly Earth Mother at the first, and thence she set forth by night to lay her new-born babe on the neighbouring hill. That babe grew to be the Immortal One, before whom old Time himself was forced to bow, and in later days still resorted to his birth cave. For thither, as Lucian tells us in his best manner, he led the maiden Europa, flushed and half suspecting, and there the son, whom she conceived that day, sought his Father, when, another Moses, he would give a Law to the Cretans. While the Cretans waited above, so runs the story, Minos descended into the grot and, reappearing at last with the Code, gave out that he had it from the hands of Zeus himself.

Since such myths, credited as they were for very many centuries, must have had some local habitation, a primitive Cave-sanctuary was to be looked for in the Lasithi *massif;* and by preference near Lyttos, whose scattered ruin lies on a spur of the north-westernmost peak of the group of mountains.

Google



The Hollow Earth Plan



The Hill-locked Floor drains to the North-western Exit

Google

Google

Digitized by
Original from

That imposing pyramidal hill, probably Hesiod's *Aigaion*, is still honoured with yearly pilgrimage and called by the Cretans the Lord's Mountain. But the upland fastnesses of Crete have not, these many centuries past, been any place for the scholarly explorer; and the Lasithi region, which excluded the Venetians and only once admitted the Turks in arms, has remained less known than any part of the classic world. Indeed, jealous and nervous officials on the coast, jealous and arrogant hillmen in the inner country, have kept most of Crete virgin soil to our own day.

Nothing, therefore, was heard in the outer world of any cavern in Dicte till less than twenty years ago. At last, in 1888, a report, reaching Candia, drew attention to a large double grotto, which shows as a black spot on the hillside above Psychró, a village of the inner Lasithi plain. It was said that shepherds, folding their flocks at night or storm time, had found strange objects in bronze and terra-cotta in the black bottom mould of that cavern. Their finding continued, and three years later the first archæologist came to the spot, Frederico Halbherr, of Gortynian fame, accompanied by Dr. Joseph Hazzidakis, who, as head of the Candiote *Syllogos*, held semi-official authority in the matter of antiquities. They were successful in recovering divers primitive objects from peasant hands, figurines of men and beasts, miniature double axes, knives and other weapons, and they even themselves scraped the earth before the cavern-mouth in hope of finding such an altar as stands without the Zeus grot on Ida. But inside the cave they saw that they could do little or nothing, so deep was the cumber of fallen rocks in its upper hall. What they had recovered, however, was so manifestly votive and of early period, that interest was everywhere awakened, and the cave was marked a prize for explorers in more peaceful days to come. Most scholars, who penetrated Crete in the troubled years that followed, contrived to pass a few hours in Psychró, buying what the natives grubbed up from time to time among the boulders; and two, Mr. A. J. Evans and

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mons. J. Demargne, essayed tentative excavations, whereby the first-named gained valuable evidence as to the stratification of the sacrificial deposit, and ascertained the original position of one notable object, purchased in the village. This was a steatite libation-table, inscribed with the group of hieroglyphic symbols, which first assured the finder that he was on the track of a hitherto unknown script.

The opportunity of scholars came at length with the liberation of the island, and the British lost no time in securing the concession of this cave. It fell, in the division of labour, to my own share, and as early in May 1900 as the Cretan climate will allow life in tents at an altitude of 3000 feet, I left Mr. Arthur Evans to his fortunate labours in the Knossian Palace of Minos, and betook myself to Psychró with a few trained men, stone-hammers, mining-bars, blasting powder, and the rest of a digger's plant.

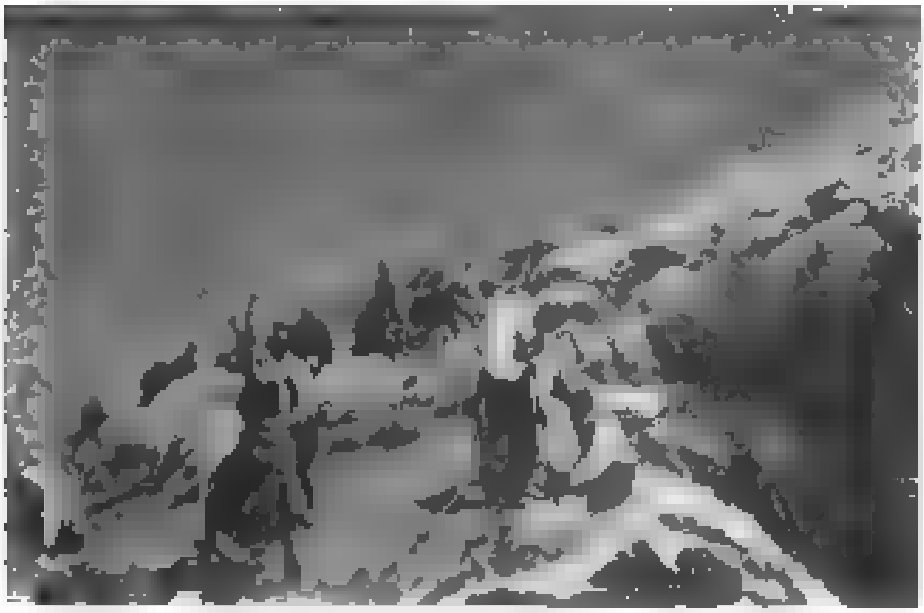
The village proved complacent, nay enthusiastic. I had feared we might be made but little welcome, for with my work the local profits of illicit digging, enjoyed for years, would cease for ever. But Lasithi, like all Crete, was, before all things, minded to justify its new-won freedom in European eyes, and Psychró was not less sensible than any other Greek community would have been to the public attention that the dig would concentrate on its little self. Moreover, from week to week the Prince High Commissioner was expected on a visit to the cave, and lo! here was an opportune capitalist to make at his own charge the needful path and employ local labour. Ready money was short in the village, and tax-collectors proved not less insistent under the new flag than under the old.

Workmen, therefore, came clamorous to enrol themselves, and on a stormy morning, when the hillside was swept alternately by clammy mists and by half-frozen showers, I had no lack of hands to make me a zigzag mule-track up the five hundred feet slope of rock. Knowing that this path would serve for the descent of the black cave mould, prized above all

Google



A Zigzag Track up the Rock



A Practicable Way into the Cave

Google

Google

top-dressings by the farmers of the plain, the peasants finished it in less than a day. Then, while a camping-ground was being cut and embanked out before the yawning mouth, we began to blast a practicable way into the cave itself.

Here let it be understood that this great cavern is double. There is a shallow hall to right and an abysmal chasm to left, the last not matched in Crete for grandeur, nor unworthy of a place among the famous limestone grottoes of the world. The rock at first breaks down sheer, but as the light grows dim, takes an outward slope, and so falls steeply still for two hundred feet into an inky darkness. Having groped thus far, stand and burn a powerful flashlight. An icy pool spreads from your feet about the bases of fantastic stalactite columns on into the heart of the hill. Hall opens from hall with fretted roofs and the same black unruffled floor, doubling the torches you and your guides must bear. An impassable labyrinth before, where rock and water meet; behind and far above a spot of faintly luminous haze. Fit scene enough for Minos' mysterious colloquy with his father Zeus, and the after cult of a Chthonian god.

The water, that once filled the hollow Lasithi plain, has made both these cavernous recesses. To-day the hill-locked floor, evenly laid as a sand beach, drains at its north-western end, with suckings and gurglings, into a choked pit below a mighty impending cliff. What becomes of the waters thereafter no one knows. Perhaps they reappear in certain large springs which rise among the northern roots of the *massif;* perhaps they find their way to the surface again under the sea. But the alluvial basin, seen from above as a huge chess-board, has not always been exposed. Dry it has been, indeed, or nearly so, since very early Greek times, for "Geometric" tombs exist little above its level near Plata, one of the hamlets of the plain; but before that vague date the western outlet had not opened or was not sufficient for the issue of the waters. A lake, lapping the mountain flanks five hundred feet above, poured its overflow into the hill through this cave of Psychró,

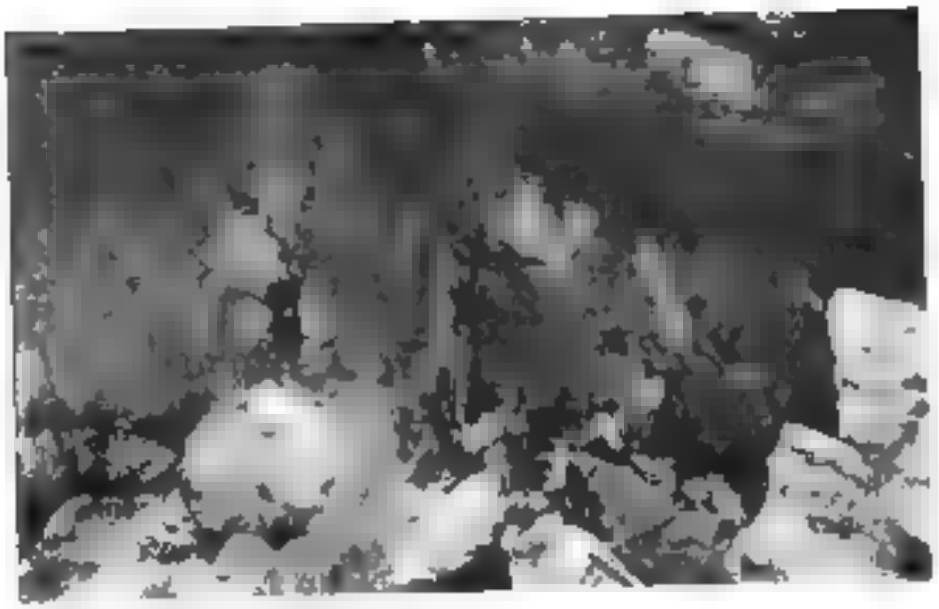
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

making it a natural marvel, which might appeal to the superstition of primitive peasants. The objects found in it tell us within narrow limits of time when its various parts dried sufficiently for it to be used as a sanctuary, and when, no longer an outlet of the lake, it ceased to be a place of pious resort.

Our blasting charges made short work of the boulders in the upper hall, and luckily the threatening roof held good. Crowbars and stone-hammers finished the powder's work, and in four strenuous days we had not only made a path for laden men to go and come, but cleared a considerable surface of black mould under the farther wall. Then the real dig began, while preparations for further blasts went on, with incessant ringing of mining-bars. Indeed, what with this metallic din, reverberating from roof and walls, what with the heavy hanging fumes of recent explosions, and the mingled reek of hot unwashed humanity and chill newly-disturbed earth, no site could be more trying to a digger than that dim dripping cave. All soil had to be carried up the steep inclines out of the dark and sifted in the daylight, and to this operation and the washing of the blackened pottery was set a gang of women, as more patient in minute search and of less sophisticated temper.

Whenever possible, in all lands, I have mixed the sexes in this sort of work. The men labour the more willingly for the emulation of the women, and a variety is added, of no small value in operations, where the labourers must always be interested and alert, and boredom spells failure. The day, which otherwise might drag on in tired silence, goes merrily to the end in chatter and laughter, and the dig is accepted as a relief in monotonous lives, sought cheerfully at dawn and not willingly abandoned till late. Curiously enough, it is in Moslem lands that, as a master of labour, I have met with the least opposition from feminine prudery. The Beduin women of the northern, or Syrian, half tribe of Waled Aly, who have settled during the last fifty years on the mounds of Gaif in the Delta, came without a moment's hesitation to help their husbands and

Google



Instrument Ringing of Mining Bell

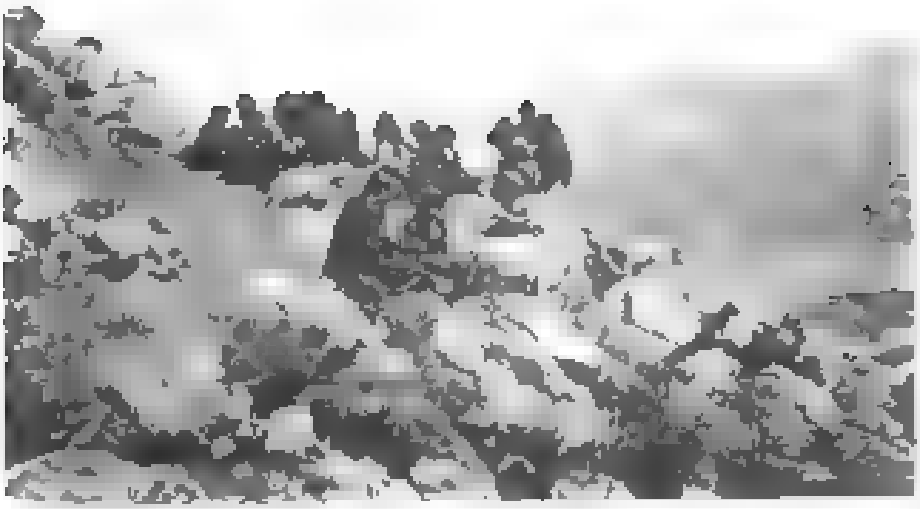


A Gang of Miners

Google

Google
Original from

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Snipers, Cossacks and Scouts



Lingering to Load Mules for the Cossacks below

Google

brothers dig out Naukratis. They even brought their babies, and more than one, on the first day, tried to carry a basket of earth on one shoulder, while a brown mite nestled at the breast, receiving a dose of sand in mouth and eyes as its mother unhandily tipped her load. When I forbade babies in arms next day, no one seemed to understand the why of the objection. Not to have had the women in that daily picture would have been great loss. Tattooed and unclean skins, grease-clogged wisps of hair and foul rags were amply atoned for by superb quality of eyes and teeth, and the exquisite refinement of feature and form, which is in these ancient gentlefolk of the Desert.

In Cyprus, Turkish mothers enlisted in our work, and their little girls, engaged more for the pleasure of the sight of them than anything else, turned the Paphian Temple into a riotous playground. But western Greek isles are bond-slaves to Mrs. Grundy. Melos could not be turned from its orientalism, and I feared a like failure in Crete; for there also to labour with strange men is a new thing. At first the Lasithi maidens were very coy, watching from a distance two girls, already trained at Knossos, diligent at their sieves. But, on the third morning, a more cosmopolitan villager, who had fought—or looted—as a volunteer on the French side in 1870, sent up an aged wife and daughter to help his son, and the ice was broken. The laughing mob brandished grain-sieves and demanded all to be written at once, and with their sisters, cousins, and aunts, who brought up the midday meal, they made the terrace before the cave the gayest spot in Lasithi.

The damp mould lay at the back of the hall from five to seven feet deep, mixed with strata of ashes and sherds, over a thick bed of yellow clay, laid long ago by water, and productive only of bones and scraps of the most primitive "Ægean" ware. The upper layers seemed to be the product of countless burned things, among which many unburned offerings had been laid or dropped in all periods from about the year 800 before our era back to a dim antiquity, roughly contemporary with

Google

the twelfth dynasty of Egyptian Pharaohs. Wherever boulders had checked the village grubbers we found offerings broken and scattered. The objects were mainly in bronze—a model of a two-wheeled car, drawn by an ox and a ram yoked to its pole, and once, as the holes on its foot-plate prove, the vehicle of little bronze figurines; images of bulls, a knife of Mycenæan curve, whose handle ends in a human head of regular sharp profile, such as appears on the Knossian frescoes—a precious document for the history of Ægean art, and the determination of the Ægean type; long hair-pins with heavy ornate heads, such as were found in the Heræum of Argos; lance-points of several types, darts and many various knives; needles of wire, rudely twisted at the head to form the eye, rings, miniature circular votive shields, and fragments of divers sorts. With these lay hundreds of little plain earthenware cups, once depositories of food or incense offerings, and some objects in clay more valuable, if not more significant; for example, a mask with painted lips and eyebrows and lashes, such as has not been found yet among remains of the "Mycenæan" Age, and a great stoup, about which a red polyp twines, half stylised as mere pattern-motive—as fine a Mycenæan vase as exists; ivory ornaments from perished sword-hilts, bone articles of the toilet, small altar-like tables in steatite and limestone, inscribed with "symbols" of the obscure Cretan character, and, in the topmost strata, swords, knives, axes, bracelets, and so forth of iron, with remains of the earliest Hellenic pottery. These lay thickest about a rude block, built up of stones and three feet high, resting on the yellow clay, and no doubt an altar of burnt sacrifice.

The dark inner recess of this upper hall I left to the last, for the rock-roof was most unsound above it, and great detached fragments overhung perilously. When, however, it proved to be contained within a massive "Cyclopean" wall, and, therefore, to be a *Temenos*, as the later Greeks called a holy enclosure, there was no shirking the risk. And in the event nothing happened beyond sudden thunderous slides of rock

Google



The Castle as a Black Spot on the Hillside



Before the Cavern Mouth

Google

Google

Google

Original from



A Model of a Car



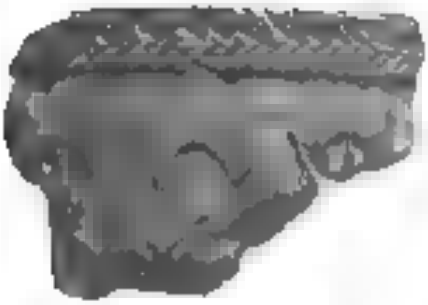
A Figurine in Clay



Painted Mycenean Ware



A Great Stamp



The Symbol of Zeus in Crete



Double Axe and Head of a Wild Cow

Google

and earth, which at first sent the scared diggers scampering for their lives, but soon came to be very lightly held. This sacrosanct area was soil untouched by the modern searcher, and extraordinarily prolific in broken vases, mostly of painted "Mycenæan" ware, while less rich in metal things. One kind of pottery which it yielded was new; fragments, that is, of large unpainted urns of fine clay, with ornament both moulded in high relief and incised. Embossed on these appeared the double battle-axe, which is that *labrys* from which the *Labyrinth* took its name, the symbol of Zeus in Crete and Caria; the head of a species of wild goat, still peculiar to Crete; rows of ox-masks; an altar laden with fruit; and other objects of more obscure interpretation. Moreover, not only these counterfeits, but the real skulls and bones of wild goats, of large deer, long since extinct in the island, of oxen, sheep, and swine, were turned up in enormous numbers, thickly encrusted with the petrified lime. These, no doubt, were once sacrificed to the God of this cave on Mount "Aigaion," the Goat Hill. From the back of the enclosure opened the mouths of funnels now choked with clay, but communicating, no doubt, with the lower halls and the water-channels in the heart of the hill, many of which, in their tortuous course, return under the upper grot.

To clear this upper hall had taken no more than a fortnight, and I gave it back to the fluttered bats and owls, well enough pleased on the whole. The altar and *temenos* had proved it a very holy place, in all likelihood no other than the Zeus Cave itself; and of the nature and date of the offerings made to the God there was evidence enough. I still hoped for a few objects from the *talus* in the lower halls, thrown down by clandestine diggers during the past fifteen years, but expected nothing new, for no native had ever found anything among the dark stalactite pillars beyond a few scraps of water-borne pottery.

The men clambered down, unwilling and not expectant, to their final task in the dank abyss, regretting the warm sunshine into which they could often emerge from the shallower upper

Google

hall; and the girls moaned not a little at sight of the clammy mud in which they must now stand and search. It was not inspiriting certainly, even in the upper part of that dark chasm, lighted by smoky petroleum flares. But all complaints presently ceased when first one and then another began to pick bronzes out of the earth-shoot. The earlier diggers, who had pitched this stuff over, must either have been most summary in their method of sifting, or have found an embarrassment of riches, for the lower *talus* was proportionately more prolific than any of the mould in the upper hall. Two objects were especially welcome among the handfuls of bronze that I gathered from time to time from the digging-line—one a little statuette of the god of Egyptian Thebes (Amen Ra), accepted long after by Greeks as Zeus Ammon, in fine work probably of the period of the later Rameses. How came he there? By the hand of an Egyptian or a Cretan devotee? The other was the first perfect miniature battle-axe—a *simulacrum* in almost pure copper—of the traditional weapon with which Zeus went out to war.

As, however, there was not room for all hands on this earth slope, a few of the best searchers were bidden examine the little "pockets" of lime-crusted mud which the water had left in cups and hollows of the lower stalactite floor. Here, too, they found blades and pins; and, working lower and lower into the darkness, till their distant lights showed like glow-worms to the men above, they reached at last the margin of the subterranean pool, and began to grope in the mud left exposed by the water as it recedes in summer time into the hill. So much did that slime yield that in the event we "washed" the floor of the chill pool itself, as far as might be done by dredging waist-deep. Here occurred many rude bronze statuettes, male and female, nude and draped, vicarious representatives of worshippers who would be especially remembered. They raise one hand to the head in salute of the god; the other they fold on the breast—easiest attitude to the early bronze artist. Here, again, were signet gems, mostly sards, engraved with animal figures in

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Votive Axes

Google

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

those conventional attitudes that former "Mycenæan" finds have made familiar. The most show wild goats, single or heraldically opposed, with the sacred *bethel* between; but one bears the hunting of a great bull. Here, too, lay rings, pins, blades, and needles by the score.

By this time more than half the gangs were splashing in the nether pool, eager for the special rewards given to lucky finders; and the tale of bronzes had already been doubled, when chance gave us a last and most singular discovery. A zealous groper, wishing to put both hands to his work, stuck his guttering candle into a slit of a stalactite column, and therein espied the edge of a bronze blade, wedged vertically. Fished out with the fire-tongs from the camp above, this proved a perfect "Mycenæan" knife. But, except by human agency, it could hardly have come into that crevice. The word was passed to leave mud-larking awhile and search the flutings of the colonnades which ran this way and that about the head of the pool; and men and girls dispersed themselves along the dark aisles, clambering above the water on the natural crockets and inequalities of the formation. Shouts from all sides announced quick success. Crevice after crevice was discovered to be stocked with blades, pins, tweezers, *fibulæ*, and here and there a votive axe; often there were as many as ten objects to a niche. The most part slim fingers of the girls extracted readily enough; but to obtain others that the lights revealed it was necessary to smash the stalactite lips that in long ages had almost closed upon them; and in that process much was found that had been wholly hidden. For about four hours the rate of discovery was at least an object a minute, and most prolific were the columns at the head of the pool and a little lateral chamber opening to left; but above the height of a man nothing was found.

Here, then, after all, was the real Holy of Holies. In this most awful part of the sacred grotto it was held most profitable to dedicate, in niches made by Nature herself, objects fashioned expressly for the God's service, like the axes or statuettes, or

Google

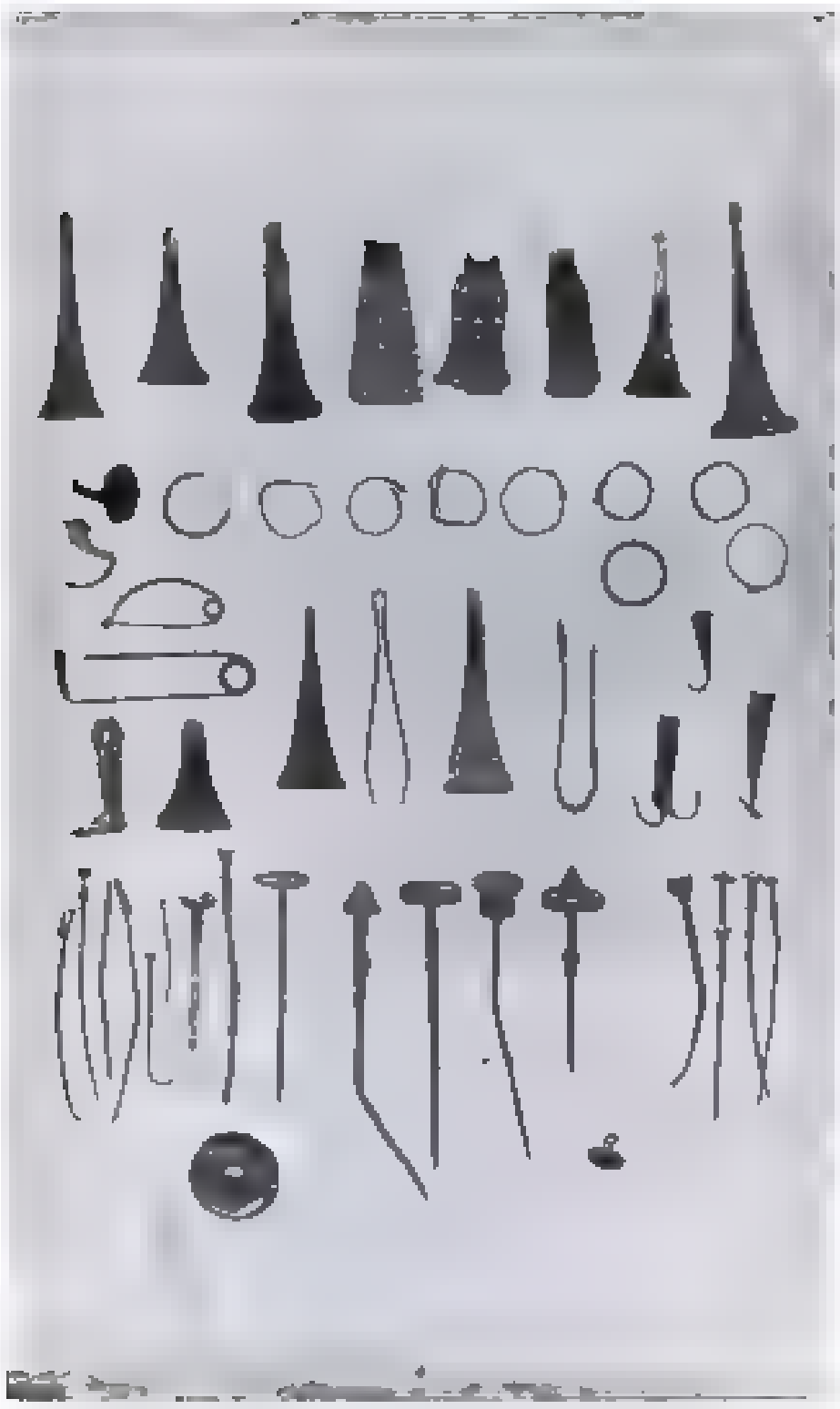
taken from the person of the worshipper, as the knives, pins, and rings. The fact does honour to primitive Cretan imagination. In these pillared halls of unknown extent and abysmal gloom undoubtedly was laid the scene of Minos' legendary converse with Zeus. For the lower grot suits admirably the story, as the rationalising Dionysius tells it—the primæval king leaving his people without and descending out of their sight, to reappear at last with the credit of having seen and talked with God himself. That here is the original Birth Cave of Zeus there can remain no shadow of doubt. The Cave on Ida, however rich it proved in offerings when explored some years ago, has no sanctuary approaching the mystery of this. Among holy caverns in the world, that of Psychró, in virtue of its lower halls, must stand alone.

Two days had passed in this strange search, and when nothing visible remained in the crevices, scrutinised twice and thrice, and no more bronzes could be dredged from the clammy bottom mud, I called off the workers, who were falling sick one after another of the unaccustomed humidity and chill. The treasure of Zeus was sorted and packed and sent down to the village on its way to Candia, and two days later we left silent and solitary the violated shrine of the God of Dicte.

The digger's life is a surfeit of surprises, but his imagination is seldom so curiously provoked. One seemed in that dim chasm to have come almost to sight and speech of the men before history. As we saw those pillared aisles, so the last worshipper who offered a token to Zeus saw them, three thousand years before. No later life had obliterated his tracks, and we followed them into the primæval world with such stirring of fancy as a Western traveller experiences in the Desert, that is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

I have never struck a camp with sharper regret. The tents had been the pleasantest of abiding-places on that rocky shelf overlooking the vast Lasithi basin, chequered and girt about with hills. This sort of life is the cleanest and healthiest in the world, and the most peaceful. All day there went and

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Blades, Pins, Tweezers and Fibulæ

Google
Original from

came about one the handsome folk, who dealt as honourably with the stranger as he wished to deal with them, neither distrustful nor presumptuous, but frank with the mountain gentility. As the evening fell, they went laughing down the hill, not as released school-children, but lingering a little to exchange a word, to load mules with soil for the gardens below, and to snigger at the ribald chaff of the cook, whose varied and mendacious career included certain experiences of the burlesque stage in the purlieus of Galata. Then one was alone, free and irresponsible as a Beduin and far safer; for in the distressful isle of Crete, where every peasant has his tale of rapine and murder in his own or his father's time, was now no suspicion of fear. On some nights that scourge of a Cretan spring, the hot Libyan blast, would rush down unheralded from the higher gullies, and set the cook calling on the Virgin while his hot coals scurried across the terrace, and the overseer rushed, calling to witness, for the big powder tin; and half-a-dozen times it seemed we should go, tents and all, by the shortest way to the village, whose lights twinkled five hundred feet below. But poles and ropes held against the worst of the blasts, and far oftener the moon was riding in a cloudless heaven and the flags drooped motionless on their standards. So the night passed, and with the dawn the chatter was heard again, coming up round the shoulder of the hill.

This is not, of course, to live Eastern life as an Eastern lives it. It is the Western, finding pleasure in a momentary return to simpler conditions, but still self-conscious in the presence of his fellow-men, and intolerant of an unfilled day; therefore, demanding intervals of privacy, and something to occupy hands and brain. The true Eastern, and the Western with the Eastern soul, like Burckhardt or Charles Doughty, empties his mind at will of all thought or desire and suffers the long hours with equal indifference, swaying on the camel's hump through a monotonous land, or crouching over a nomad's coffee fire, where the pauses of an hour are broken by a venerable aphorism or a more venerable riddle. Only such

Google

may live as the people and with the people in any part of the Nearer East, even in Greece, where the restlessness of the West shows its earliest symptom in the aimless fingering of the rosary. But other Westerns, though they will not be of the people, like well enough to live beside them, a little apart, but in their simple and natural atmosphere. Simple children of nature are the Lasithiotes to-day. What they may become to-morrow, if the black coat and hard hat must clothe their bodies and the academic commonplaces of the New Hellenism possess their souls, I greatly fear. May the ring-fence of hills long preserve their present simplicity! It is the best I can wish Lasithi in requital of great goodwill.

D. G. Hogarth.

Google



Natural Knives

Google

Original from
[illegible] HIGAN

COLONEL WILKS AND NAPOLEON

"BERTRAND," says Lord Rosebery, in describing the little circle that surrounded Napoleon at St. Helena, "Bertrand had an agreeable singularity: he wrote no book." A scarred biographer will sympathise with Lord Rosebery's sentiment, and any one can appreciate Bertrand's self-control. The great prisoner offered a subject so enticing, and life on the island was so dull, that a man who could resist the temptation to write a book could probably have resisted anything. But Bertrand was not the only St. Anthony. There was another beside him—a man whose temptation was even greater than Bertrand's. For not only had he exceptional opportunities of observation, but he was also a man of letters and might have been the first in the field.

This man was Colonel Mark Wilks, who was Governor of the island under the East India Company when Napoleon landed. In Lord Rosebery's book he is so little noticed as even to have escaped with other minor characters the vigilance of the indexer. It is natural enough. Beyond the fact that Napoleon liked and respected him during the few months they were thrown together, little or nothing was known of his influence on the story. Indeed, the two men had but the slightest official relations with one another, for, since Wilks was merely a servant of the Company, it was thought better that, until Sir Hudson Lowe came out, Napoleon should remain

Google

in the custody of the naval officer who brought him to the island. So admirable was the Colonel's reserve that it was not suspected that he had caught the prevailing epidemic of making notes, or that he had left behind him any account of what he thought of Napoleon and the behaviour of his suite. Yet so it was; and some at least of the material he prepared has come to light in the custody of his lineal representative, Sir Mark Wilks Collet, Bart., of St. Clere, by whose kind permission it is now, for the first time, printed below.

But before examining the contents of his papers we will try to get a grasp of the man's personality to help us. He was born in the Isle of Man about 1760, received a classical education, and was intended for the ministry; but eventually finding his bent in a different direction, he obtained a cadetship under the East India Company. Thenceforward his career was one eminently calculated to fit him for the delicate task which he was not allowed to undertake. Almost the whole of his service was spent in staff or political employ. He was military secretary to two Governors and one Commander-in-Chief, and was on General James Stuart's staff during his operations against Tippoo from 1790 to 1792. His last appointment had been that of Resident at Mysore, a post he held from 1802 to 1808. He was then invalided home, and set to work on his book, the first volume of which was published in 1810, under the title of "Historical Sketches of the South of India, in an attempt to trace the history of Mysore." Sir James Macintosh, who was then the greatest authority, though he never got his own history written, thought very highly of the book. He even claimed to be its sponsor, and pronounced it to be "the first example of a book on Indian history founded on a critical examination of testimony and probability, and from which the absurdities of fable and etymology are banished." He went so far as to say it marked an era in that branch of literature. Much of the praise was doubtless deserved, for the work was founded on an examination of the native archives to which Wilks had access as Resident at Mysore, while in the later stages he himself had

Google

assisted at the making of the history he recorded. It was in the midst of these literary labours that he was called on to take over the Governorship of St. Helena, and in June 1818 he entered upon the duties of the office. He had thus been out some two years when Napoleon landed, and during that time had succeeded in winning the devotion of the islanders by his improvements in agriculture and by inducing the Company to ameliorate the system of land tenure. His interest in agriculture, science, and history comes out strongly in the notes of his conversations with Napoleon, and according to his obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society. His power of interesting the bored Emperor is equally clear, although they had to speak through an interpreter. On one occasion an English lady who was present declared that "Bonaparte became animated to excess, and appeared almost a supernatural being."

In 1815 he was almost fifty-five years of age, and is thus described by the same lady, who was, we believe, Mrs. Younghusband, the accomplished wife of an officer in the 53rd regiment, then in garrison on the island: "He was," she writes, "a tall, handsome, venerable-looking man, with white curling locks and a courtier-like manner. . . . Never had the island of St. Helena, since its first possession by the English, been under the government of a man so enlightened, so judicious, so mild and affable, or so much beloved."

Such a man could hardly have stood in greater contrast to the officer who superseded him, and it is no wonder that when the troubles began to be felt many people thought, like the Duke of Wellington, that if Wilks had been retained there would have been a different story to tell. Sir Hudson Lowe, so far from being a polished scholar, or from having by his career acquired the tact and tone that was needed to deal with such men as Napoleon and his suite, was of just the stuff that went to make the old soldiers of fortune. The son of an army surgeon, he was born and bred in a barrack. He began soldiering, at the age of twelve, in a militia regiment, and the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M...

bulk of his service had been spent abroad in making soldiers out of some of the wildest and most untamable material in Europe. In short, he was the typical officer of cosmopolitan auxiliaries, and such was his success that tact of some kind he must certainly have possessed, though doubtless he owed most to his stern discipline, his mastery of foreign languages, and his untiring devotion to hard work. In any case, he had earned for himself the reputation of a man singularly successful in dealing with foreigners, and had come to be regarded at headquarters as a kind of inspector-general of mercenaries. In 1814 he had served under Blücher, and, attended by a single Cossack, he had ridden across France to bring to London the first news of the fall of Paris. It was on this occasion that he was knighted. The following year he was again inspecting mercenaries in Holland, and, after serving a short time as Quartermaster-General on the Duke of Wellington's staff, he was sent off to the scene of his old successes in the Mediterranean. Here he distinguished himself by getting possession of Marseilles, and received a handsome testimonial from the citizens in acknowledgment of the humanity and skill he had displayed in saving the place from a sack. This was not the first time his "humanity" had attracted public attention, nor was it the last, for it was he who abolished slavery in St. Helena.

It is clear, then, that the man can have been no mere vulgar martinet. In the face of the reputation he had won, and the difficult tasks that were habitually committed to him, it would be hasty in the extreme to explain his behaviour to Napoleon in this way alone. Colonel Wilks's notes suggest a more reasonable explanation. But before we can understand the significance of what he records, we must see exactly what Lowe's position was when he took up his arduous duties. It is here perhaps that Lord Rosebery's careful study is least satisfactory. Nothing is more difficult for the most highly experienced historian than the effort of putting himself into the exact state of mind of the men about whom he writes. He has resolutely to shut his eyes to all they did not know, and

Google

his judgment to every sentiment that was not a sentiment of the time. Everything that has happened since the events in question must be forgotten, or we are certain to do some injustice to men who could only shape their course by what was within their experience. It is to be feared that in this effort Lord Rosebery has not achieved his habitual success. We cannot feel with full confidence that he has entered with clear historical sympathy into the state of mind in which Lord Bathurst made the unhappy appointment, or in which Lowe received it. He has indeed given us plenty of evidence that in 1815 Napoleon was a man broken in health and spirit and no longer a power to be feared. This may be true. Yet we cannot forget that the man who is still the most commanding figure in Central Asia was long ago reported on in exactly the same way; and what, we may ask, would now be thought of the Indian Government if it had based its Afghan policy on the assumption that the Ameer's powers were exhausted? But, more than this, what Lord Rosebery has failed to give us is evidence that Lord Bathurst and his colleagues knew of Napoleon's condition, or that they ought to have known of it, or that, if they had known of it, the knowledge would have availed to outweigh the tremendous impression his personality could still enforce. We in these days have outgrown the oppression of his name, and can soberly consider evidence on the point; but in 1815 Napoleon was still an Alexander, a Tamburlane. He was still a force that could not be measured, a magician whose powers no man could pretend to have fathomed. They had tried to cage him once and had failed; and now Lord Bathurst found himself saddled with a repetition of the task from which every statesman in Europe shrank. If he exaggerated its difficulties, have we the right to deride him? How was he to bind the whirlwind? Every one knew the prisoner's capacity for subtle political influence and the tiger-like fascination of his gentler moods. Few had been able to match or resist him. How, then, could he be prevented from bringing his illusive powers to bear on the dangerous

Google

forces that were still heaving with the storm, and where could be found a keeper who could be trusted to remain impervious to his charm? Which of us in Lord Bathurst's position would have left a courtly scholar like Wilks at the point of danger? Which of us would not have used such a man as Lowe if we had had him at hand? And which of us, called as Lowe was from the midst of the contending passions that surged round him at Marseilles, would not have gone out to the task oppressed and hardened by a sense of the intangible danger that had to be faced?

With this picture in our minds, and our eyes resolutely shut to the fact that Europe was going to settle down quietly, which nobody then knew, let us see how Lowe came to St. Helena. Lord Bathurst had made up his mind, and that very naturally, that the only way to make the situation safe was absolutely to isolate the demon of unrest, to prevent any kind of communication between him and the outer world except through the hands of the Governor. And Lowe must have felt that the only way to prevent himself from being gradually enticed from the execution of his orders was rigidly to pin himself to their strictest letter. It was stupid if you will, but it was exactly the kind of stupidity that at the close of the Cromwellian period had enabled a plain soldier of fortune to give peace and stability to England, after all the clever people had tried and failed. Such a rigid line as Lowe took up is not, of course, so simple as it looks. It is so easily brought to a *reductio ad absurdum*. As General Monk himself would have said, "He that follows duty too close on the heels is like to have his teeth kicked out." No one can have known this better than Napoleon and his suite, and few will doubt that they deliberately intended to manœuvre their victim into impossible positions. The wonder is that they did not entirely succeed. Lord Bathurst's chief mistake was that he had not thought of the danger. Probably he only considered, as any other man would have done in those days, that to set a custodian to match his arts against Napoleon's was the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

height of folly. Blind unreasoning obedience to orders seemed the only sure defence. For this reason, there can be no doubt, Lowe was chosen, and in this spirit he came to St. Helena. That he meant well every one agrees. One of his first acts was to increase the exile's allowance, but, when it came to a question of the prisoner's isolation, he was from the first rough and overbearing. Lord Rosebery has found his suspicions unreasonable and difficult to account for. The importance of Colonel Wilks's testimony is that it goes far to explain Lowe's attitude. For we now know on unimpeachable evidence that the new governor's first experience on landing was that an attempt was being made to get behind his orders by tampering with his predecessor, as well as with the officer in command of the naval squadron.

Lowe landed on April 14, 1816, and on the 21st Wilks was to pay his farewell visit to Napoleon. The day before the visit took place Bertrand, to Wilks's surprise, called upon him and coolly asked whether he would take home a communication from Napoleon without letting Lowe see it. Wilks was at no pains to conceal his disgust, but before he could let Bertrand know fully what he thought of him, they were interrupted. He, of course, thought it necessary to inform Lowe what had taken place, and Lowe begged him, before seeing Napoleon the following day, to call on Bertrand "with a view," as he says, "of remonstrating with him on this kind of proceeding." This he did, but Bertrand was out. He saw Las Cases, however, and appears to have expressed himself with considerable freedom. "Amongst other arguments," he says, "I observed to him that if anything could possibly induce the officer charged with their custody to adopt measures of farther restraint, it would be their attempts at concealed communication." It is clear, therefore, that Wilks took the same serious view as Lowe did of these attempts, to which Lord Rosebery attaches so little importance. He seems, however, to have been quite unable to get Las Cases to admit his error, and, as he puts it, "a great deal of bad argument only terminated in the conclusion that

Google

they would think differently in France." But this was not all. As soon as Wilks was shown in to Longwood Napoleon assailed him on the same subject, but the well-bred Colonel fenced so cleverly that no actual request was made. It was evident, however, that what Napoleon was bent on was to make a personal appeal to the Prince Regent behind the back of the Ministers, the thing of all others they wished to avoid; but so unresponsive was Wilks that all the Emperor could do was to taunt him on the way in which the English were losing their boasted independence of character, and to assure him that no French officer in his position would have any scruple in transmitting "a sealed letter from a prisoner to his sovereign." Wilks at once pointed out that this happened to be against express orders, but Napoleon refused to be convinced, and gave him to understand that in France it was considered nobler to follow your feelings than your orders. The conversation then wandered to corporal punishment in the British Services, of which Napoleon frequently spoke with disapproval, and then to Indian history, the Colonel's pet subject. This was one of his favourite tricks. "He possessed," wrote Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*, "to a wonderful degree a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation; this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage." After preparing the ground by this subtle manœuvre, Napoleon returned to the charge by asking whether the oppressive system of excluding private ships from the island was to be continued. The Colonel, however, was still adamant, and Napoleon had to content himself with abusing the navy in a way that was hardly well-mannered. Wilks might well have resented his rudeness, but he was too much of a courtier to be angered, and they parted amicably.

All that had passed, both with Las Cases and Napoleon, was, of course, reported to Lowe, and thus he found himself at the very outset confronted with what was little short of a

Google

declaration of war. On a matter which to both Wilks and Lowe seemed highly reprehensible and even insulting, the exiles were impenitent and plainly intended to have their way if they could. It can hardly be said, therefore, that the original provocation came from Lowe. No doubt, if he had been a man of Wilks's stamp, he would have treated the matter with greater skill and made less of it, but it must not be forgotten that in all probability he was chosen mainly because he was not a man of Wilks's stamp. That Lowe's suspicions afterwards grew exaggerated and excessive cannot be denied. Undoubtedly the responsibility of his position, the sense of the personality that was defying him, and the efforts that were continually made to break down his attitude of blind obedience, came to overweight his mind, and he behaved at times like a madman. None the less, in his blundering honest way, he did his duty as a good servant to England. It is also true that in some quarters his excesses may have made his country a laughing stock; he may have covered the policy of his masters with disgrace; but which of the Powers that left another to bear their burden shall cast the first stone?

This view of the unfortunate Lowe, which Wilks's notes recall, is no new one. It was held almost universally by our grandfathers, and expressed by them with the breezy heartiness of the time. Here, for instance, is how it appears in a popular "Treasury of Biography," which may be taken as a fair index of opinions held by what we now call "the man in the street":

> For his conduct in this truly difficult and delicate matter Sir Hudson Lowe has been much abused by French writers, and we are sorry to say their abuse has been echoed in England by men who ought to have known better. . . . When to the stern sense of duty of a veteran soldier we add the vast additional sense of responsibility that must needs arise from the fact of the peace of Europe—nay, of the whole civilised world—being dependent on the safe custody of Napoleon, it is mere drivelling, to say no worse, to contend against the strictest fulfilment of the Governor's sworn duty.

We can afford to smile at such vehemence now, but it was different then. The old fires are burning out, and we no longer

Google

speak of drivelling or whatever is worse. On the contrary, whether or not we are able to endorse fully Lord Rosebery's strictures, we can be intelligently grateful that he has shown the world once more how, for all their pride of race, Englishmen are not ashamed to sweep out an ugly corner in their history and confess their fault. Such things tend to heal the sores of nations, and if Lord Rosebery's work does somewhat in this direction, we may be sure that stout old Sir Hudson Lowe would be the last to complain.

A word remains to be said of the documents themselves. They relate, as will be seen, to two interviews with Napoleon, the first and the last that Wilks had of any importance. How many more took place is uncertain, but we know there was at least one other of which notes were taken. The officer's wife already referred to records that, while she was staying at the Governor's country house a short time before Lowe came out, she was asked to accompany to Longwood the beautiful Miss Wilks, whom her father was going to present to Napoleon. It was on this occasion that the Emperor "appeared almost as a supernatural being." But the subject of the conversation, which lasted two hours, remains untold. Both ladies were requested by Colonel Wilks to take notes of what they heard, and they did so independently. After the interview he took both sets of notes and never returned them. "Therefore," the lady concludes, "farther the deponent sayeth not." It will be seen that the Colonel records the presence of four ladies at his farewell visit, and this gives additional authority to the document, since the inference is that, as at the last interview, one or more of them took notes on the spot, from which Wilks afterwards refreshed his memory in making his own report.

With regard to the first interview, its main interest lies in Napoleon's remarks about India, which, it is believed, are found nowhere else. His cunning attempt to pervert history by trying to make the historian of Mysore believe he had received certain communications from Tippoo should be specially noted. The work of Lord Valentia, the travelling nobleman who

Google

behaved so queerly about the presents, was published magnificently, in 1809, in three volumes, royal quarto. It was entitled "Voyages and Travels in India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia, and Egypt, in the years 1802–6." For the rest, the documents may now be left to speak for themselves.

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

I

ST. HELENA, 21*st January*, 1816.

In a visit to Buonaparte yesterday, the conversation took a turn so different from the usual train of rapid imperial questions, that I have thought it worth the trouble to note the principal features. I had been indisposed with gout, and he commenced with asking whether there were any other remedy than patience; I adverted to the *eau medicinale* as affording immediate relief with dangerous consequences: such he said was the account he had heard of it, but he understood that I employed other means with some success; were they also unsafe? Regimen, I said, was among the best means, but I had also for the last two years and a half found small doses of magnesia combined with the citric acid an effectual, and I hoped a very safe, preventive against painful paroxysms.

B. Ah! you have faith in medical chemistry. I have always maintained in the institute that the application of chemistry to the living subject was altogether visionary: Medicine is not entitled to be classed as a science. It is a mere Babel, full of unintelligible confusion and incessant change: there are no principles: we see effects, but are ignorant of causes and their modes of operation.

W. Without doubt it was a visionary expectation that the laws of ordinary chemistry would apply to the living subject: and that the principle of life—the animal chemistry—of which we must perhaps be content to remain for ever ignorant, was to be reckoned as nothing. But although an absurd application of that science has been attempted, and medicine itself is

Google

subject to the opprobrium of changing its fashions, it would be hard to degrade it from its rank as a science, because we cannot trace the connexion between cause and effect; a connexion of which we are equally ignorant in every other branch of human knowledge. Science is no more than an orderly arrangement of facts: and facts which invariably follow each other are distinguished as cause and effect, without our being able to explain the connexion between them. In this respect the facts in medicine may be multiplied and classed with the same advantage, although not with the same certainty, as in other sciences, from the varying nature of the living object, and the legitimate application of chemistry to medicine is merely to encrease the number of our facts.

B. Our opinions are not far removed from each other. I have less respect than you have for the quackery of medicine: its application to the laws of animal life is absurd and contradictory. Of the chemical agents themselves, there are some of which no intelligible explanation can be given. Electricity, light, heat, which we consider as properties of matter, are involved in darkness as profound as the connexion between mind and matter.

W. Of which we shall certainly never be better informed in this state of existence: but it is not altogether so hopeless to look for further illustrations of the nature of light, heat and electricity, and regarding these subtile agents it does not seem to be as yet determined whether we ought to consider them as mere properties of matter.

B. We had lately one of your chemists in France—I forget his name.

W. Davy?

B. The same. There is also another English chemist of great name—Candish.

W. Cavendish, perhaps.

B. That is the name. To which of the two do you give the preference?

W. They can scarcely be deemed cotemporaries, and

Google

chemistry is so new as a science, and so rapidly progressive, that we ought to render great homage to the more early discoveries, of which some of importance belong to Cavendish. The combination of the two gases to produce water, afterwards so perfectly and beautifully exhibited by Lavoisier, was, I believe, first ascertained by Cavendish.

B. We do not admit his priority in that discovery: we claim to be the authors of the modern chemistry; but I believe your chemists of the present day are superior to ours.

W. I did not mean to claim a superiority for ours. There are great living names in France, in England, and in Sweden. My recollection may be wrong with regard to the experiment of Cavendish, and we willingly acknowledge Lavoisier and his coadjutors to be the fathers of modern chemistry.

B. I do not like their nomenclature. The chemical term "affinity" is objectionable. "Attraction" would be better, for Berthollet has shown that chemical combination depends on the amount of the mass presented.

W. I think both terms objectionable. "Affinity" because it is a fixed principle that substances which enter into chemical combination are necessarily dissimilar; and "attraction" because it is certainly of a very different nature from the Newtonian attraction, with which Berthollet's doctrine has a tendency to confound it. Davy, however, has shown the doctrine of Berthollet to be erroneous, and that all bodies which enter into chemical combination invariably combine in definite proportions, which are multiples or divisors of each other.[1]

B. That is an important discovery. I am satisfied that you have at this day a few chemists superior to any in France. But the science is not equally diffused.

W. I conclude that your Polytechnic school has essentially increased this diffusion. In England our Universities are but just beginning to acknowledge its importance.

[1] N.B.—I omitted to state that they are also invariably in opposite states of electricity.

Google

B. The Polytechnic school has produced six thousand chemists classed in the first order, besides an immense number of various degrees of pretension.

W. When science is directed by the hand of power its effects must necessarily be extensive.

B. D'Arcet has been in England to report on the state of your manufactures; he describes everything to be performed in profound ignorance of chemical principles, but with a degree of manual skill, dexterity, and finish which we cannot approach. Your steel is far superior to ours. Is that an accidental discovery?

W. Far from it. *Mushet*, to whom we are indebted for most of the late improvements, is a man of profound science, and has reduced to fixed principles the application of *carbon* for the conversion of iron into steel of all the various qualities required in the several manufactories.

B. [After some slight observations on *carbon.*] Your *carbon* (coal) gives you an advantage we cannot possess in France. But the high price of all the articles of prime necessity is a great disadvantage in the export of your manufactures.

W. High prices—taxes—war—that is the series of causes and effects. Our taxes at present operate as a dead weight on our heads and hands, but we hope for gradual relief.

B. Your manufacturers are emigrating fast to America, and so they are from France.

W. From England, certainly. I did not know they had been emigrating from France.

B. In great and increasing numbers.

W. That is destined to be a great country if it hold together.

B. In a century—or perhaps half a century—more, it will give a new character to the affairs of the world. *It has thriven upon our follies* [twice repeated with emphasis].

W. The follies of France and England, certainly; but the primitive folly and injustice of England. If her separation be an evil, it is one of our own creating.

Google

B. It might have been postponed for a time, but sooner or later it would have happened. The boy must in time become a man. He must some time or other cease to sleep with his mother. Is such an event likely to happen with your Indian possessions?

W. It is scarcely possible, from the same causes, for we do not colonize in India.

B. And what is the explanation of your not colonizing? Is no one disposed to colonize? Does the climate oppose it? I have observed that after two generations in warm climates the physical powers of Europeans degenerate.

W. Many would be disposed to colonize, but all who could afford it would send the children to England in their 7th year as they now do: no climate can be more favorable to European children before that age, nor worse after it. But there is a law which prevents colonization, and by a separate operation promotes the permanency of our power. The East India Company has the exclusive honor of prohibiting all Englishmen from being the possessors of land in India. If this law did not exist our native subjects would be everywhere oppressed, and our European subjects by this time in rebellion. It is made a serious question whether our Eastern possessions do us any good. If we want to get rid of them we have only to colonize.

B. But how does it happen that the Indians are so *lache* as to allow you to remain; are they in intellect and physical powers no better than Africans?

W. I have little personal experience of the intellect of Africans: it is said to be respectable. I know that of the Hindoos to be equal to our own; the physical powers are certainly inferior to those of Europeans; but the courage of the military classes is of a high order.

B. Then do you reckon your sepoy troops equal to Europeans?

W. I think I have explained that in one respect they are inferior, in some others the best of them are, at least, equal; they

Google

are more patient, and more tractable—in point of bravery, they may be described to have less active energy and more passive courage. But our sepoys are degenerating, because we every day find it more and more difficult to get men of the higher classes to engage in our service, some points of importance, and many more belonging to the martinet (who is seldom a man of intellect) imposes restraints to which they will not submit.

It was difficult, and involved many appropriate questions with their answers in great detail, to make him understand why the lower classes in India, as well as in other countries, could not be made as good soldiers as the higher; and why the Bramins, while disliking our power, did not incite the people to drive us from India. It was explained that the Bramins, although like other priests, detesting whatever impeded their own march to temporal power and wealth, held the dogma that all religions proceeded from God, and were good for those to whom they were revealed. That the people felt strongly the superior mildness and justice of our Government: and still remembered the tyranny from which we had rescued them: that when these remembrances should abate or entirely pass away, the natural desire to be governed by themselves rather than by strangers might prevail, and if a great character should arise among them might also be successful. He was minute in his enquiries regarding the several classes and the manner in which their religious dogmas bore upon their political conduct, regarding their characteristic virtues and vices, and among the latter regarding some of which he has himself been accused. It was at this part of the conversation that he asked whether I had read Lord Valentia's work, intimating that he had himself seen it, and enquiring my opinion regarding its merits.

W. Its pretensions are not of a high order; it cannot be deemed a work of authority.

B. How! Are not his facts correct? Even if he be ill-informed, are we not to consider him as authority for what he saw?

W. For mere objects of vision I suppose we may; but he

Google

approached his subject with so little previous information that he perpetually misrepresents, because he misapprehends, and we cannot reasonably expect much from a person who travels full speed through a country.[1]

B. What was the political object of his mission to India? By whom and for what purpose was he deputed?

W. He came as a simple individual by licence of the East India Company, professedly to investigate the natural history of the country.

B. And did he go to the courts and make expensive presents in that pursuit? Is he a man of overgrown fortune, or what are we to understand by these presents?

W. That they were not his own.

B. You speak in enigmas—explain if there be no secret.

W. When he arrived at Calcutta, and stated to Lord Wellesley his wish to visit the different courts, his Lordship issued circular instructions for his being received by the Political Residents with the respect due to a British nobleman; ordering that he should be supplied at the public expence with whatever presents it might be deemed suitable for him to make, Lord Valentia having engaged that he would deposit with each Resident on the public account all the presents he should receive.

B. Is that a customary mode of proceeding? Is it not understood that you now refuse presents?

W. For ourselves most strictly. They have become at the courts a mere matter of form. The Residents are required to limit their annual presents to the value of what they annually receive: if the receipts be more they belong to the public: if less, the deficiency falls on the private purse of the Resident, unless he can obtain the sanction of Government for bringing it to account.

[1] N.B.—Of his attack on Bruce I know not what to say: he accuses that author of want of veracity in his surveys of the coasts of the Red Sea, whereas we know that in the Egyptian expedition our ships found Bruce to be their safest and best guide.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

B. And all that is really observed?

W. Religiously.

B. And did Lord Valentia deliver to the Residents the presents he received?

W. I cannot answer in the affirmative; because in some cases I know he did not.

B. In what cases?

W. In my own. He seemed to be endeavouring to recollect my name in Lord Valentia, and I told him he would not find it there. I was, at the time of Lord Valentia's visit, with the Mysoor troops on the frontier for purposes connected with the Duke of Wellington's operations in Decan, and deputed a friend (Major Symons) to do the honours and attend Lord Valentia if he should wish to visit the Rajah.[1]

B. Then you did not see him on that occasion.

W. I never saw him. I corresponded with him and Mr. Salt, on the subject of their several pursuits, and received their thanks for the satisfactory arrangements made for their conveyance and accommodation.

B. And did you understand that he paid much attention to natural history in his journey through Mysoor?

W. Mr. Salt might. He remained to view the beautiful falls of the Cavery: Lord Valentia travelled past, shut up in a box (a palankeen).

The sciences and arts of India passed next in rapid review, and the mention of indigo brought us back to the subject of chemistry. "Arts and manufactures," said he, "are its legitimate province, and it is destined to make as great a revolution in the affairs of the world as that already accomplished by the magnet. Before the discoveries of Vasco de

[1] N.B.—Symons, in the simplicity of his heart, asked Lord Valentia for the presents he received from the Rajah. The suggestion was treated as a high indignity. The presents he gave were paid for *by me* and charged in the public account; if the auditor had objected, a full explanation was ready. I was dissuaded by the D. of W. from making a formal report of the circumstance in the first instance.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Gama *pastel* was a valuable blue dye, and in France produced a considerable revenue to the State; it was supplanted by indigo, which at that period was found to be a better dye. Chemistry has restored the use of the European product, which is now prepared in France of a much better quality and lower price than the very best foreign indigo. *Sugar* is also now manufactured in France as good and as cheap from beet root (both red and white) as the best foreign sugar from the cane, and in 1814 a sufficiency was produced in France for the consumption of France." Observing an involuntary smile on my countenance he added: "I know that the idea has been ridiculed in England, and even in France it is but little understood or acknowledged: they fancy that the French sugar which they purchase is really imported from the West Indies, but I had the means of knowing the fact, and I also know that even in flavor they are not distinguishable from each other—latterly I made use of no other." I endeavoured to apologize for my smile by observing that "if they were still incredulous even in France, it was not wonderful that I should have been equally uninformed." He rested much on this part of the subject, which I think has been treated much in the same way in the *Moniteur:* he regretted that the dyeing woods were still an article of import, but distinctly stated his expectation that France would become independent of foreign imports of every description. The conversation had already occupied, as I afterwards found, upwards of an hour and a half; and although he continued it with great animation and without the slightest pause, I thought it right to say now a second time that I feared I had been occupying too much of his time, and prepared to take my leave, instead of asking, as I should if I had remained, whether this independence of foreign supply would not tend directly to the decay of his naval power.

Every part of the conversation was considerably expanded, and merely the heads are noted above. In the course of the discussions on India he asked a variety of questions regarding

Google

the characters of Hyder and Tippoo, and the French troops who were in their service, which I answered without any reserve. He inquired whether I had seen his letter to Tippoo, to which I answered in the affirmative. He then asked whether I had seen Tippoo's letters to him, to which I replied that I did not know of the existence of such letters; if they did exist, the records were in the possession of our Government. I since find, from inspecting my notes, that Tippoo never received his letter, which was intercepted at Mocha, and there is reason to suppose that Tippoo never did write to him. His letter to Tippoo, beginning with, "You have already been informed of my arrival," is dated 7th Pluviose 7th year of the Republic, and these words may be understood to refer to a former letter; but if such letter had been received, or if Tippoo had written to him, we may conclude that Lord Mornington would not have failed to include letters so important in his collection of *Official documents* found at Seringapatam, and printed for the purpose of explaining and justifying the grounds of the war.

II

HEADS OF A CONVERSATION WITH BUONAPARTE.

21st April, 1816.

On the day preceding my visit to take leave of Buonaparte, Bertrand called upon me.

Bertrand. As the former Governor of the island, and intimately acquainted with every locality connected with our situation, would there be any impropriety in asking you to take charge of a communication from the Emperor to your Government; or would you consider such a charge to be troublesome?

W. Far from troublesome; and I shall be very happy to take charge of any communication from General Buonaparte which may be committed to me for that purpose by Sir Hudson Lowe.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

B. [*Looking confused.*] And not otherwise?

W. Certainly not. I am sorry you should think it necessary to propose to any person a deviation from the prescribed channel of communication; and very sorry that you should think it proper to make such a proposition to me.

There were several other persons in the room, and he was attempting some explanation when other visitors interrupted the conversation.

I had in the course of the day a communication with Sir Hudson Lowe on the subject, and before going to Buonaparte next day I called at Bertrand's (in conformity to Sir H. Lowe's particular request) with the view of remonstrating with him on this kind of proceeding. He had gone to the Admiral's: but I saw Las Cases, with whom circumstances had brought me into some degree of intimacy. Among other arguments I observed to him that if anything could possibly induce the officer charged with their custody to adopt measures of farther restraint it would be their attempts at concealed communication; that Sir Hudson Lowe was bound to transmit whatever representations Buonaparte might send, if even they conveyed complaints against himself; that if B. meant fairly, it was an unworthy distrust to seek for any other than the established channel of communication, or for the transmission of sealed papers, and as confidence usually generated confidence, so would distrust beget distrust, and all the unpleasant consequences which it involves. These observations led to a discussion of the question lately proposed to Sir G. Cockburn, whether he would transmit a sealed letter to the Prince Regent. Las Cases distinctly stated that the proposed letter contained no political matter, and had an exclusive reference to domestic affairs, of too much delicacy to be communicated to a third person. To which I could only reply, that neither the principles of the British Constitution, nor the nature of our relations to the State prisoner and to the powers of Europe respectively, could well admit of the Prince Regent holding

Google

communications with General Buonaparte that were to be concealed from his responsible ministers: that the officer charged with the important trust of his custody must necessarily be considered as possessing the confidence of his sovereign, and if fit for his situation at all he was fit to be trusted with any communication however secret or delicate it might be. A great deal of bad argument only terminated in the conclusion that they would think otherwise in France; and after a short interval I was shown into Buonaparte. Four ladies were present during the conversation.

B. How fares the gout? I was sorry to hear of your late indisposition.

W. I am much obliged to you. I rejoice in being so much recovered as to be enabled to pay my respects to you before my departure from St. Helena.

B. You are about to embark for England, and I understand with mutual regret on your part and that of the islanders.

W. I have many motives for being pleased at returning to England, but they are certainly mixed with regret. The inhabitants have no pretension to brilliant talents or refined education, but I have found in them generally the better qualities of sincerity and probity.

B. In that respect I believe your conclusions to be just. You would be a bad channel for conveying my sentiments regarding the island; you would describe it as a Paradise—I as a Hell.

W. I hope to speak of men and things as I find them; and in describing St. Helena I should certainly not travel to either of these extremes.

B. Shall you see the Prince Regent on your return?

W. I hope to have the honor of paying my respects.

B. Do you wait upon him immediately on your arrival as a matter of duty?

W. No: as a matter of duty I wait on the ministers for Indian and Colonial affairs.

B. My ideas of your national character have lately under-

Google

gone a considerable change. I see none of that bold independence of character which has been ascribed to the English. In your army and navy I recognize nothing but a blind and undistinguishing obedience, and a fear of your superiors greater than I have ever observed in nations the most stigmatized for servility.

W. We have no objection to the national imputation of being the most obedient soldiers in Europe: we are proud of being thought greatly afraid of violating our duties. In embracing the military profession we voluntarily relinquish a portion of our civil rights, and acknowledge in the one case the principle which in another we abhor—the doctrine of passive and unconditional obedience. See us in our brown coats, and I apprehend you will find no want of independence of character.

B. There is no man in France, for example, who, in charge of a prison or a depôt, would refuse to transmit a sealed letter from a prisoner to his sovereign.

W. Nor in England, perhaps, in ordinary cases, and where the orders did not require all such letters to be open.

B. In France men are actuated by their feelings. In a recent instance, Marshal Marmont, as the papers inform you, disobeyed his orders in favor of Madame Ney.

W. And incurred his sovereign's displeasure accordingly. Marshal Marmont would not have ventured on such a step under some of the governments which have existed in France.

B. I cannot consider obedience as a sentiment, after my knowledge of the cruel and horrible corporal punishments which you inflict, and some of which I had an opportunity to observe on board the *Northumberland.* Instead of liberal subordination and rational authority there is more the appearance of tyranny on one part and passive servility on the other.

W. If passive servility existed in the degree you suppose, severity would be unnecessary. Corporal punishment is a great, but, I fear, a necessary evil, unless, indeed, where shooting is substituted for flogging. Obedience is exacted for the purposes of discipline. The end must absolutely be attained, the means

Google

depend on the quality of the materials, as well as the hand that moulds them. A late traveller informs us that the officers in charge of depôts for prisoners of war in France, consider one hundred English prisoners more difficult to manage than one thousand of any other nation: and in this hundred we should recognize three distinct characters—the Scotch, the English, and the Irish; ten of the last being as difficult to manage as fifty of the first, and I should distinctly say more difficult than a thousand Rajepoot sepoys.

B. I am entitled to pronounce from experience that every diversity of character may be managed without flogging. With the French I very rarely resorted to it. Before my day the character of the Italians was held to be impracticable for military purposes. I made them the very best soldiers in Europe. The Germans were held to be equally impracticable without the aid of the cane. Now the Germans whom I trained without the cane soon beat the Germans who were governed by dint of the cane.

W. I have no personal knowledge of the Italians: the Germans with whom I have served appeared to me to class with the Scotch as a tractable people: no person will deny that you discovered the means of making good soldiers of both. Timour announced as the first principle of government, that "he kept his subjects suspended between their hopes and their fears."[1] The quantity of one will probably be in the inverse ratio of the other.

B. The difference resembles that of the Musselman and the Christian religion—mine was the Mohammedan paradise; yours the Christian hell—the one all hope; the other all fear.

W. But you know what manner of bridge leads to that paradise, and over what sort of gulf; there is extreme fear and extreme hope in your system as well as theirs.

B. But the hope is made to predominate.

W. Without the advantage of Mohammed's fatality or his

[1] He was much struck with this quotation and asked many questions regarding the work in which it is found.

Google

paradise for martyrs. Temporal considerations gave a new character to your army: no person before you was ever enabled to infuse so large a portion of hope into the motives of human conduct; and where hope is brilliant, fear is an unnecessary apparatus.

B. Exclusively of the hope to which you allude, it was my object to substitute the point of honor for the terror of punishment; and it is there that your system is defective.

(After some further explanations.)

W. In my return to England is there any commission I can offer to execute for books, or any similar object?

B. I am much obliged, but I hope it will not be necessary to trouble you. I have been disappointed regarding some expected books which are necessary for the purposes of my history.

W. I understand they have been ordered, and will soon arrive. I am glad to hear you speak of your history. Would it be discreet to ask when it may be expected to appear?

B. Not soon. It will be voluminous; but at whatever time it may be finished it must be a posthumous publication. It will contain too many truths for the present time: one cannot always speak plain matter-of-fact to men's faces. I have seen men in their real and their assumed characters, and shall develop both—what they affect to be, and what they are when they think themselves unobserved. The world has yet much instruction to receive; it is still in its childhood.

W. It has been at school some thousands of years, and you have taught it some valuable lessons; and every successive year evinces that it has still much to learn. The short period of your life recorded by yourself will be equivalent to the experience of many centuries.

B. During the suspension of my history I have been learning English, and have looked into your work, which I expect soon to be able to read and understand. You are, I hope, completing it, and will soon come down to my correspondence with Tippoo.

Google

W. I am approaching that period.

B. Is the oppressive system to be continued in this island of excluding private ships? What is the use of it? Where is the justice of admitting some and excluding others? Making a distinction between the ships of the Company and those of individual merchants.

W. I am not aware of any intention to change the present system. Looking merely to security it may, perhaps, be thought that we have done either too much or too little, while we admit any merchant ships or exclude any: but the question has other bearings unnecessary to discuss.

B. It is a barbarous arrangement. Lately a private ship was fired at to compel her to depart; and she nevertheless stood on; the master declaring that he would prefer being sunk to perishing for want of water.

W. I rather think you have been misinformed: cases of that kind are always exaggerated: before the existence of the causes for the present arrangements, any ship attempting to pass the batteries without observing the prescribed forms would be fired at.

B. It was not a battery but the *Northumberland*, and it accords with the *brusque* unfeeling conduct of that department of your service, which appears to me to be very ill administered.

W. Our navy is not noted among ourselves for peculiar gentleness of manner; but it has served our purposes tolerably well.

B. The system of both your army and navy in giving authority to boys and almost children over veterans, is radically faulty.

W. Nay, there I must take the liberty of quoting yourself against yourself. If we are not misinformed it was your constant practice to promote young officers over the heads of their seniors.

B. Uniformly, as the reward of merit and distinguished talents, and never otherwise.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICH

W. A similar reason would be assigned for our promotions, but I dare not say that it would always be the true one. At the head of your own armies it will readily be admitted that your selections were generally good.

B. Say rather that your selections are made not for the merit of the individual, but the interest of his friends. I have studied your constitution; it is anything but a free and popular system. I can assure you that in the zenith of my power I was necessarily more influenced by public opinion in France than your statesmen usually appear to be in your boasted land of freedom. Your Government is a downright aristocracy.

W. So we sometimes hear from our Parliamentary opposition; but the same members change their tone when they have achieved their purpose of becoming themselves the ministers. Moderate and reflecting men rejoice at these conflicting opinions, which have a tendency to preserve the balance of the constitution. Our aristocracy only resembles the rest of mankind. It seems to be a pretty universal tendency in every country for public men to grasp the greatest quantity of power they can possibly get.

B. [*Smiling, and evidently understanding the remark to be applied to himself.*] I may admit that fact, without approving your civil or military system; the latter of which, even some among yourselves admit to be barbarous. It was lately proposed in Parliament to determine whether flogging was necessary. Parliament refused to entertain the question, and they did well. For there was a preliminary question which ought to have been decided, whether the punishers and the punished were of the same class of beings, that one should be universally exempt from the barbarities they inflict on the other, and whether there be an insuperable barrier between these classes which no merit can ever surmount.

W. There is no distinction of human beings more intelligible than that of the educated and uneducated. Your conscription placed in the ranks a large proportion of men qualified by education to rise to the highest command. Our

Google

army is differently composed, our privates being generally uneducated; but it is an error to suppose that the barrier is insurmountable. I could in this little garrison present to you probably twenty commissioned officers who have risen from the ranks.

B. You are an excellent advocate for tyranny, contrary to your own practice. You can tell that both obedience and attachment can be secured without flogging.

W. I understand the allusion. It is true that in the first year of my government I diminished the number of corporal punishments one half, and that they have continued to decrease.

B. And yet the conduct of your men is said to be decidedly improved, and your Government to be applauded by all ranks.

W. I should nevertheless not approve the absolute prohibition of corporal punishments. You admit them to be occasionally necessary in the French service, and I contend for no more in the English. The best disciplined corps have always the least flogging.

The discussion had now continued near an hour, many minor observations being omitted, when, after some lighter conversation on other subjects, I proposed to take my leave, and he concluded with complimentary wishes for my health, an agreeable voyage, etc.

Google

THE DRAG-NET OF COWLEY

IT is no paradox to say that, however strongly we believe in the permanent element in literature, literary reputations rise and fall independently of that element: or, at least, that that element may be there, and yet overlaid—so overlaid that the "Prince of Poets" to one generation may be to the next century only a Tithonus among the Immortals. It is such an Immortal that Lowell, in one of his essays, makes of Cowley. He does, indeed, call him "divine," but the epithet is in a context of such unmistakable significance that it seems to say with Horace,

> Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema?

or to speak with English frankness—"Are there no limits to the conventions of literature?"

But Cowley's merits were overlaid long before this. A hundred and fifty years before Lowell the world had acquiesced in the familiar verdict pronounced by Pope:

> Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit.
> Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art;
> But still I love the language of his heart.

Yet even here Pope qualifies his verdict, and from his day to our own admirers of Cowley have not been wanting. Addison, Johnson, Cowper, even Hallam, mingle praise with criticism: and of recent testimonies that of Archbishop Trench, in the notes to his delightful Anthology, has dealt out to Cowley the most generous justice. Nor is the remark of

Google

Coleridge a thing to be forgotten, though he is speaking of defects. "Cowley and his school," he says, "were extravagant in fancy, but their language is plain and noble, whereas modern extravagance is all in the language, the thought being only too obvious."

Cowley's prose has, for more than two centuries, secured a consensus of approval from the critics; but in spite of the fact that the Pitt Press has had the courage to edit it as a school-book, "The Discourses by way of Essays in Prose and Verse" remain unknown to many who would appreciate them, and it seems best, before glancing at his poems, to dwell on the fuller personality there revealed to us in prose and verse. That personality is sufficiently emphasised by another phrase of Coleridge's. "Cowley's prose," he says, "is the prose of a first-class gentleman"; and though one may modestly resent the adjective as unworthy of the vocabulary of Coleridge, the description is graphically adequate. Noble thinking and noble feeling have gone to the making of this style; generosity and curiosity have alike informed it; and it is on these ingredients that this appreciative critic doubtless meant to dwell as well as on that combination of ease with strength, which is only possible to the well-bred man.

Merely to have a personality is to be original in some way, but Cowley's originality is beyond all dispute. Paradoxical as it may sound, this quality is as obvious in his translations as anywhere else. This was recognised in his own day. His love for the ancients was never slavish.

> He, when he would like them appear,
> Their garb but not their clothes would wear,

is what Denham says of him, and David Lloyd, the memoir-writer, puts it in prose even more strongly. "Greek and Latin authors were sublimated, not translated, by him, richer in his grasping, coherent, and great thoughts than in their own."

If this is extravagant praise, his rendering of the most familiar line in Horace goes some way towards justifying it.

Google

Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great vulgar, and the small.

Here we have an interpreter, not a translator, and what is more, an interpreter who is not at all disposed to hug his chains.

Of Cowley's prose there is little enough. The essays proper, most of them interspersed with verse, are only eleven in number. Besides these we have the prefaces to his comedy, to his "Six Books on Plants," and a general preface to the poems. If we add "The Vision of the Government of Oliver Cromwell," and the "Proposal for a College of Science" (published with the Essays) there is nothing more to mention. If the "Proposal" has not the form of the Essays, it is almost as full of entertainment. That temperament which can reconcile the attractions of the old and the new is delightfully illustrated. He is enthusiastically loyal to the traditions of literature, even while he is pouring contempt upon the pernicious partisanship by which the student of the classics often injures his cause. With him he has no patience. "Oh, true philosopher in a sense," he exclaims, "and contented with a very little!"

The most diverting of the College regulations are the fines levied on those professors who are uncivil to their colleagues. "The Toupinambaltians of Brazil eat no men but their enemies; while we Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon anything that we can swallow." Even in our own day we seem to have heard of universities where the Toupinambaltians of Brazil might set an example of self-restraint to certain professors.

The College, in spite of its scientific character, encourages the study of ancient languages; but the literature is limited for the most part to natural history, Virgil even being approved on that ground, and Oppianus, author of two books on fishing, for the same reason. It is startling to hear that Scaliger "did not doubt to prefer Oppianus above Homer," but not so strange perhaps as that Scaliger should have survived this *jugement saugrenu*.

Of the progress of science Cowley speaks with an elation

Digitized by Google

rare in his day. "There is yet many a *terra incognita* behind to exercise our diligence; and let us exercise it never so much, we shall leave work enough too for our posterity." We are not to be content with our inheritance, but to add new and greater territories and to "consider by what means we are most likely to attain the ends of this virtuous covetousness."

This last phrase is a good example of the dignity which Cowley's prose can impart to what we should call a pamphlet. And here is another of a very different kind on the freaks of our reasoning faculty, which "will," he says, "without the guidance of sensible objects create nothing but deformed monsters or pretty, but impossible, mermaids."

The other piece which, without being an Essay, is included in the volume of Essays, is the discourse on that "prodigious" man, Oliver Cromwell. That it is of the nature of a declamation need not be denied, but it is hard to see how it can be described (by Dr. A. W. Ward)[1] as "an ambitious failure," or "rhetorically commonplace." Hazlitt thought it might be classed with the "masterpieces of the Greek and Latin Historians." It can scarcely be accurate to call the Devil (who, if not Cromwell himself, is made to pose as his patron) "commonplace." His fine cynical temper produces real rarities, both in prose and verse. "Was riches ever gotten by your golden mediocrities?" and later, in verse, ("Your style is much mended," says Cowley, to him, "since you wrote the oracles.")

> 'Tis godlike to be great, and as they say
> A thousand years to God are but a day:
> So to a man, when once the crown he wears,
> The coronation day's more than a thousand years.

It may at least be said for these lines that Dryden thought them worthy of imitation. We may certainly commend the whole discourse to Carlyle's enemies: for there is no question that they will say that the Devil here holds a brief for Cromwell, as violent, if not as forcible, as Carlyle's own.

[1] Art. Cowley in "English Prose-writers," ed. Craik.

Google

The first three of the Essays are really as autobiographical as the last, which he calls "Myself," though they do not contain what are generally called facts. There is no note of insincerity in his contempt of ambition, nor in his praises of solitude, even if it be true that he had more of it than he had bargained for. "God demands only a quit-rent, a seventh part of our time—man alone has the impudence to demand it all."

Cowley at least knew what this impudence would cost—his ambitious man does not. We may be very sure that he rightly appraised those who "to party give up what was meant for mankind"—who spoil their literature to make a failure in politics, and making a new sort of solitude for themselves, call it prosperity, if they dare not call it peace.

Such men will not, he says, "stop nor turn aside in the race for glory, no, not like Atalanta for golden apples!" and such a Hesperian fruit he himself did not look to find by the Asphaltic pool, where Ambition gathers hers. It is not with the mere necessities of dishonesty that he charges ambition. The loss of liberty it involves leaves virtue dull, and blunts friendship. All richness of individuality disappears in a mental atrophy. You may preserve your honesty, but you lose your true self in "a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, such as a wise man would tremble to think of." Amid "custom, business, crowds and formal decency," the give-and-take of the highest friendship has vanished.

But no part of his vigorous prose is comparable as a tribute to liberty with the verses at the close. They recall, if they were not suggested by, Milton's famous saying about the poet, "that his life must be a true poem."

> If life should a well-ordered poem be,
> In which he only hits the white
> Who joins true profit with the best delight,
> The more heroic strain let others take:
> Mine the Pindaric way I'll make.

Google

> The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free.
> It shall not keep one settled pace of time,
> To the same tune it shall not always chime,
> Nor shall each day just to its neighbour rhyme.
> A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
> And yet shall manage all without offence
> Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the sense.

Not every one can "warm both hands before the fire of life" but all of us in our dreams at least dispense a few hundreds of Cowley's thousand liberties, hoping we may not miss all "sweetness of sound," all "greatness of sense." For one day in the year, if but for one, we promise ourselves an Epicurean heaven—

> Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.

These verses make it abundantly clear that Cowley never was in love with the monotony of a hermit's life. His solitude is most cautiously recommended. The personality which here emerges includes two things not often found together—a bright wit and a profound solemnity. "It is extraordinary how there is no one we love like ourselves, and yet we can never bear to be with ourselves." If we think of the many resorts at home and abroad peopled by egotists, of the many whose society we seek without caring for it, of the exaltation over long visiting-lists which can at best

> Of the three hundred grant but three
> That promise real amity,

we shall perhaps find Cowley's reflections not yet out of date.

But we are not permitted to leave the subject so lightly. His quaint warnings suggest verities literally tremendous. The art and habit of thinking is very necessary for solitude. Have we got it? "Like speaking it depends on much practice." This truism, if it be a truism, may serve to supplement a saying of Goethe's which sometimes fits the popular story-teller of to-day—"When he reflects he is a child." He does not know how, he has never tried.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

But Cowley's "noble censoriousness" has weightier utterances than these: "If the mind of the solitary man be possessed by any lust or passion, a man had better be in a fair than in a wood alone. They (at the fair he means) may, like petty thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets, but like robbers they use to strip and murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from men and to fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the punishment of parricides among the Romans, to be sewed in a bag with a dog, an ape, and a serpent."

If Cowley praises obscurity, it is from no indifference to the value of a true good fame—though it does no good to the body that it accompanies, "it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others." Bacon has said that "those who enjoy fame need the opinion of others to think themselves happy." Cowley's seems a more fruitful saying. Envying a good fame may stimulate us to work wonders with the stepping-stones of our dead selves. It is thus that we learn how for the simple elements of character public tributes are reserved when mere tortuous cleverness fails to secure them.

In a fine rendering of Seneca (the Latin is fine, but Cowley's English is finer), he forces on us the sharp antithesis between public notice and self-knowledge:

> To him, alas! to him I fear
> The face of death will terrible appear
> Who, in his life flattering his senseless pride
> By being known to all the world beside,
> Does not himself, when he is dying, know
> Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

Cowley's great phrases, such as those which introduce St. Peter's shadow and "Atalanta and the golden apples," suggest a brief digression. Is it only the *laudator temporis acti* who thinks "the sentence" disappearing? Pater and Stevenson in their theory and practice showed how alive they were to its magnificent possibilities: but it would be hard now to

Google

name any one who had studied it with the same success. Mr. George Meredith's aphorisms (if Mr. Morley will forgive us) are by no means equal, and there are ineffective pebbles even in the "Pilgrim's Scrip"; while as for some of the other novelists, it is pitiable to see what they make of such things. Here is a specimen which a recent anthologist has most cruelly placed by the side of the best that our literature can offer :—

"This family affection, how good and beautiful it is! Men and maids love, and after many years they may rise to this. It is the grand proof of the goodness in human nature, for it seems that the more we see of each other, the more we find that is loveable. If you would cease to dislike a man, try to get nearer his heart." What is to be said of the last sentence, except that it reads like an extract from Sir Barnes Newcome's lecture on the affections! We have only to recall Johnson's "domestic virtues, which the *dull* overlook and the gay despise," if we would understand the true gnomic ring for such themes. And the explanation of such failures is not far to seek. The English public, like the Roman, is practical, and welcomes preachers: and on every hand the poor duped novelist finds pressure put on him to satisfy the demand. Quite a good story-teller, who surely might be content with the rhapsodic gift, is thus forced to expose his weakness, corrupt his style, and, what is worst of all, corrupt the public for whom he writes one stage further. The demand comes from those who don't quite know what they want—the supply from those who don't quite know what they have to give.

The story-teller, till he has that behind him which Fielding and Thackeray, and in some degree George Eliot, had, would perhaps be wise to abandon *sententiousness* (the word ought to be capable of being used in a good sense)—and we may be sure that he will, as soon as the general public realises its disappointment and gives him a broad enough hint.

Scott is seldom aphoristic. He never permitted his great and varied powers to betray him, or ignored his limitations. The art of *finishing* he knew was not his.

Google

But if the novelists fail us, can we not persuade other men of genius to cater for us instead? If we might only give them an audacious hint—Cowley's hint—that the gnomic art, like that of thinking, wants practice, but that its reward is as great as any that they propose to themselves! If we might only remind them that the reward is nothing less than this—to leave a sentence behind them that will be light and leading and solace to us common men—that will "pass into the blood and become native in the memory"!

Perhaps the most delightful of all Cowley's pieces are the two on agriculture and the garden. They are subjects which, to use his own phrase, have been less (of course in a carnival sense) "pelted with good sentences" in all ages than the other subjects of his Essays. There is something so like passion in his admiring devotion as to dissipate all doubts of his love of retirement. Indeed, the reason for such passion is patent enough. The field and the garden present to him, and to us as we listen to him, such inexhaustible sources of delight, that however sore and disappointed the ingratitude of the Court may have left him, he may be safely acquitted of any lurking regrets over the imposing society he had once known. He may have wished to be less short of friends—indeed, friends fit and few are expressly included in his idea of retirement—but his simple-minded affection for the country is not a thing of moods.

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain,

is his anticipation of Cowper's well-known sentiment, with an added touch of fierceness. It is even more effectively put in prose. "The three first men in the world were a gardener, a plowman, and a grazier, and if any object that the second of these was also a murderer, I desire he would consider that, as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder."

Agriculture has had many tributes from men of letters—none perhaps more significant than the very brief one in the

Google

immortal preface to the "Vicar of Wakefield." Cowley makes the most of Virgil's authority in that "great and imperial poem." God, he says, answered both his prayers. "He made him one of the best philosophers and best of husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties the best poet."

But even the best poet's best gardener, the Tarentine of the 4th Georgic, is eclipsed by a more famous name—the name of one who dwelt not by the Galesus, but by the Ilissus:

> When Epicurus to the world had taught
> That pleasure was the chiefest good
> (And was perhaps i' the right if rightly understood),
> He to his life his doctrines brought,
> And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure taught.

Of Cowley's enthusiastic love of flowers the six books on Plants are pretty good evidence: and the preface to them has a passage, well worth quoting in this connection, if only for the Virgilian reminiscence. "I shall think it reputation enough for me to have my name carved on the bark of some trees, or (what is reckoned a royal prerogative) inscribed upon a few flowers."

The essay on the garden contains less prose than poetry, and of course Cowley justifies Dryden's criticism that "he cannot forgive himself a conceit"; but that fact cannot detract from the merit of the superb couplet on the apple:

> The golden fruit that worthy is
> Of Galatea's purple kiss.

There is at least nothing like a conceit in these verses to Evelyn and his wife:

> In books and gardens thou hast placed aright
> Thy noble innocent delight,
> And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
> Both pleasures more refined and sweet:
> The fairest garden in her looks,
> And in her mind the wisest books.
> Oh, who would change those soft yet solid joys
> For empty shows and senseless noise,

by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> And all which rank ambition breeds,
> Which seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds?

These lines suggest the question whether in them is not to be found that language of Cowley's heart which never lost its charm for Pope; and, indeed, throughout the Essays Cowley's noble individuality seems to express itself in that "vehement love of retirement" which made Johnson a little sceptical. Tradition refers Pope's words to Cowley's "Mistress," and Swift's reference to him in the Battle of the Books implies that these poems were still favourites. It is certain, however, that what commends itself in Cowley to the readers he still has, is a certain language of humanity and an individuality of sentiment which is so indisputably the language of his heart, that we cannot wonder at its "vehemence." It is something of this kind that Dr. Ward seems to find in the Essays when he speaks of "that pleasant continuity which is one of the principal attractions of essays in Cowley's manner." In his sentiment about retirement, so far as that was necessary to the enjoyment of the country, there is certainly no breach of continuity.

There is something special, however, in these two essays which, perhaps, may be best brought out by some general considerations.

Cowper, who wished that he had known "Ingenious Cowley," thought of him as

> Not unemployed, and finding rich amends
> For a lost world in solitude and verse.

The epithet "rich" proves at least that Cowper did not share Johnson's scepticism.

But the "soft yet solid joys" of the farm and garden appeal to thousands who must enjoy solitude without verse. Though they cannot dig and might not be ashamed to beg sooner than reveal their incapacity with the spade, though they are not Cowleys or Evelyns, they would not demur to Cowley's ecstasies. Cowper and Goldsmith were poets, and may be

Google

called exceptions; yet Cowper was not a husbandman in any sense, and it certainly would have been rash to trust Goldsmith to do our gardening, in spite of his passion for Dutch bulbs. What is urged here as part of the Apologia for Cowley is that agriculture, in a sense, often stirs the ordinary man as it stirs the poets. Johnson may bid him clear his mind of cant, and he may be conscious that he is both unpractical and unpoetical, but he cannot resist the fascination of open-air life, and the instinct of its pursuits makes a powerful appeal to him. It is not merely the colour of the garden or the hedgerow—though of those who are indifferent to such solid joys it may truly be said—"Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out." It is not merely these. It is something which he feels, but cannot describe, something which nature or human nature has generated and which humane letters have fostered. The farmyard and the pasture, the haystack and the homestead, the orchard, the cornfield, and the hedgerow—all together call up the pleasantest visions of property and proprietorship to many of those whom nature never meant for husbandmen. It all belongs to that sort of possession they most covet. It introduces for them into nature that human element which is as necessary to them as to the poets, and to all the best poets, to Wordsworth no less than Pope. It holds for them every variety of association. It makes them feel what Virgil meant them to feel, the true glorification of labour, the *divini gloria ruris*, though in a sense these words do not strictly include.

All this they can see and feel in the field and the farmyard, and they have nothing but welcome for tributes such as Cowley's. They know, they do not think merely, that this is the language of his heart and theirs. In the temper of the husbandman they find the true temper; he has a fount of sweet healthy sentiment which can never run dry or leave him less than content. While as for links with the past, is it not enough to be the torchbearer of traditions as patriarchal as those of Palestine and as imperial as those of Rome?

Humanity gets its best setting in the open air, in the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"industry embrowned with toil"; and it is at these times, when nature is gratifying him with her generosities, that human nature says, even to the ordinary man, with a new accent and a gathered emphasis unheard in cities: "Sic fortis Etruria crevit."

It is sad to find Cowley strongly advising the poets to prune their works, when we think of all fate had in store for him because he would not prune enough. We may do something for him and for ourselves if we try not to prune exactly, but to pick out from his great over-growth of poetry what may worthily represent him, though it will no longer give him the rank of his Essays.

"Except for a few students like Lamb, it is in this century unread and unreadable." "The decline of Cowley's poetic reputation awaits no revival."[1] These judgments of competent modern critics have a dismal finality about them. Dryden was as severe in his way as the moderns, but he was more explicit. And if he accounts for Cowley's decaying or decayed popularity, he also suggests a way in which some readers may yet be found for him.

"He swept like a drag-net great and small"; in other words, he had no instinct of rejection. The bulk of what we might select from Cowley's drag-net would not be great, but it would include many things that no lover of poetry would care to forget. There are, for instance, three stanzas in the "Hymn to Light," "as satisfying to the ear as to the eye, of perfect grace and beauty." This is the verdict of Archbishop Trench, no ordinary critic.

All the world's bravery that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries.
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st.
Thy nimble pencil paints the landscape as thou goest.
A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st,
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st,
The virgin lilies in their white
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.
The violet, spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands;

[1] Humphrey Ward. "English Poets." Art. "Cowley."

Google

On the gay tulip thou dost dote,
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and parti-coloured coat.

Hallam thought Cowley "had more genius than many who wrote better," but this despairing note is from a good writer as well as a good poet.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre,
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie.
Sleep, sleep again, my lyre, and let thy master die.

Intelligence must never be the dominant faculty in poetry, but there are times when ingenuity is in place, and a description of wit by contraries may well be one of them.

Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' the sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

Cowley had the gnomic gift very strongly—the genius for single lines and phrases. No wonder that "his moral pleased" Pope. He has more than once stolen it to good purpose, adding more of that "pointed wit" which he wished to be thought to deprecate.

Here is one of Pope's thefts, with a Carlylean plural in it:

Vain weak-built isthmus that dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities.

Pope's "isthmus of a middle state" was certainly inspired by this couplet.

Of the great pathetic line—of "pathos as aphorism," here is an example:

And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

The often quoted verses to his Cambridge friend—the

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

verses which helped to make of Cowley for Charles Lamb "a poet very dear to me"—have a reminiscence for Oxford men too, and suggest something of the associations of the Fyfield tree:

> Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
> Have ye not seen us walking every day?
> Was there a tree about which did not know
> The love betwixt us two?

But the personal note is almost as strong and more moving in another less familiar stanza:

> Large was his soul, as large a soul as e'er
> Submitted to inform a body here;
> High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
> But low and humble as his grave.
> So high that all the virtues there did come,
> As to the chiefest seat,
> Conspicuous and great,
> So low that for me too it made a room.

There is something here which is not born of the age of "prose and reason," but of the poetry of a great sorrow.

How powerfully and brilliantly he could write of the new scientific spirit may be seen from the Odes to Hobbes and Dr. Harvey. That to Hobbes is one of the much-criticised Pindarics. But no such straining as they exhibit could produce, or be produced by, that "greatness of sense" which Cowley desired for his life, and did not always desire in vain. The Pindaric twist is hardly noticeable in these powerful verses:

> To walk in ruins like vain ghosts we love,
> And with fond divining wands
> To search among the dead
> For treasures buriéd,
> While still the liberal earth does hold
> So many virgin mines of undiscovered gold.

Dr. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood ("man's Mæander!") at its beginning:

> Before the untaught heart began to beat
> Its tuneful march to vital heat.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

So much for strong phrase; and here it is fitly married to strong verse; Harvey, he says, has got beyond his contemporaries:

> Methinks in art's great circle others stand
> Locked up together hand in hand;
> Every one leads as he is led;
> The same bare path they tread,
> A dance like fairies, a fantastic round;
> But neither change their motion nor their ground.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." It is only from Literature that Science gets these wreaths, whose "eternal summer shall not fade," many as are the tributes she pays herself. But since Virgil's wreath she had received none like this of Cowley, nor can our own day match it:

> Whoever would deposed Truth advance
> Into the throne usurped from it
> Must feel at first the blows of Ignorance
> And the sharp points of envious wit.
> So when, by various turns of the celestial dance,
> In many thousand years,
> A star so long unknown appears,
> Tho' heaven itself more beauteous by it grow,
> It troubles with alarm the world below,
> Does to the wise a star, to fools a meteor show.

We cannot think that any one will say of the passages here quoted that they deserve to be unread or are unreadable. There is always about Cowley at his best an energetic robustness, a fertile invention (alas, only too fertile!), and, though not always in Petronius' sense, a curious felicity. But the necessary rejections and exclusions are beyond the patience of an age of hurry; and till the drag-net is sifted for an anthology, Cowley will have to wait for his revival.

SIDNEY T. IRWIN.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BRAINS IN ARMS

OBJECT lessons have a good name as guides to knowledge. Their efficacy is supposed to lie in the pain or annoyance with which they impress their teaching. In order to avoid a repetition of such pain or annoyance, it is presumed that the pupil—more or less readily according to temperament—will develop funds of wisdom to which he has hitherto been a stranger, and probably a complacent stranger.

The object lessons of the Boer War have been forced upon us by many regrettable and tragic circumstances; and the British public, seizing upon these circumstances, has raised its voice to communicate much new-found wisdom to the lame, and the halt, and the blind who sit in high places. And doubtless the lame, and the halt, and the blind acknowledge the obligation.

But there is a class of lesson which is not an object lesson in the crude sense—that is to say, the event itself may not be sufficiently marked to produce the subsequent wisdom that we are all masters of. A calamity occurs, and the direct cause—obvious even 6000 miles away—is immediately swooped upon, picked up by a thousand irresponsible hands, and hailed upon the head of some prominent person, who wisely bows his stricken head before the righteous storm. And an obvious lesson is learned. And we are all much the better for it, and pat ourselves on the back, and abuse responsible people. But the indirect cause of the calamity, the little far-reaching

Google

canker-worm that gnaws at the root of the unhappy business, gnaws on unheeded. The worthy public eye—trained only to focus landmarks — passes it lightly by. And so, while elementary wisdom is dispensed broadcast, the real remedy, as often as not, stands neglected on the shelf.

To descend from generalities to facts, it has been urged by many of the tutors of modern war-lessons that our officers should treat their profession in a more serious spirit, study the drill-book in their leisure moments, show a marked preference for regimentals over mufti, and talk "shop" with relish and enthusiasm. A suggestion such as this is clearly a corollary to some reflection on the present efficiency of our officers; and the suggestion, it must be admitted, has about it a practical workmanlike ring that will doubtless commend it to many. But in any who have had a personal and observant experience of soldiering, such simple recipes for efficiency will be apt to raise a smile. There is probably no regiment in the British service in which the type does not exist—the type, that is, that sheds its tunic with regret, that lingers lovingly about the orderly room, and sinks its heels out hunting; the type, in short, to whom the drill-book is a Bible, and a Bible every formula of which it holds at glib command. I have known men, the whole mainspring of whose lives was soldiering—not the sort of soldiering, indeed, that faces the grim problems of contending armies, but the buckram, rule-of-thumb soldiering that exudes from the red manuals issued by the War Office; but I have never known one of such men to shine above his fellows as a leader in the field.

The truth is that what is needed in every officer, from the very first to the very last, is not drill-book pedantry, that stumbling-block to initiative, but native intelligence, the god-like gift, in fact, of common-sense. The officer of the drill-sergeant type may shine luminously in parade movements, but for practical work he is useless. His genius evaporates outside the barrack square. The countless rubrics and dogmas of the text-books clog his brain at every turn, they

Google

hamper his freedom of action and originality of thought. He would sooner not achieve an object at all than achieve it by uncanonical means. Even failure is in his eyes a lesser offence than success by methods that are not "laid down." And consequently failure is the morning and evening of his life; but failure brings with it neither self-condemnation nor chagrin, for he is proudly conscious of having in all things strictly conformed to the teaching of his Bible.

Therefore, above all things, let there be no propagation of the drill-sergeant, at least of the commissioned drill-sergeant that dines at mess. The genuine striped article, the prototype of the mistaken officer, is of course outside all criticism. He has been styled the mainstay of the British Army, and rightly too, for he fills a sphere of incalculable usefulness. My hand to him! But the question of the moment is not of sergeants, but of officers, and of their alleged shortcomings as strategists —I use the word in its conventional rather than in its strictly military sense.

It is said that though the invariable gallantry of British officers is a theme of European comment, that their subtlety and resourcefulness at times fall short of requirements, and the remedy suggested is a sterner application to the theory and practice of their profession. They are to read soldiering more, think soldiering more, and talk soldiering more, with the result that when we are hurled into sudden war, the officer will be fore-armed and equal to all emergencies. This is the argument, specious enough no doubt on the surface, but utterly futile when subjected to scrutiny. Soldiering, as we experience it in England, consists of a dreary round of stables, foot-drill, and orderly-room, interlarded with countless inspections of all the odds and ends that hang upon a soldier's back. How in the name of reason can the theoretical discussion, or practical study of such things, fit a man to cope with the emergencies of war—emergencies that obstinately refuse to conform to the provisions of any known text-book? The arbitrary enforcement of any such *régime* would not only fail in its intention,

Google

but positively aggravate the existing evil. Let me make this clear.

When I was in the Army, I became more or less intimately acquainted, during one period or another, with the officers of some seven or eight cavalry regiments. There were in these regiments, taking one with another, quite a considerable number of officers who were pre-eminently leaders of men—full of resource, prompt in conception, daring in execution. To-day a glance at the Army List shows me that—with scarcely one exception—these men have drifted from the pursuit of arms into some other sphere of life, having—as they themselves explain when questioned—"had enough of soldiering." When the same explanation has been given in a dozen separate instances, the reflection naturally arises that this perpetual leakage from our army of the very material we should try to keep there is little short of a national calamity. And on the top of the reflection comes the search for a remedy—a remedy, that is, that would put an end to such leakage, and induce men of alert intelligence to adopt the Army as a profession, and not merely as an experience. The search is a worthy search, in which all should join; but salvation will most assuredly not be found in the enforcement of pedantic soldiering on the lines suggested. In a diametrically opposite direction it might be found.

To serve up trite axioms as pearls of new-found wisdom is insulting to the intelligence of reader and writer alike; but the insult is at times unavoidable. In the present case, for instance, in order to follow out the desired line of reasoning, it is necessary to insist upon the fact that an effective remedy can only follow on a just appreciation of the cause of complaint.

The first search, then, must be for the causes that leave a man "tired of soldiering," after six, eight, or ten years only of service. Here the search need be but short. It takes less than six years to drive home the lesson that a life spent in the inspection of polished buttons and pipe-clayed belts is not a career for a man of intelligence. In the daily routine of regi-

Google

mental duties there is no scope for individual genius, and no prospect of advancement, except of an automatic advancement, dependent, not on brains, but on senility. The subaltern of seven years' standing calculates that, after some fifteen further years devoted to pipe-clayed trivialities of routine, he may at length, with a brain soddened by long disuse, attain to the command of his regiment. If he be a man of brilliant parts, he probably decides that the best years of his life can be more profitably employed in some more intellectual pursuit, and on the first reasonable pretext he sends in his papers. Those that are content to remain to the end, are—with of course notable exceptions—men whose aspirations rise no higher than the correct fitting of a sword-belt and a detailed knowledge of the Queen's Regulations. And to such material in due course the command of a regiment falls. And from such material, in still further course, are selected the generals on whose intelligence hangs the honour of the nation and the lives of thousands of men. And then, perhaps, in the decline of his powers, after a lifetime spent in the inspection of belts and buttons, such a general finds himself face to face with some gigantic problem before which the intellect of Zeus might well quail. And we wonder, forsooth, because he fails to solve it! Surely we are unreasonable. So long as we hold to the belief that the "fool of the family" is good enough for the Army, and continue to feed our regiments with such material, it is absurd to be surprised at these failures. Material such as this, even when pompous, and grey-haired, and crowned with a cocked hat, will maintain its main characteristic to the end; and to pit it against problems worthy of the highest intellect at the country's command is unfair. A real good fellow the "fool of the family" may be—generous, athletic, and conspicuously brave. But unhappily, bravery, though a sublime quality, and a quality which is the traditional heritage of every British officer from subaltern to Field Marshal, will not solve problems. It is doubtful even whether it is a common accompaniment to a high order of intellect; and it is more than doubtful whether, in excess, it is

Google

a desirable quality in a modern general. What we want is intelligence. Anyone, upon emergency, can compel a sufficiency of brute courage, but intelligence is not to be compelled at the best of times, and less than ever upon emergency.

The problem then before us concerns the encouragement of a higher standard of intelligence among our officers. Stiff examinations are of little use. The bookworm, the "sap" of Eton, and the "swat" of Harrow, will, by stern application, rise superior to these, but it by no means follows that his intelligence in action is conspicuous. A Senior Classic need not necessarily be an emporium of practical common-sense. So, though examinations, within bounds, are useful, they are by no means infallible as a test of the kind of intelligence required. The passing of examinations is a knack, and many a soundly sensible man has either not got that knack, or lacks the gift of application to book-study that defeats examination papers.

As another means to the desired end Dr. Conan Doyle, and others, recommend the diet of "shop," regimentals, and drill-book, already alluded to. With the utmost confidence I venture to predict the total and disastrous failure of any such diet. Intelligence is essentially a native product. It can be trained and encouraged, but it cannot be created in a barren soil. A drill-book whose instruction is entirely based on the assumption that the enemy's movements are guided by a kindred drill-book cannot create the common-sense necessary to cope with the unexpected. Therefore, what we want in the first instance to work upon is common-sense, which is, in fact, but another name for native intelligence. The marked superiority, in the rough and tumble of warfare, of crude common-sense over unintelligent pedantry has surely been proved conspicuously, to our own confusion, by a hundred incidents of the recent war. It is even a question whether non-intelligence is not less harmful untrained than when stuffed with all the unbending dogmas of text-books.

Such reflections lead one, of course, within measurable

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

distance of a rude collision with the Staff College system, but for such collision I have little mind. The training of this much-abused institution may in itself be admirable; and the failure of Staff College men to shine conspicuously above their fellows may be attributable, not to the ill-effects of the training, but to the fact that it is not as a rule the best material in the Army that hankers after the official stamp of efficiency with which the Staff College sends its graduates out upon the world. There are naturally exceptions. But the Staff College is for the moment useful for my purpose, as affording a standing proof that no amount of training will make up for an original lack of intelligence.

So we are brought back once more to the crying need for intelligence as a raw material, and to the burning problem of how to supply that need. The task is far from hopeless.

No one will be likely to contest the point that, cheek by jowl with the "fools of families," a sufficient amount of native intelligence joins the army. The trouble is that, for reasons given above, it does not stay. It should be induced to stay. But such inducement will most emphatically not be found in the suggested double dose of drill-book, "shop," and regimentals. It is these very things, in fact, and nothing else, that drive intelligence into other paths of life. Active work in the field it can appreciate, and endure to any extent. Here is congenial work, offering free scope for real art, for independence of thought and action. In this work, too, lies the proper and distinctive function of the officer; it is this work that will devolve upon him in time of war, and it is on his efficiency, or otherwise, in this work that the issues of our campaigns depend. And war is, after all, the main object for which armies are intended. But degrees and diplomas without end in the trivialities of barrack routine will help him nothing when the dogs of war are barking at his heels. And intelligence recognises this, and revolts against the wasting of a lifetime in the digestion of such trifles. It recognises that there are in life higher issues than lie at the back of a burnished bit. That

Google

bits should be burnished, and belts pipe-clayed, is of course very right and proper. None of us would willingly see Mr. Atkins sink to the slatternly level of his brother of France. Let us by all means still encourage stiff backs and inflated chests, and a general external spotlessness. Such things serve a purpose. But the work is the work of sergeants, and to sergeants it should be relegated, together with "stables" and other kindred functions. In short, if we are to attract the right stamp of officer into the Army, and keep him there, the service must be made more attractive. Here is the only nostrum that will work the cure. Pay must be increased; leave must be given to the utmost limit compatible with the discharge of regimental duty; and, above all, the rule-of-thumb duties of routine must be deputed to subordinates, and the education of the officer be in the direction of practical leadership.

If any proof be needed of the beneficial results that would immediately attend upon such reforms, there is one ready to hand in the case of the Brigade of Guards. Here we find officers of a high class not only joining freely, but also remaining as useful members of their profession to the end. And the cause of their so remaining is, without doubt, that the service is easier and more attractive, and the opportunities of leave infinitely greater than in the regiments of the line. And yet it can hardly be contended that, because of these amenities, the Guards' officer, when called upon, is a less capable leader of men than his counterpart of the line. Many might indeed hold the reverse to be the case. Therefore, in the name of all that is desirable, let the like amenities, and even greater ones, be extended to the line regiments, and we shall hear no more of the type of officers best fitted to cope with the emergencies of war having "had enough of soldiering" after six years of regimental experience. Let it, however, be clearly understood that it is not *because* of these amenities that the officer will necessarily be better, but because of the fact that except for these amenities, the officers we want would not be there. The

Google

daily routine of a barrack square is not work for intelligence, and intelligence kicks against it, and makes its bow.

It is almost superfluous to point out that a further immense encouragement to intelligence would be given were promotion by selection instead of being strictly automatic. To a certain extent, of course, selection obtains at present among officers of higher rank, but only among such. Not a hair's-breadth will the captain or subaltern on home service advance along the path of pay or promotion, though a Napoleonic genius illuminates his every action. And so captain and subaltern, resignedly alive to this peculiarity of their profession, subdue Napoleonic instincts, and shuffle perfunctorily through the twenty years of barrack life that lead to glory. And who can blame them? In any and every profession a practical recognition of proficiency is the only real stimulus to work. Ambition, to keep alive, must have a tangible goal; and in early soldiering there is no goal, at least none that cannot be reached as readily by the perfunctory shuffle as by the fiery strides of red-hot ambition. And so ambition dies, and in its place comes a craving for leave and plain clothes.

Selection, of course, under certain circumstances, may spell nepotism; but, even so, an occasional miscarriage would be preferable to the dead stagnation of the present system. It is a risk which must be faced. But a point that must not be left to chance, or even to individual discretion, is the character of the work that is to qualify for selection. Here there must be no compromise. If a system of promotion by selection is to achieve the desired result, special advancement must only follow on a marked proficiency in the field, which is in fact the real business of soldiering, and not on drill-book pedantry, or exactitude in the dumbcrambo of parade movements. These things are of no practical value.

There was a certain colonel of my regiment who, as a leader of cavalry, was a born genius. His brilliant and exceptional genius was universally recognised by every officer and man in the Aldershot garrison at the time. During the summer

Digitized by Google

manœuvres, the side that had G. in command of its cavalry was absolutely certain to come out "on top." The thing became at last such a foregone conclusion as to destroy interest in the issues of these weekly battles. It was monotonous. G.'s side always won. It was my privilege to be constant galloper to this great commander, and the secret of his invariable success was revealed to me. Never flurried or excited, he would watch tranquilly for the blunder which, sooner or later, his opponents invariably made, and then, with one trenchant concise order, *which was never revoked*, he would strike a lightning blow. It was my lot too, during the same period, to gallop for many mighty men in cocked hats; and the contrast between G.'s methods of procedure and those of the others was more than remarkable. I have seen one distinguished man send a perforated column of four gallopers—of whom I was the rearmost—each with contradictory orders to the same commander! I have seen another, equally distinguished, describe figures of 8 at a gallop, screaming and gibbering the while like a curlew, and all because the unexpected had revealed itself in the enemy's movements. And this in time of peace, on the pastoral Fox Hills! And yet these men, who were doubtless heroes to all but their galloper, remain as bulwarks of the army, while G., in the full zenith of his genius, before the regiment had even left Aldershot, was allowed to pass out of the Army into private life, without a whisper of protest or remonstrance from those who regulate the wars of England. The man was worthy of *any* post, wedded to his profession, and in the prime of life, and yet this great soldier was lost to the nation, because his mind declined to focus itself on the hang of a sword-belt or the centralisation of a pouch! And so he was allowed to go; and I meet him now walking in smiling prosperity about town. But for twenty years past the country has been the poorer.

This is not an isolated case. Such criminal waste of the very best material has occurred repeatedly, and will continue to occur so long as the great plumed arbiters of efficiency smile

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

upon the nice adjustment and polish of trappings rather than upon skill in the handling of troops. The "spick and span" C.O. is labelled "smart," and sent off to command his thousand lives in South Africa, while the man of genius is waved aside because his pouch hangs under his left arm!

These facts are melancholy, but they are true. Prettiness in parade movements is the chief aim of all our military training. Take, for instance, the training of an ordinary private of Hussars. He is dressed, to start with, in the most unpractical clothes conceivable. His tunic is a masterpiece of uselessness, and his pantaloons so constructed that it takes him two minutes to mount his horse. When there, he is taught to bump in the saddle in a manner calculated to tire himself and his horse in the shortest possible time. He is taught to drop the snaffle, and hang tightly on to the curb, so as to hamper all freedom of motion on the part of his horse; and he is taught, when using his sword, to take all power and effect from the blow by cutting with a straight stiff arm. And all these things, not because they are good for the fighting of our enemies, but because they are pleasant to the eye of the gentleman in the cocked hat who sits at the saluting point. And to such meretricious teaching the intelligent officer is expected to lend himself, and yet retain in reserve his original intelligence. And the C.O. who presents his much-rehearsed marionette show in the prettiest fashion is himself crowned with feathers, and sent to rule the destinies of armies!

When the fighting machinery of the country ceases to compete with the ballets at the Empire and the Alhambra, the Army will also cease to be a refuge for the "fool of the family." And when intelligence is recognised and catered to in the Army, and not degraded by a surfeit of trivial routine work, there will be fewer occasions in our campaigns on which to deplore a wanton waste of gallant human lives.

ERNEST HAMILTON.

Digitized by Google

ON SOME BOER CHARACTERISTICS AND THE BURNING OF FARMS

THERE appears to be a certain amount of misconception in England as to the character of the Boers, due no doubt largely to the unfortunate habit to which some opponents of the war are addicted of depreciating the characteristics of Englishmen and exalting the Boer character at their expense. In the ardour of controversy the supporters of the national policy are, not unnaturally perhaps, inclined to attach undue importance to stories told to the discredit of the Boers, and to convince themselves and their countrymen that our enemies are deserving of no consideration at our hands. It may be remarked incidentally that the advocates of the Boer cause in England would gain a far more patient hearing for some of the really valuable suggestions which they may have to make as to our treatment of the Boers, if they would not cast discredit on their cause by their inability to see that Englishmen are not necessarily inferior to other nations.

There is another preliminary remark which is perhaps worth making, as it contains a truth generally lost sight of when two nations are engaged in war. It is often the case with nations as with individuals who quarrel, that neither side can be said to be absolutely in the wrong; in fact, that both are in the right. This is especially the case in this war, where, apart from the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

immediate and minor causes of hostilities, both the English and the Dutch out there felt that the uncertainty as to which was the master of the two white races in South Africa could not be allowed to continue. Vast as South Africa is, it is not large enough for two races so much intermingled as the English and Dutch are to have two different ideals of government existing side by side. If there were no Dutch in Cape Colony or Natal, and if there were no Englishmen in the Transvaal, the two Governments could exist together; but in the circumstances, a decision as to what is to be the real pattern of government and the real representative of Europe to the Kaffirs had to be made. Hence the war. It is quite beside the mark to wrangle as to whether the English by making certain demands, or the Boers by producing their ultimatum, brought on the war: if the preceding negotiations had been differently managed the war might conceivably have been postponed for a few years; but neither side would ever have rested until the question of Dutch or English supremacy had been brought to the test. We know we were right in waging this war; but the Dutch were equally right. It is true we are convinced that the form of government which we offer to South Africa is better than any which the Dutch could give, and we are convinced that in the long run this will be admitted by the civilised world, but we respect, or ought to respect, the Dutch the more for being quite unable to admit this at present.

It is the more necessary to keep the above point in mind, and to examine very carefully into the accusations of bad conduct brought against the Boers, because if we obtain a true idea of their character it may assist in determining not only how we can best fight them, but also how best govern them subsequently.

Now in England there is still a section of the British public, not so large perhaps a section as at the beginning of the war, who believe that the Boers can hardly be reckoned in the category of civilised enemies. The latter are accused of constantly disregarding the convention about the white flag in

Google

battle, and of decorating their farm-houses with that emblem of neutrality in order to lure the unsuspecting yeomanry to their destruction. Vague stories are told about the ill-treatment dealt out to the British prisoners in their hands. They are said to be devoid of all honour because in some cases they rejoin their commandos after giving in their submission. The guerilla form of warfare with which they are now annoying us so effectually is contemptuously dismissed as mere brigandage; and they are called cowards because, though generally in smaller numbers than the English, they do not come out to be shot down in the open, but fight rearguard actions which delay our pursuit and allow them to escape and reappear on some other unprotected spot. Finally, the moral drawn is that the Boers behave like vermin and must be treated as such by being burnt out of all their lairs.

Now, though these opinions are undoubtedly held in England, they are not, I believe, those of the men who have been out in South Africa fighting the Boers and coming into contact with them. Perhaps it may be of some interest in this paper to give some of my impressions of the Boers, which are after all only those of the average man out there, and to suggest a few deductions which I drew from them.

First, as to their treatment of prisoners. Though not a prisoner myself, I was constantly coming across men who had been prisoners of the Boers at various times; and I think I may say that my informants were altogether fairly representative of all classes of soldiers in the British army. The unanimity in their accounts of the treatment given to them by the Boers was extraordinary, whether they had been going about the country at the heels of de Wet, or imprisoned at Waterval. Not a single prisoner I ever met had a complaint to make about the way in which he had been treated; they acknowledged that sometimes they were not sufficiently fed, but they always added that they had as much food as the Boers themselves. There is a story told of an English officer, one of de Wet's prisoners, who went up to the commandant to

Google

complain that they were being almost starved: "Yes, I know," said de Wet; "we have been running it rather fine, but I intend to capture one of your convoys in a day or two, and then we shall all have a better allowance of food." At Fouriesburg I had a long conversation with a sergeant of the Canadian Mounted Rifles who had just been allowed to go free as the Boers could no longer afford to keep prisoners with them. He had almost nothing but praise for his captors; and the story he told me of his capture shows considerable mitigation of the horrors of the war. He belonged to a small force which, in the unaccountable way so common in this war, suddenly found itself surrounded by Boers. This particular Canadian was riding along when he saw an armed Boer blocking his path; he pulled out his revolver to have a shot at him, but just as he was pointing it his horse stumbled and he fell head over heels on to the ground. For the moment he was stunned, and the next thing of which he was aware was that the Boer was helping him on to his feet, saying in a good-humoured way to him, "Don't try and kill me; I don't want to kill you, but to give you a hand up." After this the first question the Boer asked him was, "Have you had any breakfast?" "No." "Well, here is something to eat," and he pulled a dough cake out of his pocket. When a prisoner this man had to follow the Boer commandos as they trekked rapidly across country to avoid the British pursuing armies: he and the other prisoners had nothing to do all day but to follow and to gather their own fuel (chiefly dry cow dung) on the way: in the evening the Boers would often come up in friendly fashion to their fire, ask them how they were getting on, and if they complained of hunger offer them cakes of their own manufacture. Of course there were sometimes rough specimens in the Boer ranks who attempted to treat them with brutality; but such men were the exception, and were never countenanced by their fellows. This account is typical of many I received from prisoners of the Boers, and they all unite in testifying that even in the most trying circumstances, when

Google

the Boers were hard pressed for provisions themselves and were being so harried by the English troops that some trace of discourtesy or annoyance would have been intelligible if not excusable, they were always treated as an honourable foe expects to be treated. In one respect this testimony is all the more remarkable from a Canadian, as at one time it was said that the Boers showed particular animosity against their colonial prisoners, on the ground that the quarrel was none of theirs.

Here is an account of the state of things at Waterval when the prisoners were set free by the English: it is interesting, as it shows that the Boer gaolers did not behave like ill-conditioned tyrants, but seemed to have been on amicable terms with the prisoners. The "Tommy" who related his experiences to me, after describing the longing with which they looked out for the English troops, told with great humour of the alarm which their Boer guards exhibited when they heard that the English were in Pretoria, and of the naïve way in which they came up to consult him as to what they had better do.

On the last night, when the advance cavalry were supposed to be within a few miles, it must have been as good as a farce. "The corporal of the guard, Old Ginger, as we called 'im, 'cos 'e 'ad red 'air—'e was a good sort, 'e was—comes up to me and sez, 'Look 'ere, Bill, what the 'ell am I to do?—('e talked good English, 'e did)—I went the rounds just now and I found one of my sentries 'ad done a bunk, so I puts on the next man, and now e's gone and done a bunk too, . . . him.' 'Well,' sez I, 'if I was you I'd go round to the guard tent and put the first man you find on guard.' 'What good would that do?' sez 'e; 'e'd only scoot like the others.' 'Well,' sez I, 'I don't see what the 'ell you *are* to do, unless you goes on yerself'—and 'e did. 'E was a good chap, was Old Ginger."[1]

The same Tommy told me that under the circumstances

[1] If the reader wishes to reproduce this story exactly as it was told me, he should supply the soldier's perpetual "epitheton ornans" before each substantive and adjective.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they had nothing to complain of at Waterval; it was naturally a cramped, wearisome existence, but the Boer gaolers, as the above story indicates, did not aggravate their misery by undue churlishness.

In my opinion, our men who were taken prisoners by the Boers were treated quite as well as we treat the Boer prisoners, and that is very well.

Of course, when one is fighting the inhabitants of a country it is rather difficult to enter very largely into such close relations with them as to be able to form a very complete estimate of their character. But I was lucky enough to have some chances of forming a partial one. In the Free State I was often sent to farms in search of provisions or forage. I generally found that wherever there were men on the farms they had fought against us, and were proud of the fact. But they seemed to bear no malice on that account, and if questioned whether they bore us a grudge would give such answers as "No; we know when we are beaten, and accept the inevitable," or, "No; you have only been doing your duty, just as we were doing ours." In the majority of farms, however, there were no males left, except occasionally very old men or quite young boys: in these the women generally received us with more sullen looks than the men, but the extraordinary hospitality and courtesy of the Boers to any one coming to their farms almost invariably caused them to unbend before the interview was over. We hardly ever left a farm, even where we had been conducting somewhat forced sales for the battery, without having coffee or a piece of bread or milk, all luxuries in that stricken country, offered to us by women who, a minute before, might have been weeping for a husband or a brother taken prisoner or killed, for all they knew. The result of our visits to these farms, in the Free State that is to say—of the Transvaal I cannot speak to the same extent—was certainly to increase our respect for the people. Both the men and the women, though feeling their defeat keenly, were dignified and courteous; they received soldiers, who were their enemies, as if

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they were guests, but never gave the slightest indication that they wanted to appear to rejoice in the defeat of their own country. I remember going to a house near Fouriesburg, the most prosperous-looking farm I saw in South Africa, where the only people we saw, besides a voluble Scotch factor, delighted at seeing his own countrymen, were the two little daughters of the house, aged about thirteen and fifteen. The younger took the lead in everything, and, touched by our state of comparative destitution, extracted from her mother one of the few remaining pots of marmalade, which she let us have at a price which was cheap there, but would here be regarded as exorbitant. I asked her then what had become of her father and brother: "They have been fighting against you, of course," was her proud answer, "as was their duty."

Of Boer prisoners we saw a good number, as we were part of the force which escorted about 1500 of them from Fouriesburg to Winburg. They were certainly a most extraordinary and impressive crowd as they all filed past, some on horseback, some in light Cape carts, others driving bullock waggons or mule waggons. Not one of them was in uniform, but they were dressed in rough homely clothes, rather like poorer English farmers. They were of all ages: boys, not more than twelve or fourteen, men in the prime of life, unkempt and determined-looking, and greybeards fighting for their grandchildren. Some of them seemed rather sullen, but on the whole they took their adversity well, and from conversation we had with some of them they seemed to bear us no malice, but to regard us as honourable foes; a feeling which we reciprocated. Incidentally it may be mentioned that we found no confirmation in them of the popular opinion about the Boer distaste for water; in fact, they seemed to rush for a wash in a dirty cowpond with as much relish as we. But their most striking characteristic was their genuine piety. Every evening, when their camp fires were lit, they would sing in chorus psalms or hymns in praise of their Maker. One night especially I shall never forget. We and another battery were

Google

camped on the brow of a ridge which was lit up by our fires; on the plain below the camp-fires of the Boers and other troops were dotted about. Farther off, a long line of veldt-fire made the distance look like Eastbourne or Brighton seen from the sea at night. Suddenly out of the depth the majestic cry of these fifteen hundred voices rose up beyond us, to God, as they verily believe. Hypocrisy I have heard it called by some of the English settlers in South Africa. Well, I remember meeting at Pretoria a burly Englishman from Johannesburg who had joined some volunteer horse and was on Lord Roberts' body-guard. He was a shrewd business man, who, as I gathered from his talk, had not been unprosperous in his affairs, and his attitude struck me as rather characteristic of the attitude of English people out there to the Dutch. He professed in the strongest language his hatred of the Boers; he said they were hypocrites and absolutely untrustworthy, and that they should be exterminated; and yet almost in the same breath he remarked that if he were travelling about the country he would never dream of going for the night to an Englishman's house, where he could never be sure of a welcome, but he would go to a Boer's, who would entertain him with the frankest hospitality. The fact of the matter seems to be that the Boers are good business men, besides being really pious, and there is an unaccountable idea current among people of mean intellect that the two qualities are incompatible. And yet who would now talk of the Scotch as hypocrites, though their piety is as salient a feature of the race as their capacity for making a bargain. Hypocrites the great mass of the Boers certainly are not, any more than our own Puritans were. Hospitable they certainly are, and proud of their country in a way which wins the sympathy of those who are no less proud and willing to fight for theirs.

It would also be unjust to talk of the Boers as cowards because of their peculiar method of fighting. It must be remembered in the first place that, except at the very beginning of the war, they have almost always been in greatly inferior

Google

numbers to the English troops opposed to them, so that it would be a suicidal policy for them to come into the open and fight pitched battles. Their only game really is to use the tactics they do: to harass us by coming up in force on our weak points, and when pursued by our armies to fight rear-guard actions, until their convoy and main body are out of reach. It is annoying, no doubt, for us never to be able to come up with them and to punish them effectively; but what else are they to do? As a matter of fact, when it pays them they do sometimes show an almost reckless courage. An instance of an act of daring of this character once came very near to being fatal to several of our guns. It was on the occasion of some fighting outside Lindley, when four guns of the 88th Battery and two C.I.V. guns stationed on a ridge were firing against a strong Boer position on a ridge opposite. Suddenly the 88th Battery found themselves exposed to a murderous fire from a party of about eighty Boers, who had crept up a maize-field and appeared over the brow of our position within fifty yards of our guns. This small party actually laid their hands on three of the 88th's guns and took away a tangent sight before they were driven back again by reinforcements of our men. The task of these men was no doubt made easier because the escort for our guns did not prove very effective; but they could not have expected this, and the fact does not detract from the bravery of their action. Indeed, an officer who witnessed the occurrence told me that in the English army every one of these men would have deserved the Victoria Cross. The Boers are certainly not cowards; they fight well the sort of warfare which does us most harm, and indeed, under a capable leader like de Wet, a good deal too well for us.

As to white flag incidents, there is no doubt that there have been instances of the misuse of the flag, but the general impression of those who have been in South Africa is that the instances are not nearly so numerous or so flagrant as they are believed to be in England. In the first place, a battle often

Google

extends over many miles of country, and a white flag displayed in one corner of the field of battle is not necessarily a signal that the whole army wish to surrender. In the second place, it does sometimes happen—and there are even said to have been parallel cases in the English army—that of a band of fighters, one more chicken-hearted than the rest will put up his handkerchief, and that his comrades refuse to acknowledge this isolated confession of defeat. This cannot be called deliberate treachery.

There is, however, one charge brought against the Boers which is undoubtedly true—that in numberless cases they rejoin commandos after having given in their submission. But it must be remembered that it is very difficult for them to avoid doing this. Except along the main line of communication, the practice of the English is to send large forces to patrol or occupy districts for a time, and to take the submission of all the farmers whom they come across. In a great many cases the farmers are only too willing to come in; they are tired and hopeless about the fight, and would gladly accept English protection to be enabled to cultivate their farms in peace. So they submit; but then what happens? The English force goes away to some other district, leaving no protection for the farmers if they want to remain on their farms. Then up comes de Wet or some other Boer leader with his commando, and, literally in some cases, puts a pistol at the farmer's head and tells him to follow the commando on pain of being shot. What can the man do? He follows the commando; and the English perhaps come back again later, find he has gone, and burn his farm. Lindley, for example, has been taken and retaken by the English and Boers seven or eight times in this war. Bethlehem has been taken and deserted by the English; and Fouriesburg, near which we captured 4000 Boer prisoners in July, was the other day, according to the papers, proclaimed by Steyn to be his capital. In the Transvaal, at Warmbad, about seventy miles north of Pretoria, an old farmer told us that he had given in his submission, but that he was afraid we should

Google

leave Warmbad, and then what protection would he have? And sure enough, a week or two later, we left Warmbad and made Pienaar's River station, about twenty-five miles farther south, our extreme northern position. Men who are exposed to such temptation in time of war can indeed hardly be called guilty of treachery.

The hard case of some of these Boers inevitably suggests the whole thorny question of farm-burning as a punishment for, or preventive of, further risings. If the news is true, in an apparently inspired communication to the *Times* of November 29, that the authorities seem to have begun to discountenance the practice, the question is no longer so acute; but there is no doubt that this method for suppressing disturbance has been largely adopted, and there is always a chance that it may again be resorted to.

It may certainly be assumed as an axiom that some such punishment is absolutely necessary where the occupants of farms have been detected red-handed in some gross act of treachery, such as firing on our troops while displaying the white flag, or secreting arms and ammunition after surrendering.

But the other two chief cases in which it has been done are more open to question:

(i) According to the terms of a proclamation by Lord Roberts, wherever the line of railway is cut all the farms within a radius of ten miles are to be held responsible and are liable to be burnt.

(ii) When a man has submitted to us and then rejoined a commando.

As to the question of justice: in the first case the people in the farms round the railway are not necessarily all favourable to such exploits as the cutting of the line, and it must have fallen hard on them to be punished for acts of which they had no active means of showing their disapproval; in the second case also I think I have shown that there may be cases of real injustice. In both cases the people punished

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M...A

would often not merit chastisement if they were sufficiently protected by us.

Then there is the question of policy. It is sometimes argued that from a military point of view it is necessary to destroy everything which would help to maintain the enemy in the field; and this argument is used to defend the action of generals who have burned farms in some parts without much discrimination as to the owner's guilt, and in fact have cleared whole districts. If it can be shown that such a course of action is likely to bring about a quicker pacification of the country, hardly any argument would be valid against it. But it seems to me that it is not only often unjust, but almost invariably impolitic. Instead of making the Boers tired of the struggle and eager to get peace, it makes them desperate. They see their wives and children carried away from their homes and their homes ruined, and they feel that there is nothing left worth submitting for. There is, for example, a story which if not true is *ben trovato*, that de Wet saw his own farm burned before his eyes, and swore that after that he would rather die than give up the struggle. An argument sometimes brought forward is that the Germans found this farm-burning a very effective method of quelling a similar sort of desultory fighting in 1871. But the cases are not at all parallel. The Germans were not intending to remain in France, and one effect of the guerilla warfare was if anything to prolong their occupation. On the other hand, these Boers know that the English mean to stay, and they imagine that by continued annoyance they may weaken us in our determination. And this is a point which we have to remember in waging our war: that we shall have to govern the country subsequently, and that the task will be none the easier if we find it a country of famine and smoking farms. Moreover, paradoxical as it may seem, the Boers are a people far more likely to settle down peaceably in the end if they have been thoroughly beaten by us in fair fight and even decimated in battle than if they are driven to desperation by such extreme

Google

remedies as farm-burning, and have to live surrounded by reminders of their ruin. They are a people proud, and of extremely tenacious memory, and anything which they regard as injustice rankles with them far more than defeat in fair fight. Their memory of Slagter's Nek is an instance of this, and from my experience in Cape Colony, the Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal I should say that the inhabitants of the two latter colonies are better disposed to us and respect us more, just because they have been well beaten by us, than the disaffected Dutch in Cape Colony, who have a vague sense of grievance against us and have not fought us.

For these reasons, if an opinion may be ventured, the policy more lately initiated, of trying to stamp down this tiresome guerilla warfare by highly trained and swiftly moving bodies of mounted men, is far more hopeful than any amount of farm-burning.

BASIL WILLIAMS.

(*Sometime Gunner in the C.I.V. Battery.*)

Google

MODERN VIEWS OF THE PICTS

THE first volume of Mr. Andrew Lang's "History of Scotland," issued in the beginning of the present year, has attracted that attention which the eminence of the author and the importance of his subject demanded; and it has also, of course, evoked comment and criticism of various kinds. A book so comprehensive in its scope can hardly be expected to receive the entire approval of any one set of men whose particular studies are only treated as a single phase of the main theme. This the author fully recognises. "No general history, perhaps, can ever be written so as to satisfy specialists." "On the other hand," he adds, "specialists will never combine to write a general history;" and therein lies the complete justification of his work. One thing certain is that it would be hard to find a writer who unites in his own person so many qualifications for such a complex task; and until the required syndicate of specialists is formed, this latest History of Scotland must remain the one History which regards its subject from the most numerous points of view.

Nevertheless, the author cannot seriously complain if on this side or on that the voice of the specialist is heard crying aloud in protest. And since, on one particular subject, he refers his readers to the works of the present writer, he need not be astonished if from this quarter also come the tones of dissent.

The objections about to be urged relate to some of the

Google

very earliest passages in the book—those, namely, which touch upon the supposed origin of the Picts. At the sound of this name the unversed reader may start back in horror, with memories of The Antiquary and Sir Arthur Wardour and the controversialists of a century ago. But the world has advanced in some respects since those days, and among other things it has obtained fresh information with regard to the Picts.

Mr. Lang thus approaches this subject:—

> The question now arises, Who were the Picts and who were the Scots? The old theories of the Teutonic origin of the Picts may be dismissed, and we may as well leave out of view the discussions concerning "Pechts' houses," with the notion that a dwarfish race—the "Pechts"—have become the fairies of legend. The "Pechts" of folk-lore, who are credited with great works, down to the building of Glasgow Cathedral, answer merely to the Cyclopes, the mythical builders of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The name Pecht or Piet hung in the popular memory, and any mysterious erection or unintelligible relic of prehistoric times was explained as a work of Pechts or of fairies. Myths unattached crystallised round the name, and the same story is told in Scotland of the last Pecht and in modern Greece of the fabulous *Drakos*. Casting all folk-lore aside, we briefly state the hypothesis of Mr. Skene.

This hypothesis, it is explained, is that the Picts "were mainly Gaelic Highlanders." But in casting aside all folklore (if that be the term), Mr. Lang is departing very much from the course followed by Skene. What that writer points out is as follows:

According to the early Irish records, two separate races, or else one race under two separate names, formerly occupied the territory between the Rhine and the Elbe, and colonised parts of Scotland and Ireland. The two names denoting those people are (1) *Cruithné*, the Gaelic name for the Picts, and (2) *Tuatha De Danann*, more conveniently referred to in English by its Anglicised form of "the Dananns." Regarded under the name of "Picts," those immigrants from the Low Countries came first to Ireland, thereafter throwing out a branch into Scotland, "where they founded a kingdom which included, till the seventh century, the Picts of Ulster, and which was subverted in the ninth century by the Gaels." Regarded as

Google

"Dananns," those immigrants from the Low Countries settled first in Scotland, and thence invaded Ireland, "where they drove out the Firbolg (an earlier race), to be subdued in their turn by the Gaels." "These two tribes," sums up Dr. Skene, "were thus the prior race in each country. Both must have been prior to the Low German population of the region between the Rhine and the Elbe. The Picts were the race prior to the Gaels in Scotland, and the *Tuatha De Danann* the prior colony to the Gaels in Ireland."[1]

It will be seen, then, that these traditional accounts, practically accepted by Skene, assert that the Picts, far from being "Gaelic Highlanders," were originally non-Gaelic Lowlanders. That the former title may have gradually become applicable to their descendants is quite another affair. But, assuming the general correctness of the traditions cited, it is evident that all those Gaelic stories and ideas concerning the Picts and the Dananns which could reasonably be supposed to date back some ten or twelve centuries would refer to both Picts and Dananns as people altogether different from the Gaels.

Let us turn for a moment to the continental region whence the Picts are said to have come. "The low-lying coast of Holland and Germany extending from the Rhine to the Elbe" is spoken of in the ancient lore of the Gaelic monks as *Tir fo thuinn* or *Terra sub unda*, otherwise, The Land beneath the Waves,[2] an expression which in the popular mind has become confused with an actually submarine country. It is interesting to note what is remembered with regard to the aborigines of The Land beneath the Waves:

"The Fenlanders (a race dwelling in our country prior to the Kelts)," writes a student of Flemish tradition,[3] "were little

[1] Page lxxvi. of Dr. Skene's Introduction to "The Book of the Dean of Lismore." Edinburgh, 1862.

[2] Skene: *op. cit.*, "Additional Notes," p. 148. Also Dr. Hayes O'Grady's *Silva Gadelica*, London and Edinburgh, 1892, pp. 303 and 603 of the English volume.

[3] In the Flemish journal, *Ons Volksleven*, June 1895, p. 104.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

but strong, dexterous, and good swimmers; they lived by hunting and fishing. Adam of Bremen in the eleventh century thus pictures their descendants or race: 'They had large heads, flat faces, flat noses, and large mouths. They lived in caves of the rocks, which they quitted in the night-time for the purpose of committing sanguinary outrages.' The Keltic people, and later those of German race, so tall and strong, could hardly look upon such little folk as human beings. They must have regarded them as strange mysterious creatures. And when these negroes, or Fenlanders, had lived for a long enough time hidden in their grottoes, for fear of the new people, especially when they at length fell into decay through poverty, or died out, they became changed in the imagination of the dreamy Germans into mysterious beings, a kind of ghosts or gods."

Alike to the historian and the ethnologist those dwarfish "Fenlanders" suggest many things; to consider which is outside of our present limits. One reflection, however, is specially apposite in this place. If Dr. Skene be correct in concluding that the Picts and the Dananns preceded the Gaels and the Germans in the British Isles and in the Low Countries, then the "Fenlanders" of the region last-named offer themselves as probable representatives of one or other of these races.

Mr. Lang is of opinion that "we may as well leave out of view the discussions concerning 'Pechts' houses,' with the notion that a dwarfish race—'the Pechts'—have become the fairies of legend." Here, again, he differs from Dr. Skene as to the duty of a historian. For the latter tells us much about the Dananns, looked at in this light, and relates how, after their conquest by the Gaels, they surrendered almost the whole surface of Ireland to their conquerors; and, "retaining only the green mounds, known by the name of *Sidh*, and then being made invisible by their enchantments, became the *Fir Sidhe* [*i.e.*, 'mound-men'] or Fairies, of Ireland."[1]

[1] "Celtic Scotland," iii. pp. 106–7. See also p. 93 of the same volume, and pp. 178 and 220 of vol. i.

Google

Thus, while Dr. Skene regards the Dananns as substantially quite historical, Mr. Lang assumes that they had no real existence, but were imaginary "sacred beings, called the *Sidhe*" (for the term *Sidhe* was indifferently applied to the green mounds and to the people associated with them). He points out, however, that in a passage describing a meeting between two Irish princesses and St. Patrick and his followers, "the ladies distinguish between the *Sidhe* and the gods"; although the evidence elsewhere makes him regard the two terms as synonymous. As a matter of fact, the Dananns—to employ the more historical name—were once looked up to as a superior, quasi-divine caste. In a Gaelic manuscript, which formerly belonged to the Argyllshire family of the McLauchlans of Kilbride, it is explained that the *Tuatha De Danann* were so called because they were men of science, and were, so to speak, "gods" (*dé*) in contradistinction to laymen, who were *andé—i.e.*, "no gods."[1] And as gods they were actually worshipped. There is a passage in an early life of St. Patrick, alluded to by Mr. Lang, wherein it is stated that before the Saint preached Christianity in Ireland, "there was darkness upon the people of Erin: the people adored the Sidhe: they believed not the true godhead of the true Trinity." But the self-ascription of divine power and the honours due thereto is an immemorial trick of priestcraft; and a reference to another passage will make it evident that those men of the green mounds were, in more than one sense, of the earth, earthy.

The word *sidh* developed also the compound form *siabhra*, having the same twofold application as its root;[2] and an instance of its use will be seen in an ancient Irish manuscript which relates how Cormac Mac-Art, King of Ireland, was killed by "the Siabhras, *i.e.*, the Tuatha De Danann, for they were

[1] *Silva Gadelica*, English volume, p. 522. Professor Rhys translates *Tuatha De Danann* as "the tribes of the goddess Danu or Donu."

[2] I would refer to my "Notes on the Word *Sidh*," in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, December 1893.

Google

called Siabhras."[1] This deed they accomplished by means of *siabrad*, or enchantment. As the Gaelic word just used implies, magical power was identified with the *Siabhras*. For one of their most striking attributes was the possession of "druidic" knowledge, a term which probably can best be translated into modern language by such expressions as shamanism, hypnotism (inducing "the druidic sleep"), and perhaps a considerable amount of real scientific knowledge. To a great extent, then, their so-called magical power was not likely any greater than, or different from, the shamanism of the Lapps, who, down to the present century, were held to have such influence over the winds and the waves that they could raise tempests and allay them at will; a purely imaginary influence, but nevertheless believed in as real by men of other races as well as by themselves.[2] Now, the exact nature of the *siabrad* which caused the death of Cormac Mac-Art is explained to us in another account of the story: wherein we see how paltry a thing "druidism" or "magic" was in some of its phases. We are told that Cormac met his death at the house of Cletech on the Boyne, through "the enchantment (*siabrad*) which Mailgenn, the druid, practised upon him, after Cormac had turned against the druids, because he worshipped God rather than them."[3] This "enchantment" was very simple in its nature. A fish-bone had been designedly kneaded into some bread which was given to the king, and the bone stuck in his throat and choked him.[4] That is an instance of the

[1] The passage quoted above occurs in the *Senchas na Relec*, or History of the Cemeteries. It does not, however, appear in the pages of the twelfth-century *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (of which the *Senchas na Relec* forms a part), but in "a second copy of the same tract [*i.e.*, the *Senchas*] preserved in an ancient vellum manuscript in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, Class H. 3, 17." (See p. 96 of Petrie's "Round Towers.")

[2] Mr Lang's own remarks, at pp. 23–24 of his "History," are practically to this effect.

[3] Quoted by Dr. Whitley Stokes from the "Four Masters," at p. 512 of "Folk Lore" (London, D. Nutt), December 1892.

[4] See *Silva Gadelica*, p. 289 (English volume); also the eleventh- or

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"enchantment," "druidism," or "*siabrad*" practised by the dreaded *Sidhe;* and it is one of several indications that the power of those pagan priests was based upon nothing higher than cunning deception and trickery.

The outstanding feature of the above story, however—the circumstance having the most direct bearing upon those remarks of Mr. Lang's which have been last quoted—is the statement that Cormac was murdered by the pagan priests *because* he had become a convert to the new religion, "because he worshipped God *rather than them.*" That statement gives us the key to the true meaning of the passage already cited—that before the preaching of St. Patrick there was darkness upon the people of Erin, "the people adored the *Sidhe.*" What had roused the murderous hate of those heathen priests or druids (for the words are interchangeable)[1] was the fact that their sway was imperilled by the conversion of the king; and they felt themselves already beginning to slip from the exalted, semi-divine position which they had arrogated to themselves. Mr. Lang is quite right, or at least approximately right, in saying that "among the Picts sacred beings, some of whom were called the *Sidhe*, were adored;" but their sacredness was merely that of the witch-doctor and the medicine-man.

Although that version of the story of Cormac's death which discloses to us the secret working of "enchantment" is so realistic as to be obviously true, it is interesting to linger for a moment over the poetical account given by Sir Samuel Ferguson in his "Lays of the Western Gael." Here the prosaic but necessary fish-bone is quite lost sight of, and all the credit is given to the preliminary incantation and mystery.

twelfth-century manuscript *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, fol. 41b, as quoted in Petrie's "Round Towers," pp. 96 and 98.

[1] It is known to every student of Gaelic that "druid" simply means *magus*, or "sorcerer"; and the idea of ever calling in question the existence of druids has been relegated to the limbo of dead errors. (See Skene's "Celtic Scotland," vol. ii. p. 107–119.)

Google

We are told how the angry priests met in daily convocation and, with many heartfelt curses, turned the magic pebbles—the *clocha breca*, or speckled stones—from left to right, in order that their evil wishes might be duly fulfilled.

They loosed their curse against the king;
  They cursed him in his flesh and bones;
And daily in their mystic ring
  They turn'd the maledictive stones,

Till, where at meat the monarch sate,
  Amid the revel and the wine,
He choked upon the food he ate,
  At Sletty, southward of the Boyne.

It is noteworthy also that this Irish poet-antiquary attributes the wrath of the priests to Cormac's refusal to worship their idols. But this does not differ materially from the reason assigned in the "Four Masters." For it is a feature of priest-craft that the priest is ready to accept, if he does not invite, a share of the reverence due to his deity. In this instance the deity was the great wooden idol known as *Crom Cruach* that, all resplendent with ornamentation of gold and silver, stood in the plain of Moy Slacht, in County Cavan, surrounded by twelve lesser deities adorned with brass. And this is how Cormac spoke of them:

"Crom Cruach and his sub-gods twelve,"
  Said Cormac, "are but carven treene;
The axe that made them, haft or helve,
  Had worthier of our worship been.

"But He who made the tree to grow,
  And hid in earth the iron-stone,
And made the man with mind to know
  The axe's use, is God alone."

Thus Cormac, King of Ireland, stands out as a true reformer, in exactly the same category as that ancient king of Judah who broke the brazen serpent that his people worshipped, declaring it to be nothing but a piece of brass, as, indeed, it was; or, to come down to later times, like the Scottish

Google

reformer, when he pronounced another image to be merely painted wood, and cast it as such into the waters of the Loire. So inborn in man is the tendency to fetish-worship, that each century—each generation even—needs its iconoclast; and Cormac MacArt was greatly needed in his day.

To return, however, to the main consideration. Looking back upon these various statements, we see that it is impossible for the true historian of Scotland to "leave out of view the discussions concerning 'Pechts' houses,' with the notion that a dwarfish race—'the Pechts'—have become the fairies of legend." A century ago this might have been done, and was done. But the nineteenth century has witnessed a great advance in the study of early British history. Not only has Skene given us the fruits of his researches among ancient Gaelic records, but a host of Celtic scholars, in Ireland and on the Continent, have brought before the eyes of those who care to read their publications a mass of material, legendary and historical, relating to the past of the Gaelic peoples. Moreover, a parallel movement has been going on among archæologists, and definite information with regard to the "Pechts' houses" (to be presently referred to more fully) is accumulating. What is known about these two subjects is, as yet, confined to a few specialists; but they are subjects which no future historian worthy of the name can afford to ignore. Added to these, there is the consideration, which has a distinct bearing upon the present question, that many ethnologists recognise in the scattered groups of dwarf tribes, still surviving, the remnants of a very widespread population, the precursors of the taller races in Africa, and perhaps throughout the world.

The gist, then, of what has been cited in the foregoing pages is this. The pre-Celtic, pre-German inhabitants of the Low Countries were, according to Adam of Bremen, who wrote about the time of the Norman Conquest, a race of dwarfish "Fenlanders," apparently of a type that ethnologists would describe as "Negrito-Mongoloid." Owing to their nocturnal life and hidden dwellings, their effacement appears to

Google

have been gradual, and the incoming races, whom at first they harassed, seem to have lived in dread of them long after they ceased to exist. Eventually, says a modern Flemish writer, "they became changed in the imagination of the dreamy Germans into mysterious beings, a kind of ghosts or gods."

Then, again, the early Gaelic chroniclers assert that the Gaels were preceded in Scotland and Ireland by two races coming from those same Low Countries. Of them, too, it is said that they lived in hidden habitations, that they also persecuted the newer race, and that ultimately they also became changed in the imagination of their successors "into mysterious beings, a kind of ghosts or gods." The coincidence is interesting, if it is nothing else.

But here it is necessary to say a few words with reference to what is the commonest English translation of one of the nicknames (*Fir Sidhe*) given to the Dananns. So much of poetic fancy lingers nowadays round the very name of "fairy" that it is difficult for modern people to realise that the word was still occasionally used in the most commonplace way only a few centuries ago. The late Mr. Herbert Hore has drawn attention to an instance of this in the sixteenth century. "John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who relates his experiences in Kilkenny, in the reign of Queen Mary [of England], speaks of the wood-kerne who harassed his See lands as the Baron of Upper Ossory's 'fairies.' Is it possible," asks Mr. Hore, "that a dim tradition still connected the name and idea of fairies with attacks upon colonists? Their identity with the aborigines may be conceived from the old histories which describe the tragic end of Muircheartach, the first Christian king of Tara."[1]

Another such instance is furnished from Wales, at exactly the same period. We are told that at that time the woods above Dinas Mowddwy, in Merionethshire, were haunted by a race of "red fairies," so distinguished by reason of their fiery red hair. Like the Picts of tradition, they had "long, strong arms," and like them, too, they dwelt in underground dens.

[1] *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, June 1895, p. 120.

Google

They appear to have used stone weapons, and to have been remarkable for their skill as archers, as well as for their swiftness and agility. They possessed a separate organisation and a chief of their own, and altogether they were a standing annoyance and terror to the neighbourhood. Sometimes they had the daring to make noon-day raids upon the farmers' herds of cattle, but they usually committed their ravages during the night time, effecting their entrance into the houses of the countryfolk by descending the chimneys. So much indeed was this their custom that scythes used to be fixed in the chimneys as a safeguard; and even so recently as the closing years of the eighteenth century the chimney of one farm-house at Dinas Mowddwy still retained the scythe-blades which had been placed there to keep out the "red fairies."[1] This, of course, was many generations after there was any sound reason for apprehending an incursion of those nocturnal marauders. In the sixteenth century, however, they were a dreaded reality. Finally, their civilised neighbours resolved to unite for their suppression. "To this end, a commission was granted to John Wynne ab Meredith of Gwedir, and Lewis Owen, one of the Barons of the Welsh Exchequer, and Vice-Chamberlain of North Wales. These gentlemen raised a body of men, and on Christmas Eve 1554 succeeded in securing, after considerable resistance, nearly a hundred of the robbers, on whom they inflicted chastisement the most summary and effectual, hanging them on the spot, and, as their commission authorised, without any previous trial."

Now, however it may conflict with the fancies of poets and artists, it is quite evident that those Welsh "fairies" of 1554 were very real tangible people—most unpleasantly real in the eyes of the surrounding population. As tangible and as real as those Picts or "Pechts" with whom they are associated in Scottish and Irish lore, written and oral.

The earliest Scottish writer, so far as I am aware, who speaks of the Picts as a small race living underground was a fifteenth-century Bishop of Orkney, Thomas Tulloch by name.

[1] See the *Scots Magazine* of 1823, pp. 424–6.

Digitized by Google

Among other things, Bishop Tulloch compiled a Latin account of Orkney (*De Orcadibus Insulis*) in the year 1448, and therein he states that the Picts inhabiting those islands at the time of Harald Haarfagr's invasion in the ninth century were "not much bigger than pigmies in stature," and that, although they built dwellings on the surface of the earth, they occasionally took refuge "in little houses underground." In his reference to the stature of the Picts, Tulloch may have meant that their average height was not lower than five feet. Modern ethnologists include as actual "pigmies" races whose stature does not fall much below that figure. Moreover, the term must often have been used with a good deal of laxity. Nevertheless, Tulloch's words can scarcely be held to indicate a race whose mean height exceeded five feet. Granting that they did not fall much below that standard, this would give them a superiority of several inches over that pigmy race whose remains in Switzerland have been carefully investigated by Professor Kollmann of Basel.

Of course, it must be remembered that the Bishop of Orkney was speaking of a date six centuries anterior to his own time. The source of his information is not given. He may have been writing down a local tradition, or he may have been repeating a written statement by an earlier and presumably a Scandinavian chronicler. However this may be, he could have examined many of the "little underground houses" within his own diocese, of which several may yet be seen and inspected four hundred and fifty years after he wrote. It is to such structures that Mr. Lang refers when he speaks of "the mysterious subterranean *earth houses*, found from Berwickshire to Sutherland, and also in Iceland." "Some have conjectured," he adds (without endorsing the belief), "that the subterranean fairy-folk of old tales are a memory of earth-house people." In Wales, we have seen, those underground "fairies" were much more than a memory so recently as a century after Bishop Tulloch flourished; although a batch of them, to the number of one hundred, suddenly ceased to exist in the year 1554.

Google

Earlier writers than Bishop Tulloch, however, have identified the Picts with the underground folk. Mention has been made of a certain "Kilbride MS.," now in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, wherein it is explained that the Dananns (*vel* Sidhe) were styled "gods" because they knew, or were supposed to know, more than other men. The date of that MS. does not appear to be ascertained, and therefore it may be no earlier than Tulloch's "Description of Orkney," although the reference in it about to be quoted seems to synchronise with those in other manuscripts which were written long before Tulloch's day. In this "Kilbride MS.," then, we read of a woman designated "Nar, the daughter of Lotan of Pictland." That the era of this Nar must be placed pretty far back is evident from the fact that she is referred to in "a folio vellum MS. in the Royal Irish Academy and the earliest non-ecclesiastical codex in Ireland," the transcriber of which died in the year 1106.[1] Of that portion of it from which I am about to quote, Dr. George Petrie gives as his opinion that, "judging from its language, its age must be referred to a period several centuries earlier than that in which its transcriber flourished."[2] Here, then, we read that the husband of this Pictish woman Nar chose as his burying-place the Cemetery of the Brugh (*Relec in Broga*), on the Boyne, "because his wife Nar was of the Tuatha Dea, and it was she solicited him that he should adopt Brugh as a burial-place for himself and his descendants," as the cemetery there had been for ages set apart for the nobles of her race.[3]

The term "Tuatha Dea," it may be necessary to explain, is a variant of "Tuatha De Danann"; and by that expression Nar is therefore described as one of the Dananns, Sidhe, or underground people about whom a good deal has now been said. Thus, in a passage which was written three centuries and a half

[1] Preface to *Silva Gadelica*, p. ix. The MS. in question is known as "The Book of the Dun Cow" (*Leabhar na h-Uidhre*).

[2] "Round Towers of Ireland"; Dublin, 1845, pp. 95–96.

[3] *Ibid.* pp. 97 and 99.

Google

(to take the lowest estimate) before Tulloch's *De Orcadibus Insulis*, we find that a Pictish woman was spoken of as one of the underground folk. It is obvious that the sources of the two parallel statements are quite different. One, written in 1443, records an Orkney belief then existent, whether founded on oral tradition or derived from an earlier chronicle. The other, dating from somewhere about the eleventh century (and perhaps from a period still more remote), is localised in Ireland. But both in effect state the same thing; that the Picts inhabited underground dwellings such as those referred to by Mr. Lang. Clearly our historian of the nineteenth century is at fault in "leaving out of view the discussions concerning 'Pechts' houses,' with the notion that a dwarfish race—'the Pechts'—have become the fairies of legend."

The two Gaelic manuscripts above cited are not the only ones which treat of this Pictish woman Nar. She figures again in the "Book of Ballymote," a compilation of the latter half of the fourteenth century, the accounts in which seem to be partly drawn from pre-existing manuscripts and partly from current tradition. Here her position is if possible more clearly defined still, for her designation is briefly "Nar out of the mounds [the *Sidhs*] or of Pictland."[1] Nor is this equation unique. The same alternative expression is used in denoting another Pictish woman. "In an ancient genealogy," observes the late Mr. Herbert Hore, "we read of a wife who was obtained from the mounds [the *Sidhs*] of the son of Scal Balbh, or King of Pictland."[2]

In a mere *précis* of the chief statements bearing upon this subject, which is all that our space permits, it is impossible to do justice to the various resultant inferences and questions that inevitably present themselves to every intelligent reader. The underground, half-underground, and above-ground structures of the "Pelasgic" or "Cyclopean" type, many of which still

[1] *Silva Gadelica*, English volume, pp. 495 and 544.

[2] *Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*, June 1895, p. 128.

by Google

exist in Scotland and Ireland, in spite of the huge wreckage and ruin caused by callous agriculturists, are a study in themselves. Most of them being unobtrusive and inconspicuous, so much so that one may sometimes pass within a few yards of them without being aware of their existence, these hidden dwellings have continued to remain unknown to the majority of people; and this, indeed, is the reason why the idea of a race living underground or in hollow mounds has come to be viewed as a myth. Wherever and whenever such dwellings had ceased for a long time to be occupied, the traditions relating to a subterranean people became more and more regarded as a figment of the rustic imagination, by those of the educated class. Obviously, to any one ignorant of the fact that certain hillocks are veritably "hollow," containing well-built rooms in their interior, a tradition which asserted that this or that mound had once been inhabited would seem absolute nonsense, requiring to be explained away in one fashion or another. But when one has realised, by reading or from personal investigation, that a race formerly existed whose habits were largely subterranean, the position is altogether changed. And it is this change of position that Mr. Lang has failed to comprehend in its full importance. He very justly compares the builders of the Scottish "Picts' houses" with those Cyclopes who are said to have built Mycenæ and Tiryns. But he ignores the significant fact that the architecture of the former class of structures is of the order known as "Cyclopean," of which perhaps the most striking feature is the primitive arch formed by approaching the opposing walls to one another by means of overlapping tiers, and not by the more daring and scientific method known to the Romans and other races of modern times. The unbiased visitor to such structures, whether in Western or in Southern Europe, would naturally conclude that they were the work of one race, or at least of one special confederacy of races. Thus, Mr. Lang's comparison is very sound, if it be assumed that he has in view the historical Cyclopes of Strabo and of many modern archæologists. This, however, is not his view; and for

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

him the Cyclopes never existed except in popular myth, embalmed in Homeric fancy. Nevertheless, the authors of this special kind of architecture were indubitably real, whether they ought best to be described as Pelasgian, Cyclopean, or Pictish, and however far apart they may have been sundered, by time or distance.

Yet to Mr. Lang time and distance are of little importance in questions of archæology. Not once but often he has compared certain archaic features of these islands with others found as far away as Australia. In the volume under discussion, for example, he asserts (p. 20) that "of all poetry, that of the Australian natives is most akin to the Celtic." That is as it may be. But at least it is a healthy sign in a student of antiquity when he recognises the possibility of people of one common stock drifting in separate divisions to quite opposite corners of the earth. Even before the days of steam, this world was not a very large place. And, *à propos* of the special parallel just mentioned, it may be pointed out that in the Rev. Mr. Mathew's learned work, "Eaglehawk and Crow," known no doubt to Mr. Lang, who finds time to read everything, the origin of one section of the Australian natives is derived from the same stock as that of the Dravidians of Central India; and further, that Professor Huxley has assigned a like origin to a section of the British people, basing his conclusion partly on skeletal remains found in Caithness in 1865.[1] The Roman writers also describe some of our early islanders as dark-skinned people. So that, after all, Mr. Lang need not quarrel with the monk of Bremen's statement that the fen-lands of the Low Countries once contained a population of Negritoes, or with the tradition preserved in Mr. R. L. Stevenson's ballad of "Heather Ale," which says that the Picts were a swarthy, small-statured generation.

Nevertheless, in spite of the extensive survey of which he is capable, Mr. Lang seems to find an objection, on the ground of distance, in the fact that "the same story is told in Scotland

[1] See the *Journal of the Ethnological Society of London*, vol. ii. Nos. 2 and 4.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M... A

of the last Pecht, and in modern Greece of the fabulous *Drakos*." Of course, there never really was a "last Pecht." But the story about him is localised both in the extreme north of Scotland and in the extreme south; so that when we find a similar story localised in Greece, that merely means that the area is extended a little—not nearly so far as Australia. And the presumption is that all the versions relate to one type of man. A parallel instance is furnished by Wales and Greece. It has been noticed that in the sixteenth century the Welsh of a certain district used to put scythe-blades in their chimneys to keep out the plundering "fairies," who at that date were actual historical entities. But, as recently as 1790, a farmhouse of the neighbourhood still retained those protective blades; and very probably the farmer's family continued to think the precaution necessary, although the cave-dwelling robbers no longer existed to trouble them. Now, even at the present day, the natives of an island in the Ægean (of which at present I am unable to give the name) fix large knives in their chimneys for an exactly similar reason. That is to say, they continue to take this precaution although the need for doing so has passed away. *Because* it does not exist, Mr. Lang would infer a myth. But any one who knew the practical reason of the Welsh custom surviving in 1790 would draw a perfectly opposite inference, and would say that the Greek peasant had simply continued, like the Welshman, to act upon the defensive against a nocturnal enemy, long after there was any danger to apprehend.

As I have already said, anything like a full consideration of the questions involved in this theme is impossible within the present limits. It would be easy to point out superficial discrepancies in the traditional accounts of the Picts, Dananns, and others. But a closer study may show that what seem at first sight to be contradictions are not irreconcilable. The real objection to Mr. Lang's treatment of such matters is that it shows he has quite failed to realise their importance. His distinguished precursor, Skene, was a man cast in a narrower

Google

mould, and it is more than twenty years since he wrote. Yet even Skene thought that those half-legendary accounts of the early races of Scotland were worthy of serious consideration by a Scottish historian; whereas his latest successor dismisses them as scarcely deserving of mention, in spite of the fact that he has devoted much time to the study of traditional lore, and that the interval of twenty years has afforded him the chance of a fuller knowledge of this particular subject. The new "History of Scotland" is rightly welcomed as differing from all others in the wideness of its scope. And yet it starts with as narrow an outlook as if it had been written fifty years ago. The earliest movements of a nation are of necessity obscured by the twilight of Time; but it is surely the first task of a historian to endeavour to pierce that gloom and trace the dim outlines of the figures that it veils. If Mr. Lang would seriously turn his attention to the question which he has temporarily waved aside, if he would bring to bear upon it the acumen, the energy, and the zeal that he can squander upon the tortuous schemings of some wretched spy, he would find, I venture to think, that he was helping to make clear an imperfectly understood epoch that is of far greater interest to humanity than any period of what is loosely thought of as the history of Scotland.

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

Google

COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE was born July 23, 1823. His great-grandmother—a Miss Maria Böckmann, or Baeckmann, sister of a fairly well-known German artist—married a Mr. John Stevens, bringing to the blood of a sound middle-class British family just that foreign strain which is often found to thicken, instead of diluting, its indigenous qualities and breed John Bulls of the burliest convictions and prejudices. Her daughter, Maria Clarissa Stevens, was born in 1761, married in 1783 Mr. Peter Patmore, a jeweller on Ludgate Hill, and died in her ninety-third year of a tumble down-stairs.

Peter and Maria Clarissa Patmore had one child, Peter George, and probably "spoiled" him. At an early age he refused to enter the family business, embarked on a literary career, and became a writer of some note, though he is only remembered now through his unhappy connection with the notorious duel between Mr. John Scott, editor of the *London Magazine*, and Mr. Christie, the friend of Lockhart. He married in 1822 a Miss Eliza Robertson. Coventry Patmore was the first-born of their four children.

The mother is presented to us as a dour and strait-laced woman, a Presbyterian with Puritanical views of life: the father as a vain, showy man, ill-balanced rather than ill-

[1] "Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore." By Basil Champneys. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons. 1900.

Google

intentioned—as appears clearly enough in the account of the duel and its consequences. Up to this point he had been something of a dandy in dress and opinions: he sobers down to a man who has erred, has righted himself—though not in the world's opinion—and is left nursing a grievance. Thirty-two years after the duel he is still preparing memoranda with a view to a public vindication of his conduct. Such men cannot bear the exceedingly bitter truth that the world, having summed them up justly or unjustly, has lost interest, but without forgetting its verdict. His friends seem to have been faithful to him, but (unless I misread his story) he and they must have felt that his literary career had "gone under." Perhaps—it has happened to many a disappointed but not ignoble man—his hopes passed from himself to fasten the more eagerly on his clever eldest son. At any rate, he keeps our esteem as a devoted father and tender husband. He respected his wife's religious convictions, but had none of his own; disavowed all belief in the supernatural, and would not allow her to impart her views to the children. Young Coventry therefore from the first "could look for no sympathy from his father in those spiritual intuitions, religious aspirations, and vague yearnings after the ideal by which his early youth was haunted." This apart, the two became close companions: the father proud of the boy, eager to indulge his wishes, fostering especially his literary tastes, and in the smallest details of conduct advising him anxiously, yet with frankness, as one secure of being understood.

The Patmores were in easy circumstances, and it was of his father's choice that Coventry spent his boyhood at home. At sixteen he entered a school—a branch of the Collège de France—at St. Germains, in order to improve his French; but did not like it, and returned after a year with an antipathy which lasted his lifetime and kept him consistently unjust towards anything a Frenchman might say or do. His father not only directed his reading, but encouraged a love of the theatre, and took him to visit his literary acquaintances. He was welcomed

Google

by such *coteries* as the Basil Montagus' and the Procters', and formed friendships—with Monckton Milnes and Tennyson—afterwards valuable to him in many ways. Also he made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt—in circumstances which he must be allowed to tell:

> I (being, at seventeen or eighteen years of age, or perhaps younger, an admirer of the "Indicator" and "Rimini") set off with a letter from my father, an old friend of the poet, informing him of my ambition to see him. Arriving at his house, a very small one, in a small square somewhere in the extreme west, after a walk of some five or six miles, I was informed that the poet was at home, and asked to sit down until he came to me. This he did after I had waited in the little parlour at least two hours, when the door was opened and a most picturesque gentleman, with hair flowing nearly or quite to his shoulders, a beautiful velvet coat, and a Vandyke collar of lace about a foot deep, appeared, rubbing his hands and smiling ethereally, and saying, without a word of preface or notice of my having waited so long, "This is a beautiful world, Mr. Patmore!" I was so struck by this remark that it has eclipsed all memory of what occurred during the remainder of my visit.

The boy, in short, was meant by his proud father to be a "somebody," though along what line he was to attain distinction did not appear. He began to write verses: then a craze for science ousted the Muse, and his father fitted up a laboratory for him in a disused kitchen in the London house. For a time he blended his mathematical and scientific work with the study of philosophy, especially of Plato, and of theology, which had for some time been attracting him in spite of his parent. The scientific fit passed. He fell back on a close study of poetry. He conceived and laid aside a notion of taking orders in the English Church. His father proposed Cambridge. Then in 1842, "the publication of Tennyson's collected poems reawakened the poetic ambition which had for some time laid dormant," and the lad was taken to read before P. G. Patmore's literary allies such poems as he had written. The audience encouraged him, and his father urged him to write enough to fill a volume. This he did in some haste, and the little book was launched in 1844.

Of its contents I am only acquainted with those poems

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which Patmore allowed to reappear in later collections; but these on the whole awaken no regret for the lost ones. Their author used afterwards to speak of them as trash and an object lesson in faults of style and subject. Yet on the whole the critics received them with respect, and there are lines and even whole stanzas in "The River" and the "Woodman's Daughter" (both written at sixteen) which unmistakably declare the poet. The scenery in the former is aptly and easily painted, and gives us an early assurance of a gift which Patmore afterwards hid somewhat obstinately, yet refined in secret, until, when we come to the Odes, we hardly know whether to admire more his penetrating vision for "natural" beauty or his classical economy in the use of it. Nor could a youth without the root of poetry in him have found so exquisite a phrase for girlhood as

> The sweet age
> When heaven's our side the lark.

But weak in choice of subject, and loose in their grip of it, these poems undoubtedly are. And (to anticipate a little) I find the same feebleness, poorly disguised by wayward abruptness and obscurity, in "Tamerton Church Tower." It would be false for me to pretend that, after several readings, I understand that poem, or even know precisely what it is all about. Now Patmore, in an essay on "Obscure Books," warns us against shirking or condemning an author merely because he is obscure: but in his essay on Blake he tells us with equal wisdom that "a sensible person can easily distinguish between that which he cannot understand and that in which there is nothing to be understood." I am far from saying that in the ill-told and apparently aimless story of "Tamerton Church Tower" there is nothing to be understood; but I certainly do not find the intelligible portion of it either so pleasant or so profitable as to awaken the smallest desire to explore the rest. It is, let me grant, a "noticeable" poem; but it is also a very callous one, and (worse than this) it treats of women with a short-sighted

Google

vulgarity most singular to find in a young poet destined to become the singer of wedlock and married love.

But between the dates of these early poems and "Tamerton Church Tower" a great deal had happened. P. G. Patmore had been managing his own and his wife's property with less care or ability than he gave to advancing his son. To recover his position he began to speculate rashly in railway stock—in the fatal year '45. Soon the crash came, and he ran to his friend, the younger Hazlitt, for advice. "Hazlitt," he demanded, "what in God's name am I to do? I am in for a million." "Do?" returned Hazlitt. "Why, stay where you are; they know well enough you haven't got it." Patmore, however, quitted England, and the sons were left to fend for themselves.

Coventry appears to have done so most gamely. It was a severe test for a young man who had never known the want of money or missed the indulgence of a whim. But he and his younger brother Gurney contrived to subsist on writing for the magazines and translating. "He managed to scrape together some twenty-five shillings a week, often working for it, as he said, not less than sixteen hours a day." The strain lasted for fifteen months and his health was suffering, when Mr. Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton) came to the rescue and obtained for him the post of an assistant in the Library of the British Museum. (As a distinguished novelist quaintly put it to me soon after Lord Houghton's death, "If all the men whom Milnes helped were to choose the same moment and say, 'He was good to me,' this small world would send up a big shout.") In the British Museum Coventry Patmore worked from 1846 till the beginning of 1866, a shy man, holding himself aloof, diligent, though not specially qualified. In 1851 he came out of his shell for a time, and persuaded his colleagues at the Museum to start a rifle club. England at the time (the reader will remember the opening chapter of Mr. Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career") was suspicious of Louis Napoleon, and had been irritated, if not seriously alarmed, by the vapour-

Google

ings of certain French colonels—"wide red breeches blown out by Fame"—in response to our criticism of their new sovereign. Ignoring the inalienable right of this island-race to advise its neighbours for their good, they so far forgot themselves as to advise us to mend our manners, in default of which, one general even promised to march on London with ten thousand men and teach us. Patmore, true citizen, followed up his practical essay in patriotism with a letter addressed to the *Times*. Tennyson took up the cry, and wrote and published in the same paper his "Riflemen, form." The Government at first, and as a matter of course, discouraged the rifle club experiments, but shortly afterwards issued a national appeal. The result was the Volunteer Movement, and of his share in it Patmore never ceased to be proud.

His first book of poems had attracted the notice and won the admiration of Rossetti and other Præ-Raphaelites—then a struggling brotherhood. In 1849 he made their acquaintance, sympathised in great measure with their aims, and helped them, not only by poetising in the *Germ*, but by enlisting his friend Ruskin to take up the cudgels and send to the *Times* his famous letters championing Millais and Holman Hunt. In this he did true service, and it rewarded him with some life-long friendships; but he never belonged to the Brotherhood. He nursed his own aims; and after a time, without any definite breach, he drifted away from his old associates.

He nursed his own aims; and now many circumstances united to give them shape, and bend his mind upon what he came to believe, and thereafter persistently believed, to be his true mission in the world. He had become a convinced Christian; and, like Milton, he "devoted" himself to improving the talent by which he felt he could best serve his Maker and his fellow men. He desired to write "*the* poem of the day," and to that end set himself down to master, by severe study, all the intricacies of the poetic art. Such devotion does not imply that the devotee has chosen his subject. Milton had prepared himself arduously for many years before discovering

Google

his great theme. Patmore's early experiments had revealed—and he was conscious of it, perhaps—a peculiar fallibility in subject. But on May 17, 1847, and at the fortunate moment, he became engaged to Emily Augusta Andrews, and married her on September 11. In the exaltation of the married lover his theme was revealed to him. He was to be the Poet of Nuptial Love. He attempted nothing in haste. Long afterwards he could say of his work, and with perfect truth, "I have written little, but it is all my best: I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true." But his purpose never faltered. "Tamerton Church Tower" appeared in 1858; three parts of "The Angel in the House" ("The Betrothal," "The Espousal," and "Faithful for Ever") in 1854, 1856, 1860. In 1868, "The Victories of Love" brought to a close this, the most continuous poetic impulse of his life. The wise and amiable woman who had inspired and sustained it was dead, a year before.

I hinted just now that "Tamerton Church Tower,"—which Mr. Champneys, his friend and biographer, calls "a sort of "preliminary canter"—was a most inauspicious performance. On second thoughts "inauspicious" is not the word. The wine was there, though turbid and even muddy. In the "Angel" it has been clarified by time and quiet thinking; the lees have settled; the liquor is drained off bright and pure. The one poem tells us little and tells it darkly; the other attempts far more, yet remains exquisitely perspicuous. The one has the capriciousness of imperfect insight; the other delivers a story rounded and complete. Its completeness is but the converse of Patmore's thoroughness in thinking out his subject; its perspicuity comes not only of clear apprehension but of sincere feeling. The "Angel" achieved popularity, and endeared itself to thousands who cared little for poetry as poetry; and any one who chooses can deride this popularity and discover unintelligent reasons for it. The poem dealt with emotions through which most of us pass at one time or another, and in passing

Google

through which (as almost any breach of promise case will prove) the most prosaic of God's creatures finds a temporary solace in the Muse. Patmore looked into these emotions with clear eyes, but he spoke of them with a decency which was even more gratifying to a race accustomed to value decency above insight. British poetry contains (Heaven knows) much information about love, some of it really illuminating: but the language is frequently ill-regulated, and its authors have too often allowed their passions to run on unworthy objects, not to say hussies. What a relief, then, to come across an author who sings of love as "connected with the clergy"! What a comfort for the respectably betrothed to find their passions guaranteed by the daughter of an Anglican dean!

I have listened to such derisive attempts to account for the poem's popularity, and believe that they miss the truth. I believe that what actually won a way for it was its entire sincerity. The story is simple and pleasant, yet to persons unaccustomed to poetry I do not think the book can be easy reading. It contains (especially in the Preludes) a large amount of abstract thought. Patmore's Muse, when she *did* alight or tread the earth, was as yet (for I am speaking of the "Angel," not of the "Odes") apt to go flat-footedly; and an untrained reader dislikes and shirks abstract thought. By its strength the author's emotion lifts the reader over these difficulties; by its clearness of conviction it provides him with eyes. It achieves, and surely in its climax transmits, the true lover's thrill. And it leaves you with an after-taste of hours spent in company both amiable and profitable, an impression which I may liken to a memory of some sunny morning-room, fresh, habitable, and decorously gay with English flowers.

Patmore had convinced himself, and remained convinced, that nuptial love contains the key, for men and women, of spiritual truth; that, things which are unseen being apprehended from things which are seen, the love between man and woman is the true stair by which alone we can mount to an apprehension of the love of God. Extending this belief into

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

art and literature, he held that in nuptial love the painter and the poet must find the highest of all themes. I state this view of his not so much to contest it, as to point out some conditions imposed on it by the material and methods of art. We regard nuptial love at its best as peaceful, as normal, as a state in which two different natures with two separate wills acquiesce in equipoise. Now, no one has spoken more weightily than Patmore of the value of peace in art, of that restfulness which abides in the normal, in order, in law, and (subjectively) in obedience to law. But arts such as painting and poetry illustrate law by means of its exceptions, vindicate the normal by means of man's deflections from it, teach peace by bringing it triumphant out of conflict. They work, in short, by comparison and contrast. "Shakespeare," says Patmore, "evolves peace from the conflict of interests and passions to which the predominance and victory of a moral idea give unity. That idea is never embodied in any single conspicuous character, though it is usually allowed an unobtrusive expression in some subordinate personality, in order to afford a clue to the 'theme' of the whole harmony. Such theme-suggesting characters are, for example, the Friar in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and Kent in 'King Lear,' who represent and embody the law *from which all the other characters depart more or less, with proportionate disaster to themselves.*" In other words, the normal is art's standard and point of reference rather than its subject-matter. We test the other characters by Kent, but he is never our protagonist: we establish our theme by lessons drawn from those who are unlike Kent.

If this be true, then nuptial love, treated absolutely, is as poor a subject for art as, treated relatively, it is a good one; and poets and dramatists have been wise in building on its perturbations, keeping its normal calm in the background as a law by which to test the unhappiness or disaster of rebels. And therefore I cannot help thinking that, pleasant as we find it when Felix and Honoria arrive in port after their gentle agitations, Patmore would have found it extremely difficult to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

build a poem on their subsequent bliss, and that with the "Victories of Love"—in which their happiness forms a point of rest—he discovered in the less complacent yoke of Frederick and Jane a far better subject, if he had only handled it well.

It is cast in the form of letters, supposed to pass between the principal characters and their confidants; and these letters run up and down the gamut of artifice, from the meanest trivialities of realism to "diction" in its remotest degrees; from

> My dearest niece, I'm charm'd to hear
> The scenery's fine at Windermere. . . .

to

> Nature's infinite ostent
> Of lovely flowers in wood and mead
> That weet not whether any heed.

Reviewers did not omit to make merry over such lines as "My dearest niece, I'm charm'd to hear"; and undoubtedly too much prominence has been given to Patmore's feats in the Art of Sinking; but that he could be profoundly bathetic and serenely unconscious of bathos he demonstrated once and sufficiently for all time with his poem "The Rosy Bosom'd Hours"—

> A florin to the willing guard
> Secured, for half the way,
> (He lock'd us in, ah, lucky-starr'd)
> A curtain'd front coupé.

not only by writing it, but by allowing it to be included as a representative poem, in a little volume edited for popular use by Professor Henry Morley, and published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. in 1888. One word more about the "Angel" and "Victories of Love." I have always found it difficult to reconcile the deep and tender homage paid to woman in these poems, and notably in the lines beginning

> Why, having won her, do I woo?

and ending—

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Because her gay and lofty brows,
When all is won that hope can ask,
Reflect a light of hopeless snows
That bright in virgin ether bask;
Because, though free of the outer court
I am, this temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,
She's not and never can be mine,

with the opinions on the natural subjection of woman persistently held by Patmore, and expounded in his prose essays. In them he never tires of scoffing at the view of women as man's equal, though dissimilar. She is the "weaker vessel," "the last and lowest of all spiritual creatures," made to be ruled and strictly ruled: "No right-minded woman would care a straw for her lover's adoration if she did not know that he knew that after all he was the true divinity"—with much more to the same effect. How, then, does man arrive at paying homage and reverence to that which is of so much less worth and dignity than he? Apparently by a magnificent act of condescension. "The myth of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid is representative of the most perfect nuptial relationship." So in the poem "King Cophetua the First" Jove finds tiresomeness in "Juno's almost equal mind," and descends

On low and little Earth to seek
That vessel infinitely weak
(The abler for the infinite honour
He hugely long'd to put upon her).

This condescension is, no doubt, mighty fine; but when the lordly wooer begins to talk of "hopeless snows" and unscaleable altitudes in the creature to whom he stoops, he is (*ex hypothesi*) uttering an untruth. The woman (I gather) knows it to be untrue and "an infatuation of love on the part of the giver." And this again is mighty pretty, and we gather (with just a tinge of regret) that when Felix sung so handsomely of Honoria's "hopeless snows," it was "only his fun,"

Google

and Honoria knew it, and "there are few more damnable heresies than the doctrine of the equality of man and woman." Very well; but carry up this analogy, as Patmore did, and boldly apply it to divine love, and you are face to face with the idea of an infatuated God, a God who (consciously or unconsciously) abandons supreme strength and sanity for weakness and delusion in His passion for the elect soul and His pursuit of her. I believe I am uttering nothing here to which Patmore would not have subscribed. To him the Almighty was the Divine Lover depicted in the old ballad "*Quia Amore Langueo*"—

I am true love that false was never;
My sister, man's soul, I loved her thus.
Because we would in no wise dissever,
I left my kingdom glorious.
I purveyed her a palace full precious;
She fled, I followed; I loved her so
That I suffered this pain piteous,
Quia amore langueo.

For me (if it be not immodest to obtrude my opinion on a question so much more serious than any which I set out to discuss) this philosophy of Patmore's replaces by a conscious make-believe the honesty I should require at the foot of the ascent, and at the summit robs the Almighty of that infinitely deep celestial peace towards which the wisest of Christians and heathens have lifted their eyes. But (to return to the small business of literary criticism) it is, I confess, a disappointment to discover that the exquisite homage paid to Honoria by her poet-husband was, after all, polite humbug. "Everybody knew what he meant in thus making a divinity of her," etc. Did everybody? I—alas!—for years understood him to be saying what he believed. Nor am I assured that Patmore knew everything about love when I read "Amelia" (which, with his rifle club, he reckoned his greatest achievement), and note the chill condescension beneath the exquisite phrasing of that idyll—so perfect in expression, so fundamentally selfish and patronising in its point of view. Nor, again, am I sure

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

that in chivalry he had hold of the right end of the stick, when I read "The Storm," and learn how he earned the thanks of his Beloved by running home in the rain, and *sending her "woman" with an umbrella!*

Emily Patmore died in the summer of 1862. The coincidence of the blow with the close of the long poetic task in which she had been at once his fount of inspiration, his model, and the practical nurse of his energies, seems to have thrown him off his balance. For the moment everything had come to an end. A widower, with a young family; a poet, with a task accomplished and no future one planned; a religious man caught in an interval of hesitation between two creeds—he felt that his hand had suddenly lost grasp of the old continuous threads, and that he must darkly fumble for new ones. He found two such in a new religion and a second wife. In 1864 he visited Rome, not without an *arrière pensée* that this visit might decide that plunge into the Roman Catholic Church towards which (and in spite of his wife's restraining hand) he had long been drifting. At Rome he made the acquaintance of a Miss Mary Byles, an English convert of Manning's. She became the confidante of his spiritual troubles, and in a short time he made her a proposal of marriage.

Miss Byles possessed a considerable fortune, but Patmore did not know this at the time. The knowledge, when imparted to him, almost broke off their engagement. But good sense triumphed, and when once Patmore had brought himself to accept his worldly good fortune, his patriarchal view of the relations between husband and wife obliged him to undertake cheerfully, and even enthusiastically, the management of his wife's property. He fully expected that his new marriage and change of religion would cost him many friends. It appears that they actually did; though the severest loss—the breach of his intimacy with Tennyson—can be accounted for by neither, and seems, on the evidence, to be wholly chargeable to Tennyson's discredit. In 1865 Patmore retired from the British Museum. In the following year an estate—Heron's

Google

Ghyll—was bought in Sussex; Patmore became the complete man of business, and threw himself heart and soul into the task of converting the farmhouse into a healthy, habitable, and comely country residence, laying out and planting the grounds about it, farming the outlying three-hundred-odd acres, and generally improving the estate and enhancing its value. His wife, it is clear, behaved beautifully. One does not gather that hers was a happy life; but, though intensely reserved and "old maidish," she won the affection of her husband's children by sheer goodness, and faltered in duty neither towards them nor towards him. She could trust him as a judicious steward of the wealth she had brought, and he was happy. Says Mr. Champneys in a chapter of "Personal Recollections":

> It was evident that Patmore thoroughly and constantly enjoyed the relief from straitened means. No money was spared on the estate, though none was wasted. He freely indulged his taste for pet animals; kept as good a head of game on his property as it would hold, at a quite disproportionate cost; and among the smaller luxuries which he allowed himself was the lavish use of logs in the wood fires which were kept going in all but the hottest days. I can even now recall his tall figure striding into the drawing-room from his books or letters, taking up his characteristic position, the back against the mantelpiece, the tails of his velvet shooting-coat under his arms, a kind of shake and shiver, like that of one of his favourite Newfoundlands just out of the water; the turn towards the fire, and the liberal piling on of logs, which was in no degree checked by a gentle reminder from his wife how much they cost him, a remonstrance which he met only by a tolerant smile. Then he would, as the fire burnt up, bask to his content, and one felt that the genial sense of easy circumstances was probably more of the essence of his enjoyment than physical warmth.

It would be hard to say precisely how these changed conditions of life affected his development as a poet. At first they seem to have deadened all impulse to write; but it revived, and in 1868 we find him printing the first instalment of the "Odes" for private circulation among his friends. The springs were loosened again, but the stream ran far less copiously than before. He had his own explanation for this: "Not to run before he is sent is the first duty of a poet, and that which all

Digitized by Google

living poets—except Barnes—forget. If this duty is religiously kept, a very little running may make the successful race, when the moment for starting comes." And again: "I am the only poet of this generation, except Barnes, who has steadily maintained a literary conscience." As Mr. Champneys more than once reminds us, Patmore was always optimistic about his own affairs; but in justice we must admit—I believe every thoughtful lover of poetry will admit—that the released spring, though a *fons tenuis*, yielded a diviner, if less popular, drink than in the gushing days of "The Angel in the House."

The Odes stole quietly upon the world, at intervals; and the world has been slow in awaking to the sense of its gain. Gradually, however, the opinion gains that we possess in them one of the rarest treasures of Victorian poetry. They are at once so pregnant and so poignant; clouded with thought, yet riven with flashes which penetrate so deeply into heaven, that even his sworn admirers were perplexed by them, hardly knowing what to make of writings so unexpectedly different from the "Angel," with its easy movement and pervasive everyday atmosphere. Also it must be owned that the Odes are of very unequal inspiration. Roughly, they fall into two classes, the one concerned with principles, the other with persons. And here we may bring the Odes and the Prose Writings under a common criticism. No writer of his generation had a clearer vision than Patmore for truth of principle: I had almost said a vision comparable with his. There are passages in the two little books, "Principle in Art" and "Religio Poetæ," which every young follower of art should commit to memory and bind for a phylactery on his forehead. But they jostle with passages of the ineptest criticism; for this seer into mysteries was constitutionally incapable of applying the principles he discovered, and of bringing either fair judgment or temperate language to bear upon men and their works. At one moment we are listening to words of most luminous wisdom on the value of rest in art. We turn the page, and read that nowa-

Google

days "Novels and poems are read, understood, and talked about by young ladies *which Rochester would have blushed to be found reading*, and which Swift would have called indecent"—an overstatement which stifles by violence the small amount of truth it contains, since the persuasiveness of a blushing Rochester is lost in our instant sense of absurdity. So with the Odes.—It is well to begin by separating those which take hold of the doors of Heaven from those which exhaust themselves in constructive damnation of Mr. Gladstone. Somewhere and somehow Patmore had picked up a conception of himself as a stern unbending aristocrat, abandoned by the cowards of his order, but erect, mailed, and defiant among the ruins of that fairer England he and his had ruled so long for its good. The conception is dignified and picturesque, and one which it pleased him immensely to contemplate; but it has no discoverable basis in fact. Mr. Champneys, on being asked his opinion of Mr. Sargent's famous portrait (now hanging in the National Portrait Gallery), replied that if the picture had been extended downwards there must have appeared the handle of a whip. Patmore would then have been revealed as a sort of Southern planter on the point of thrashing his slaves and exclaiming, "You damned niggers!" It is, in fact, just such a portrait as Patmore invites us to draw from certain of the Odes.

But in the rest—in "Saint Valentine's Day," "Wind and Wave," "Winter," "The Day after To-morrow," "Tristitia," "The Azalea," "Departure," "The Toys," "If I Were Dead," "Tired Memory," and the "Psyche" Odes—we listen to a very different voice. He is the seer now, and his utterances pierce and shake as no others in our whole range of song since Wordsworth declined from his best. And because this assertion is likely to be challenged, and certain to be misunderstood, I hasten to avow my conviction that Tennyson and Browning, Arnold, Swinburne—yes, and Meredith—are more excellent poets than Patmore. He was a learned theorist in metre, but neither a gifted singer nor an expert one. He could tell us

Google

most wisely that the language of poetry "should always seem to *feel*, though not to *suffer from*, the bonds of verse," and that metre never attains its noblest effects when it is altogether unproductive of "beautiful exorbitancies on the side of law." But these beautiful exorbitancies were not for him: his thoughts carried an exquisite sense of measure in speech and pause, but not their own music. His pace was ever the iambic. He called the metre of the Odes "catalectic," which may mean anything (except perhaps, "cataleptic") or nothing. "The system," says Mr. Champneys, "cannot be explained by analysis." In point of fact, there is no system at all, unless we call it system to break up the iambic line into irregular lengths according to the lift and fall of the poet's emotion. But music is something more than perfect measure; and though Patmore, in the Odes, paces, like Queen Elizabeth, "high and disposedly," he does not sing. Nor has he the steady, comprehensive poetical vision of the great ones I have named. He praises apprehension at the expense of comprehension, and upon apprehension he narrowed his aim. Yet now and then, beside his penetrating flashes, Browning's experimental psychology wears but a half-serious look, as of a clever game; Tennyson's "In Memoriam" keeps, indeed, its seriousness, but as the pathetic side of its inadequacy to its theme; while even the noble philosophies of Arnold and Meredith (though we return to them) are momentarily stunted in a glimpse of more tremendous heights.

The publication of the Odes (or, to give the volumes their titles, of "The Unknown Eros" and "Amelia"), in 1877–8, closed Patmore's career as a poet. Already he had moved from Heron's Ghyll to Hastings, and in 1891 he moved again to Lymington. To these later years, which he spent almost as a recluse, belong his prose writings, with their clear grasp of eternal principles and their indiscriminate ferocity against all contemporary hopes and strivings. His second wife died in 1880. In 1881 he married the lady who survives him, and by whose affectionate care much of the material of Mr. Champneys'

Google

volumes has been collected. Patmore died on November 26, 1896, and was buried on December 1, robed in the habit of a tertiary of the order of St. Francis.

Biography, just now, is tied to an evil fashion in length; and I believe Mr. Champneys had all the requisite skill to write the ideal Life of Patmore in one volume of moderate size, using only the instructive letters, and reserving the "Autobiography," with the chapter of "Aphorisms and Extracts," for another small volume, to stand on the shelf beside "Religio Poetæ" and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower." But, having granted the fashion, we must admire the combined honesty and delicacy with which he has performed his task. His portrait, to be sure, reveals none of those infernal experiences hinted at by Mr. Francis Thompson:

> And lo! that hair
> Is blanchèd with the travel-heats of hell.

He has told the story with such frankness as a man of good breeding allows himself when handling the intimacies of a dead friend. Barring an unnecessary piece of gossip about Cardinal Manning, we could wish nothing away. Mr. Champneys would probably be the first to allow that the whole of the story has not been presented; nor does it need to be presented. We have in these two volumes, and in Patmore's writings (themselves sufficiently intimate), as much as we need to know. Lastly, the printer and publishers have emulated the biographer in erecting this worthy monument to a man who could say fearlessly, "I have respected posterity; and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

by Google

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER X

BEHOLD THE HEIR

ADDIE TRISTRAM died with all her old uncommonness. Death was to her an end more fully than it is to most: had she been herself responsible for it, she could hardly have thought less of any possible consequences. And it was to her such a beginning as it can seldom seem. She had been living in anticipation of dying, but in a sense utterly remote from that contemplation of their latter end which is enjoined on the pious. So that, together with an acquiescence so complete as almost to justify her son in calling it joyful, there was an expectation, nearly an excitement—save that the tired body failed to second the mind. She might have shown remorse, both for her own acts and for the position in which she was leaving Harry; she fell in with the view he had always maintained with her, that all these things had come about somehow, had produced a certain state of affairs, and must be made to seem as if they had done nothing of the sort. During the last day or two she was delirious at intervals; as a precaution Harry was with her then, instead of the nurse. The measure was superfluous; there was nothing on Lady Tristram's mind,

*** Copyright 1900 by A. H. Hawkins in the U.S.A. All rights strictly reserved.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]A

and when she spoke unconsciously, she spoke of trifles. The few final hours found her conscious and intelligent, although very weak. Just at the end a curious idea got hold of her. She was a little distressed that the Gainsboroughs were not there; she whispered her feeling to Harry apologetically, well remembering his objection to that branch of the family, and his disinclination to have them or any of them at Blent. "Cecily ought to be here," she murmured. Harry started a little; he was not accustomed in his own mind to concede Cecily any rights. His mother's fear of offending him by the suggestion was very obvious. "She'd come after you, you see, if——" she said once or twice. There did not pass between them a word of acknowledgment that Cecily ought to come before him. Yet he was left wondering whether that idea, so scorned before, had not won its way to her with some sudden strength—as though an instinct for the true heir made itself felt in spite of all her resolution and all her prejudices, and forced her to do something towards recognising the claims which they were both determined to thwart.

The barest hint of this kind would have raised Harry's suspicion and anger a few weeks before; the new mood which Mina Zabriska had marked in him made him take it quietly now, and even affectionately. For this Addie Tristram was grateful; she had always the rare grace of seeming surprised at her own power over men. It was no less in keeping with her character and her life that the feeling she suffered under, and manifested, was very easily appeased. Harry promised to ask the Gainsboroughs to her funeral. Addie Tristram's conscientious scruples were entirely laid to rest; with a sigh of peace she settled herself to die. It was the feudal feeling, Harry decided, which insisted that the family must not be ignored; it did not deny their humble position, or the gulf that separated them from the succession. Yet he was vaguely vexed, even while he agreed to what she wanted.

So she passed away in the full tide of the darkness of night. The doctor had left her some hours before, the nurse

Google

had been sent to bed, for there was nothing that could be done. Harry was alone with her; he kissed her when she was dead, and stood many minutes by her, looking from her to the picture of her that hung on the wall. A strange loneliness was on him, a loneliness which there seemed nobody to solace. He had said that Blent would not be much without his mother. That was not quite right; it was much, but different. She had carried away with her the atmosphere of the place, the essence of the life that he had lived there with her. Who would make that the same to him again? Suddenly he recollected that in four days he was to ask Janie Iver for her answer. Say a week now, for the funeral would enforce or excuse so much postponement. Janie Iver would not give him back the life or the atmosphere. A description of how he felt, had it been related to him a year ago, would have appeared an absurdity. Yet these crowding unexpected thoughts made not a hair's-breadth of difference in what he purposed. It was only that he became aware of an irreparable change of scene; there was to be no change in his action. He was Tristram of Blent now—that he must and would remain. But it was not the same Blent, and did not seem as though it could be again. So much of the poetry had gone out of it with Addie Tristram.

After he had left her room, he walked through the house, carrying a shaded candle in his hand along the dark corridors of shining oak. He bent his steps towards the long gallery which filled all the upper floor of the left wing. Here were the Valhalla and the treasure-house of the Tristrams, the pictures of ancestors, the cases of precious things which the ancestors had amassed. At the end of this gallery Addie Tristram had used to sit when she was well, in a large high-backed arm-chair by the big window that commanded the gardens and the river. He flung the window open and stood looking out. The wind swished in the trees and the Blent washed along leisurely. A beautiful stillness was about him. It was as though she were by his side, her fair head resting

Google

against the old brocade cover of the arm-chair, her eyes wandering in delighted employment round the room she had loved so well. Who should sit there next? As he looked now at the room, now out into the night, his eyes filled suddenly with tears; the love of the place came back to him, his pride in it lived again; he would keep it not only because it was his, but because it had been hers before him. His blood spoke strong in him. Suddenly he smiled. It was at the thought that all this belonged in law to Miss Cecily Gainsborough—the house, the gallery, the pictures, the treasures, the very chair where Addie Tristram had used to sit. Every stick and stone about the place was Cecily Gainsborough's, ay, and the bed of the Blent from shore to shore. He had nothing at all—according to law.

Well, the law must have some honour, some recognition at all events. The Gainsboroughs should, as he had promised, be asked to the funeral. They should be invited with all honour and most formally, in the name of Tristram of Blent—which by-the-bye was, according to law, also Miss Cecily Gainsborough's. Harry had no name according to law; no more than he had houses or pictures or treasures, any stick or stone, or the smallest heritage in the bed of the Blent. He had been son to the mistress of it all; she was gone and he was nobody—according to law. It was after all, a reasonable concession that his mother had urged on him; the Gainsboroughs ought to be asked to the funeral. The last of his vexation on this score died away into a sense of grim amusement at Addie Tristram's wish and his own appreciation of it. He had no sense of danger: Tristram had succeeded to Tristram; all was well.

Little inclined to sleep, he went down into the garden presently, lit his cigar, and strolled on to the bridge. The night had grown clearer and some stars showed in the sky; it was nearly one o'clock. He had stood where he was only a few moments when to his surprise he heard the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road from Blentmouth. Thinking the

Google

doctor, who often did his rounds in the saddle, might have returned, he crossed the bridge, opened the gate, and stood on the highroad. The rider came up in a few minutes and drew rein at the sight of his figure, but, as Harry did not move, made as though he would ride on again with no more than the customary country salute of "Good-night."

"Who is it?" asked Harry, peering through the darkness.

"Me—Bob Broadley," was the answer.

"You're late."

"I've been at the Club at Blentmouth. The Cricket Club's Annual Dinner, you know."

"Ah, I forgot."

Bob, come to a standstill, was taking the opportunity of lighting his pipe. This done, he looked up at the house and back to Harry rather timidly.

"Lady Tristram——?" he began.

"My mother has been dead something above an hour," said Harry.

After a moment Bob dismounted and threw his reins over the gatepost.

"I'm sorry, Tristram," he said, holding out his hand. "Lady Tristram was always very kind to me. Indeed, she was that to everybody." He paused a moment and then went on slowly. "It must seem strange to you. Why, I remember when my father died I felt—besides the sorrow, you know—sort of lost at coming into my bit of land at Mingham. But you——" Harry could see his head turn as he looked over the demesne of Blent and struggled to give some expression to the thoughts which his companion's position suggested. The circumstances of this meeting made for sincerity and openness; they were always Bob's characteristics. Harry too was in such a mood that he liked Bob to stay and talk a little.

They fell into talk with more ease and naturalness than they had recently achieved together, getting back to the friendliness of boyhood, although Bob still spoke as to one greater than himself, and infused a little deference into his

Google

manner. But they came to nothing intimate till Bob had declared that he must be on his way and was about to mount his horse.

"As soon as I begin to have people here, I hope you'll come often," said Harry cordially. "Naturally we shall be a little more lively than we've been able to be of late, and I shall hope to see all my friends."

He did not instantly understand the hesitation in Bob's manner as he answered, "You're very kind. I—I shall like to come."

"Blent must do its duty," Harry pursued.

Bob turned back to him, leaving his horse again. "Yes, I'll come. I hope I know how to take a licking, Tristram." He held out his hand.

"A licking?" Both the word and the gesture seemed to surprise Harry Tristram.

"Oh, you know what I mean. You're engaged to her, aren't you? Or as good as, anyhow? I don't want to ask questions——"

"Not even as good as, yet," answered Harry slowly.

"Of course you know what I feel. Everybody knows that, though I've never talked about it—even to her."

"Why not to her? Isn't that rather usual in such cases?" Harry was smiling now.

"It would only worry her. What chance should I have?"

"Well, I don't agree with being too humble."

"Oh, I don't know that I'm humble. Perhaps I think myself as good a man as you. But"—he laughed a little—"I'm Broadley of Mingham, not Tristram of Blent."

"I see. That's it? And our friend the Major?"

"I shouldn't so much mind having a turn-up with the Major."

"But Tristram of Blent is—is too much?"

"It's not your fault; you can't help it," smiled Bob. "You're born to it and——" He ended with a shrug.

Google

"You're very fond of her?" Harry asked, frowning a little.

"I've been in love with her all my life—ever since they came to Seaview. Fairholme wasn't dreamed of then."

He spoke of Fairholme with a touch of bitterness which he hastened to correct by adding—"Of course I'm glad of their good luck."

"You mean, if it were Seaview still and not Fairholme——?"

"No, I don't. I've no business to think anything of the sort, and I don't think it," Bob interposed quickly. "You asked me a question, and I answered it. I'm not in a position to know anything about you, and I'm not going to say anything."

"A good many reasons enter into a marriage sometimes," remarked Harry.

"Yes, with people like you. I know that."

His renewed reference to Harry's position brought another frown to Harry's face, but it was the frown of thoughtfulness, not of anger.

"I can't quarrel with the way of the world, and I'm sure if it does come off you'll be good to her."

"You think I don't care about her—about her herself?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I don't want to know. I suppose you like her."

"Yes, I like her." He took the word from Bob, and made no attempt to alter or to amplify it.

Bob was mounting now; the hour was late for him to be abroad, and work waited him in the morning.

"Good-night, Tristram," he said, as he settled in his saddle.

"Good-night. And, Bob, if by any chance it doesn't come off with me, you have that turn-up with the Major!"

"Well, I don't like the idea of a foreign chap coming down and—— But, mind you, Duplay's a very superior fellow. He knows the deuce of a lot."

"Thinks he does, anyhow," said Harry, smiling again.

Google

"Good-night, old fellow!" he called after Bob in a very friendly voice, as horse and rider disappeared up the road.

"I must go to bed, I suppose," he muttered, as he returned to the bridge and stood leaning on the parapet. He yawned, not in weariness, but in a reaction from the excitement of the last few days. His emotional mood had passed for the time at all events; it was succeeded by an apathy that was dull without being restful. And in its general effect the interview with Bob was vaguely vexatious in spite of its cordial character. It left with him a notion which he rejected but could not quite get rid of—the notion that he was taking, or (if all were known) would be thought to be taking, an unfair advantage. Bob had said he was born to it and that he could not help it. If that had indeed been so in the fullest possible sense, would he have had the notion that irritated him now? Yes, he told himself; but the answer did not quite convince. Still the annoyance was no more than a restless suggestion of something not quite satisfactory in his position, and worth mentioning only as the first such feeling he had ever had. It did not trouble him seriously. He smoked another cigar on the bridge, and then went into the house and to bed. As he undressed it occurred to him (and the idea gave him both pleasure and amusement) that he had made a sort of alliance with Bob against Duplay, although it would come into operation only under circumstances which were very unlikely to happen.

The blinds drawn at Blent next morning told Mina what had happened, and the hour of eleven found her at a Committee Meeting at Miss Swinkerton's, which she certainly would not have attended otherwise. As it was, she wanted to talk and to hear, and the gathering afforded a chance. Mrs. Iver was there, and Mrs. Trumbler, the Vicar's wife, a meek woman, rather ousted from her proper position by the energy of Miss Swinkerton: she was to manage the Bible-reading department, which was not nearly so responsible a task as conducting the savings-bank, and did not involve anything like the same amount of supervision of other people's affairs. Mrs.

Google

Trumbler felt, however, that on matters of morals she had a claim to speak *jure mariti*.

"It is so sad!" she murmured. "And Mr. Trumbler found he could do so little! He came home quite distressed."

"I'm told she wasn't the least sensible of her position," observed Miss S., with what looked rather like satisfaction.

"Didn't she know she was dying?" asked Mina, who had established her footing by a hypocritical show of interest in the cottage-gardens.

"Oh yes, she knew she was dying, my dear," said Miss S. What poor Lady Tristram might have known, but apparently had not, was left to an obvious inference.

"She was very kind," remarked Mrs. Iver. "Not exactly actively, you know, but if you happened to come across her." She rose as she spoke and bade Miss S. farewell. That lady did not try to detain her, and the moment the door had closed behind her remarked:

"Of course Mrs. Iver feels in a delicate position, and can't say anything about Lady Tristram; but from what I hear she never realised the peculiarity of her position. No" (this to Mrs. Trumbler), "I mean in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Trumbler. And the young man is just the same. But I should have liked to hear that Mr. Trumbler thought it came home to her at the last."

Mr. Trumbler's wife shook her head gently.

"Well, now we shall see, I suppose," Miss S. pursued. "The engagement is to be made public directly after the funeral."

Mina almost started at this authoritative announcement.

"And I suppose they'll be married as soon as they decently can. I'm glad for Janie Iver's sake—not that I like him, the little I've seen of him."

"We never see him," said Mrs. Trumbler.

"Not at church, anyhow," added Miss S. incisively. "Perhaps he'll remember what's due to his position now."

"Are you sure they're engaged?" asked Mina.

Google

Miss S. looked at her with a smile. "Certain, my dear."

"How?" asked Mina. Mrs. Trumbler stared at her in surprised rebuke.

"When I make a mistake it will be time to ask questions," observed Miss S. with dignity. "For the present you may take what I say. I can wait to be proved right, Madame Zabriska."

"I've no doubt you're right; only I thought Janie would have told me," said Mina: she had no wish to quarrel with Miss S.

"Janie Iver's very secretive, my dear. She always was. I used to talk to Mrs. Iver about it when she was a little girl. And in your case——" Miss S.'s smile could only refer to the circumstance that Mina was Major Duplay's niece; the Major's manœuvres had not escaped Miss S.'s eye. "Of course the funeral will be very quiet," Miss S. continued. "That avoids so many difficulties. The people who would come and the people who wouldn't—and all that, you know."

"There are always so many questions about funerals," sighed Mrs. Trumbler.

"I hate funerals," said Mina. "I'm going to be cremated."

"That may be very well abroad, my dear," said Miss S. tolerantly, "but you couldn't here. The question is, will Janie Iver go—and if she does, where will she walk?"

"Oh, I should hardly think she'd go, if it's not announced, you know," said Mrs. Trumble.

"It's sometimes done, and I'm told she would walk just behind the family."

Mina left the two ladies debating this point of etiquette, Miss S. showing some deference to Mrs. Trumbler's experience in this particular department, but professing to be fortified in her own view by the opinion of an undertaker with a wide connection. She reflected, as she got into her pony carriage, that it is impossible even to die without affording a good deal of pleasure to other people—surely a fortunate feature of the world!

Google

On her way home she stopped to leave cards at Blent, and was not surprised when Harry Tristram came out of his study, having seen her through the window, and greeted her.

"Send your trap home and walk up the hill with me," he suggested, and she fell in with his wish very readily. They crossed the foot-bridge together.

"I've just been writing to ask my relations to the funeral," he said. "At my mother's wish, not mine. Only two of them —and I never saw them in my life."

"I shouldn't think you'd cultivate your relations much."

"No. But Cecily Gainsborough ought to come, I suppose. She's my heir."

Mina turned to him with a gesture of interest or surprise.

"Your heir?" she said. "You mean——?"

"I mean that if I died without having any children, she'd succeed me. She'd be Lady Tristram in her own right, as my mother was." He faced round and looked at Blent. "She's never been to the place or seen it yet," he added.

"How intensely interested she'll be!"

"I don't see why she should," said Harry rather crossly. "It's a great bore having her here at all, and if I'm barely civil to her that's all I shall manage. They won't stay more than a few days, I suppose." After a second he went on. "Her mother wouldn't know my mother, though after her death the father wanted to be reconciled."

"Is that why you dislike them so?"

"How do you know I dislike them?" he asked, seeming surprised.

"It's pretty evident, isn't it? And it would be a good reason for disliking the mother, anyhow."

"But not the daughter?"

"No, and you seem to dislike the daughter, too—which isn't fair."

"Oh, I take the family in the lump. And I don't know that what we've been talking of has anything to do with it."

Google

He did not seem inclined to talk more about the Gainsboroughs, though his frown told her that something distasteful was still in his thoughts. What he had said was enough to rouse in her a great interest and curiosity about this girl who was his heir. Questions and rights attracted her mind very little till they came to mean people; then she was keen on the track of the human side of the matter. The girl whom he chose to call his heir was really the owner of Blent!

"Are you going to ask us to the funeral?" she said.

"I'm not going to ask anybody. The churchyard is free; they can come if they like."

"I shall come. Shall you dislike my coming?"

"Oh no." He was undisguisedly indifferent and almost bored.

"And then I shall see Cecily Gainsborough."

"Have a good look at her. You'll not have another chance—at Blent, anyhow. She'll never come here again."

She looked at him in wonder, in a sort of fear.

"How hard you are sometimes," she said. "The poor girl's done nothing to you."

He shook his head impatiently and came to a stand on the road.

"You're going back? Good-bye, Lord Tristram."

"I'm not called that till after the funeral," he told her, looking as suspicious as he had in the earliest days of their acquaintance.

"And will you let me go on living at Merrion—or coming every summer, anyhow?"

"Do you think of coming again?"

"I want to," she answered with some nervousness in her manner.

"And Major Duplay?" He smiled slightly.

"I don't know whether he would want. Should you object?"

"Oh no," said Harry, again with the weary indifference that seemed to have fastened on him now.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I've been gossiping," she said, "with Mrs. Trumbler and Miss Swinkerton."

"Good Lord!"

"Miss Swinkerton says your engagement to Janie will be announced directly after the funeral."

"And Major Duplay says that directly it's announced——!"

"You don't mean to tell me anything about it?"

"Really I don't see why I should. Well, if you like—I want to marry her."

Mina had really known this well for a long while, yet she did not like to hear it. She had been spinning fancies about the man; what he had in his mind for himself was very prosaic. At least it seemed so to her—though she would have appreciated the dramatic side of it, had he told her of his idea of living with the big cheque by him.

"I can't help thinking that somehow you'll do something more exciting than that."

"She won't marry me?" He was not looking at her, and he spoke rather absently.

"I don't suppose she'll refuse you, but—no, I've just a feeling. I can't explain."

"A feeling? What feeling?" He was irritable, but his attention was caught again.

"That something more's waiting for you."

"That it's my business to go on affording you amusement perhaps?"

Mina glanced at him: he was smiling; he had become good-tempered.

"Oh, I don't expect you to do it for that reason, but if you do it——"

"Do what?" he asked, laughing outright.

"I don't know. But if you do, I shall be there to see—looking so hard at you, Mr. Tristram." She paused, and then added, "I should like Cecily Gainsborough to come into it too."

"Confound Cecily Gainsborough! Good-bye," said Harry.

Google

He left with her two main impressions: the first was that he had not the least love for the girl whom he meant to marry; the second that he hardly cared to deny to her that he hated Cecily Gainsborough because she was the owner of Blent.

"All the same," she thought, "I suppose he'll marry Janie, and I'm certain he'll keep Blent." Yet he seemed to take no pleasure in his prospects, and just at this moment not much in his possessions. Mina was puzzled, but did not go so far wrong as to conceive him conscience-stricken. She concluded that she must wait for light.

CHAPTER XI

A PHANTOM BY THE POOL

In a quiet little street running between the Fulham and the King's Roads, in a row of small houses not yet improved out of existence, there was one house smallest of all, with the smallest front, the smallest back, and the smallest garden. The whole thing was almost impossibly small, a peculiarity properly reflected in the rent which Mr. Gainsborough paid to the firm of Sloyd, Sloyd & Gurney for the fag-end of a long lease. He did some professional work for Sloyds from time to time, and that member of the firm who had let Merrion Lodge to Mina Zabriska was on friendly terms with him; so that perhaps the rent was a little lower still than it would have been otherwise: even trifling reductions counted as important things in the Gainsborough budget. Being thus small, the house was naturally full; the three people who lived there were themselves enough to account for that. But it was also unnaturally full by reason of Mr. Gainsborough's habit of acquiring old furniture of no value, and new bric-a-brac whose worth could be expressed only by minus signs. These things flooded floors and walls, and overflowed on to the strip of gravel behind. From time to time many of them disappeared;

Google

there were periodical revolts on Cecily's part, resulting in clearances: the gaps were soon made good by a fresh influx of the absolutely undesirable. When Sloyd came he looked round with a professional despair that there was not a thing in the place which would fetch a sovereign! Such is the end of seeking beauty on an empty purse: some find a pathos in it, but it is more generally regarded as a folly in the seeker, a wrong to his dependants, and a nuisance to his friends.

In no other way could Gainsborough—Melton John Gainsborough, Architect—be called a nuisance, unless by Harry Tristram's capricious pleasure. For he was very unobtrusive, small like his house, lean like his purse, shabby as his furniture, humbler than his bric-a-brac. He asked very little of the world: it gave him half, and he did not complain. He was never proud of anything, but he was gratified by his honourable descent and by his alliance with the Tristrams. The family instinct was very strong in him. Among the rubbish he bought somebody else's pedigree was often to be found. His wife's hung framed on the wall (ending with "Adelaide Louisa Aimée" in large letters for one branch, and "Cecily" in small for the other); his own was the constant subject of unprofitable searchings in county histories—one aspect of his remarkable genius for the unremunerative in all its respectable forms. He worked very hard, and gave the impression of doing nothing—and the impression perhaps possessed the higher form of truth. Anyhow, while he and his had (thanks to a very small property which came with the late Mrs. Gainsborough) always just enough to eat, they had always just not enough of anything else; short commons were the rule.

And now they were going to Blent. Sloyd, calling on a matter of business, and pleasantly excusing his intrusion by the payment of some fees, had heard about it from Gainsborough. "This'll just take us to Blent!" the little gentleman had observed with satisfaction, as he waved the slip of paper. Sloyd knew Blent and could take an interest; he described it, raising his voice so that it travelled beyond the room and

Google

reached the hammock in the garden where Cecily lay. She liked a hammock, and her father could not stand china figures and vases on it, so that it secured her where to lay her head. Gainsborough was very fussy over the news: a deeper but quieter excitement glowed in Cecily's eyes as, listening to Sloyd, she feigned to pay no heed. She had designs on the cheque. Beauty unadorned may mean several things; but moralists cannot be right in twisting the commendation of it into a eulogium on threadbare frocks. She must have a funeral frock.

Sloyd came to the door which opened on the garden, and greeted her. He was as smart as usual, his tie a new creation, his hat mirroring the sun. Cecily was shabby from necessity, and somewhat touzled from lolling in the hammock. She looked up at him, smiling in a lazy amusement.

"Do you ever wear the same hat twice?" she asked.

"Must have a good hat in my profession, Miss Gainsborough. You never know where you'll be sent for. The Duchess of This, or Lady That, loses her money at cards—or the Earl drops a bit at Newmarket—must let the house for the season—sends off for me—mustn't catch me in an old hat!"

"Yes, I see."

"Besides, you may say what you like, but a gentleman ought to wear a good hat. It stamps him, Miss Gainsborough."

"Yours positively illuminates you. I could find the way by you on the darkest night."

"With just a leetle touch of oil——" he admitted cautiously, not quite sure how far she was serious in the admiration her eyes seemed to express. "What have you been doing with yourself?" he asked, breaking off after his sufficient confession.

"I've been drawing up advertisements of my own accomplishments." She sat up suddenly. "Oh, why didn't I ask you to help me? You'd have made me sound eligible and

Google

desirable, and handsome and spacious, and all the rest of it. And I found nothing at all to say!"

"What are you advertising for?"

"Somebody who knows less French than I do. But I shall wait till we come back now." She yawned a little. "I don't in the least want to earn my living, you know," she added candidly, "and there's no way I could honestly. I don't really know any French at all."

Sloyd regarded her with mingled pleasure and pain. His taste was for more robust beauty and more striking raiment, and she—no, she was not neat. Yet he decided that she would, as he put it, pay for dressing; she wanted some process analogous to the thorough repair which he loved to see applied to old houses. Then she would be attractive—not his sort, of course, but still attractive.

"I wonder if you'll meet Madame Zabriska, the lady I let Merrion Lodge to, and the gentleman with her, her uncle?"

"I expect not. My cousin invites us for the funeral. It's on Saturday. I suppose we shall stay the Sunday, that's all. And I don't suppose we shall see anybody to speak to anyhow." Her air was very careless; the whole thing was represented as rather a bore.

"You should make a longer visit—I'm sure his lordship will be delighted to have you, and it's a charming neighbourhood; a very desirable neighbourhood indeed."

"I daresay. But desirable things don't generally come our way, Mr. Sloyd, or at any rate not much of them."

"It's pretty odd to think it'd all be yours if—if anything happened to Lord Tristram." His tone showed a mixture of amusement and awe. She was what he saw—she might become My Lady! The incongruity reached his sense of humour, while her proximity to a noble status nearly made him take off his hat.

"It may be pretty odd," she said indolently, "but it doesn't do me much good, does it?"

This last remark summed up the attitude which Cecily had

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

always adopted about Blent, and she chose to maintain it now that she was at last to see Blent. Probably her father's family instinct had driven her into an insincere opposition, or she did not consider it dignified to show interest in relatives who had shown none to her. She had never been asked to Blent. If she was asked now it was as a duty; as a duty she would go. Harry did not monopolise the Tristram blood or the Tristram pride. But this attitude was not very comprehensible to her present companion. As a personal taste, Mr. Sloyd would have liked to be connected, however remotely, with the aristocracy; and if he had been, would have let his social circle hear a good deal about it: even a business connection was something, and suffered no loss of importance in his practised hands.

Yet in her heart she was on fire with an excitement which Sloyd would have wondered at, and which made her father's fussy nervousness seem absurd. At last she was to see with her eyes the things she had always heard of. She was to see Blent. Addie Tristram, indeed, she could no longer see; that had always been denied to her, and the loss was irreparable. But even the dead Lady Tristram she would soon be able to realise far better than she had yet done; she would put her into her surroundings. And Harry would be there, the cousin who had never been cousinly, the young man whom she did not know, and who was a factor of such importance in her life. She had dreams in abundance about the expedition, and it was in vain that reason said, "It'll be all over in three days. Then back to the little house and the need for that advertisement!" Luckily this sort of suggestion, made by reason, never sounds probable, however well reason proves to us that it must come to pass. Cecily was sure that at last—ah, at last!—a change in life had come. Life had been always so very much the same; changes generally need money, and money had not been hers. Knowledge usually needs money too, and of the kinds of life outside her own narrow sphere she was very ignorant. Beautiful things also need money; of them she had seen and enjoyed very little; only the parodies came to the small house in the

Google

small road. All these things joined to make her feel that a great moment was at hand: she might and did deride herself, but the feeling was there; and at last she admitted it to her father when she said with a little laugh:

"I don't suppose anybody ever was so excited over a funeral before!"

But perhaps there was ignorance in that remark too. It has been seen, for instance, that Miss Swinkerton and her friends could be very excited, although they had not the excuse of youth, of dreams, or of any kinship with the Tristrams.

"It's begun!" Cecily said to herself when, three days afterwards, they got out of their third-class carriage and got into the landau that waited for them. The footman, touching his hat, asked if Miss Gainsborough had brought a maid. ("The maid," not "A maid," was the form of reference familiar to Miss Gainsborough.) Her father was in new black, she was in new black; the two trunks had been well polished, and the seats of the landau were very soft.

"They don't use the Fitzhubert crest, I observe," remarked Gainsborough. "Only the Tristram fox. Did you notice it on the harness?"

"I was gazing with all my eyes at the coronet on the panel," she answered, laughing.

A tall and angular lady came up and spoke to the footman, as he was about to mount the box.

"At two on Saturday, Miss," they heard him reply. Miss Swinkerton nodded, and walked slowly past the carriage, giving the occupants a leisurely stare. Of course Miss S. had known the time of the funeral quite well; now her intimates would be made equally well acquainted with the appearance of the visitors.

Blent was in full beauty that summer evening, and the girl sat in entranced silence as they drove by the river and came where the old house stood. The blinds were down, the escutcheon, with the Tristram fox again, above the door in the central tower. They were ushered into the library.

Google

Gainsborough's eyes ran over the books with a longing envious glance; his daughter turned to the window, to look at the Blent and up to Merrion. A funny remembrance of Sloyd crossed her mind, and she smiled. Had she already so caught the air of the place that Sloyd seemed to her both remote and very plebeian? Turning her head, she saw the left wing with the row of windows that lighted the Long Gallery: she had never seen such a room in a private house, and thought there must be several rooms in that wing. A manservant brought in tea, and told them that Mr. Tristram was engaged in pressing business and begged to be excused: dinner would be at 8.15. Disappointed at her host's invisibility, she gave her father tea with a languid air. The little man was nervous and excited; he walked the carpet carefully; but soon he pounced on a book —a county history—and sat down with it. After a few minutes' idleness Cecily rose, strolled into the hall, and thence out into the garden. The hush of the house had become oppressive to her.

Yes, everything was very beautiful; she felt that again, and drank it in, indulging her thirst so long unsatisfied. She had seen larger places, such palaces as all the folk of London are allowed to see. The present scene was new. And in the room above lay Addie Tristram in her coffin—the lovely strange woman of whom her mother had told her. She would not see Lady Tristram, but she seemed now to see all her life and to be able to picture her, to understand why she did the things they talked of, and what manner of woman she had been. She wandered to the little bridge. The stream below was the Blent! Geographies might treat the rivulet with scanty notice and with poor respect; to her it was Jordan—the sacred river. Might not its god have been ancestor to all the Tristrams? In such a place as this one could have many such fancies; they would come to feed the mind and make it grow, to transform it into something that could appreciate poetry. A big rose-tree climbed the wall of the right wing. Who had picked its blossoms and through how many years? Its flowers

Google

must often have adorned Addie Tristram's unsurpassed loveliness. After the years of short commons there came this bountiful feast to her soul. She felt herself a Tristram. A turn of chance might have made all this her own. Her breath seemed to stop as she thought of this. The idea now was far different from what it had sounded when Sloyd gave it utterance in the tiny strip of garden behind the tiny house, and she had greeted it with scorn and a mocking smile. She did not want all this for her own; but she did want—how she wanted!—to be allowed to stop and look at it, to stay long enough to make it part of her and have it to carry back with her to her home between the King's Road and the Fulham Road in London.

She crossed the bridge and walked up the valley. Twenty minutes brought her to the Pool. It opened on her with a new surprise. The sun had just left it, and its darkness was touched by mystery. The steep wooded bank opposite cast a dull heavy shadow across half the surface; the low lapping of water sounded like somebody whispering old secrets that she seemed half to hear, garrulous histories of the dead—the dead whose blood was in her veins—old glories, old scandals, old trifles all mixed together, all of great importance in the valley of the Blent. Who cares about such things in London, about anybody's family or anybody himself? There is no time for such things in London. It is very different in the valley of the Blent, when the sun is low and the cry of a bird makes a sound too shrill to be welcome.

Turning by chance to look up the road towards Mingham, she saw a man coming down the hill. He was sauntering idly along, beating the grass by the roadside with his stick. Suddenly he stopped short, put his hand above his eyes, and gave her a long look; he seemed to start. Then he began to walk towards her with a rapid eager stride. She turned away and strolled along by the Pool on her way to Blent Hall. But he would not be denied: his tread came nearer; he overtook her and halted almost by her side, raising his hat and gazing with

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

RESTRICTED

The objections commonly urged against such measures are, speaking broadly, these: that they would involve a serious addition to the already huge municipal debt; that they would interfere with private trading, and interfere under conditions fatal to free competition; that they would lead to an increase in the number of officials, inspectors, &c.; that they would impose an undue amount of strain in the matter of management upon municipal councillors, and that they would tend to make these councillors—who must go through the process of election—the servants of their tenants, and intensify the demoralisation fostered by touting for votes.

We do not think that these predictions need deter us from grappling with the housing problem upon the principle indicated. It is obvious that the raising of a loan to provide dwellings for the poor will increase the debt of a sanitary authority; but it should be equally obvious that the community will secure something to set against this in the shape of dwellings, and also—most valuable of all assets—an increase of vigorous humanity. For it is certain, if it be not obvious, that anything which lowers the general standard of healthiness impoverishes the community. Then if it were proposed that a sanitary authority should embark upon a career of house-building practically without limit, there would be point in the objection that such work must seriously affect private trading. But if a sanitary authority restrict itself to providing in the matter of house accommodation the minimum which it will tolerate within its district, a stimulus will be given to private efforts to attract the class of people who will wish to secure house accommodation of a character above the minimum. The fear of an army of officials is bogeyism pure and simple; fewer not more inspectors should be needed when healthy dwellings have been substituted for unhealthy ones. The predicted "intolerable strain" upon the time and managing capacity of the average councillor can only make those acquainted with the actual working of municipal machinery smile. The real work is and will continue to be done by the officials. A muni-

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cipal officer is fortunate if he find a chairman and vice-chairman of a committee he deals with ready and willing to gain a thorough knowledge and understanding of the business to be handled. The responsible official is much more likely to be subjected to an "intolerable strain" in trying to prevent mischief being done by irresponsible councillors. Principles of action can and should be determined by a council or committee, but administrative detail must be left to the official; unless the Fabian policy of paying councillors is adopted; and even then the life of neither the councillor nor the official will be a happy one, though the "intolerable strain" may be lessened. Exercise of pressure at election times by the tenants of the sanitary authority is very probable. All grades of people, no matter what their social status, endeavour to promote their class interests, and no doubt the communal tenants will endeavour to secure for themselves the best terms possible. But on sanitary grounds no wise sanitary authority will place all its communal dwellings within one district, and the rate-paying conscience may be safely relied upon to set due limits to the aspirations of the interested.

The great practical advantage to the community of first determining the minimum in the matter of house accommodation which it will either tolerate or be contented with, and then providing it, lies in the circumstance that by so acting the community will interfere least with private trading. Nay, its action should be a spur to the private or company competitor to provide additional accommodation or attractions for the same, or an increased rental. Then, too, the credit of the community being greater than that of any individual member of it, the municipalities and other sanitary authorities should be able to raise money upon easier terms than the speculative builder can; and this advantage should enable corporations to let dwellings at a relatively cheaper rate. In short, they should be able to provide the minimum at the minimum rate.

In dealing with the cognate common-lodging-house accommodation sanitary authorities might also proceed upon the

by Google

principle of establishing a minimum of healthiness and comfort and providing it. We believe that some medical officers are in favour of a sanitary authority providing all the common-lodging-house accommodation needed within its district. They very cogently argue that by providing all the common-lodging-house accommodation required within its district a sanitary authority can minimise the cost of administration and inspection and more effectually control the importation and dissemination of infectious ailments, &c. But for the purpose of minimising the cost of management a tendency to limit common lodging houses to large establishments would almost certainly prevail. The crowding of large numbers of persons upon any given site is a policy of which we cannot approve. Besides, if only one or two of such "houses for the homeless" are provided, a tired wayfarer may have to tramp very considerable distances after he has entered a town before he can reach one of these havens of rest. On the other hand, there are some who fail to see any need for a sanitary authority to provide any common-lodging-house accommodation. They argue that the Local Government Board Model Bye-laws relating to common lodging houses practically establish the minimum amount of air, space, sanitary accommodation, separation of the sexes, &c.: adopt these, let your inspectors see that these regulations are complied with, and you can secure a minimum without adventuring into management. The force of this reasoning we may fully admit, and yet not agree either with those who say that a sanitary authority should provide all the accommodation required or with those who say that it should provide none. To provide all is to crush out a perfectly legitimate type of catering and to establish in its place a monopoly. To provide none is to sanction implicitly as a standard of accommodation that provided by the Local Government Board Bye-laws; and that, we do not hesitate to affirm, is not sufficiently conducive to healthiness; as any Local Government Board inspector can determine for himself by making a practical trial of it, in his own person, for the space of one week. It may be replied

Google

that an easy remedy can be found in a heightening of the Local Government Board requirements. But that is not a really effective remedy. Government regulations invariably lag behind the requirements of the intelligent; and while we should like to see the Model Bye-laws re-modelled, it is only too certain that it will be the wiser policy to leave sanitary authorities free as at present to fix their own minimum, provided that this never fall below that commended by the Local Government Board. The way will thus be left open for enterprising sanitary authorities to continue to forge ahead of the Sanitary Department of the Government. In fact we would apply to sanitary authorities precisely the policy we wish to see sanitary authorities apply to their possible private competitors, viz., establish a standard which they will not be permitted to lower, but will be encouraged to exceed. Only in the latter instance we wish to see the sanitary authority provide as well as determine its minimum. At present, the standard implicitly commended by the Local Government Board Model Bye-laws relating to common lodging houses is one that is, in matter of air space, discreditable, if it be not actually detrimental, to the body politic.

We may now turn for a brief space to the legal machinery provided for dealing with the housing of the poor. This practically resolves itself into "The Housing of the Working Classes Act 1890." This Act consolidates and amends certain other Acts of Parliament dealing with the housing problem. Like all our sanitary legislation it is enfeebled by not being expressed in the imperative mood. Our law-givers are always "letting I dare not wait upon I would" the moment their proposals seem to involve the laying of a hand upon the sacred ark of property. Still this Act can be made to render some service to social reformers. It is divided into seven parts, the first three of which are those which apply to the problem before us. Part I. relates to Unhealthy Areas, Part II. to Unhealthy Dwellings, and Part III. to Working-class Lodging Houses (Working Classes Act 1890 Amendment Act). It is with the

Google

practical application of the second of these parts that medical officers of health are commonly concerned. The Act confers power, not upon the medical officers of health, but upon the sanitary authorities, to compel the closing of a dwelling which is unfit for habitation and cannot be made fit for habitation, and to order, and, after tedious proceedings, to procure, its demolition. The Act also enables sanitary authorities to demolish buildings which by obstructing light and air cause other dwellings to be unhealthy. It happens, perhaps not infrequently, that a medical officer of health will sign a formal certificate to the effect that such and such a dwelling is in his judgment unfit for habitation. The sanitary authority is represented by a committee of its council ranging from a dozen to a score in numbers, who hold, of necessity, varying standards of judgment in sanitary matters. This committee considers the certificate of the medical officer of health and usually acts upon it, but not always. A committee will sometimes be satisfied if some patching up is effected. It would certainly contribute to a more drastic application of the provision of the Act if the medical officer of health were given executive power. To prevent possible abuse of such suggested executive authority a medical officer of health should be made responsible for his action to the courts.

Under this same Act a sanitary authority can have small groups of unhealthy dwellings pulled down, and new dwellings erected. Large areas can also be acquired, the dwellings upon them pulled down, and what is known as an "improvement scheme" carried out. The sanitary authority can also erect dwellings or lodging houses in districts where they are required. It will be thus seen that it is not so much the machinery as the moving power which is needed. Public opinion must demand, and then Parliament will apply, a categorical imperative wherever a direction is now expressed in the conditional mood. Parliament should at the same time secure fixity of tenure to and government control of the appointment, pay, duties, &c., of medical officers of health, so that these officials may have

Google

every inducement to be fearless. Under Part I. of the 1890 Act it is sometimes possible to condemn insanitary areas, but a medical officer of health will do so very cautiously because of the cost which the sanitary authority has to incur in purchasing the site, and in providing accommodation for the displaced tenants. Apart from the question of cost, a site which has been covered with habitations, perhaps for centuries, is not one upon which a sanitary authority could be advised to erect new dwellings. Such a site is certain to be on soil saturated with pollution. We would suggest that if such an area were bought it should be converted if possible into an open space, or be utilised for warehouses, and that any new dwellings the sanitary authority proposed to erect should be built upon a hitherto unoccupied site. Houses which are erected nowadays are less likely to give rise to soil pollution than houses built a generation ago, and *a fortiori* much less likely than those built a century ago. Nowadays every respectable sanitary authority requires each new house to be provided with a "damp course" in its walls, to have concrete placed beneath the floors, and to have abutting upon it paving material impervious to fluids. The drainage must receive official sanction, and attention is given to sanitary appliances; but even now a fireplace in every bedroom is not insisted upon, and a fireplace means a possibility at least of securing some ventilation at all times as well as of warmth when a fire is lighted. A sanitary authority could also very easily require the panel above the entrance door of every dwelling to be filled in with glass and made to open inwards. By this simple requirement a very effective method of ventilating could be brought into practice, and some light would be admitted into what is commonly the darkest part of a cottage dwelling.

To revert, however, to insanitary areas. In dealing with these it seems to us that condemnation of an area should only entitle the owners of the property to secure what they can obtain for the materials of the buildings condemned and the market value of the land, if the corporation choose to buy it.

Google

If a dwelling or collection of dwellings be unhealthy, it is surely a wasteful generosity to give the owner or owners any sort of compensation when the sanitary authority has decided that the community shall be no longer endangered and disgraced by these dwellings. The fact that the site itself will be riddled with pollution should be deemed to render it ill-fitted for the erection of other dwellings. In that one of the thirty-three great towns with which the original proposer of our scheme is associated, and to which his evidence chiefly has reference, the rates are very high, and practically no big schemes involving purchase of sites and the re-erection of dwellings could or would be undertaken. Happily such a course is not urgently needed. It is the experience in other places where considerable areas have been dealt with under Part I. of the 1890 Act, that the houses which are built upon the acquired sites have to be let at rents beyond the means of the class of people which has been displaced. In short, there has occurred a shifting, but not a cure of the overcrowding. The corporation of the town in question is for the present confining its action to dealing with, quietly and perhaps a little slowly, and from time to time closing individual dwellings—a procedure which involves no compulsory purchase or compensation, and which will, if resolutely and persistently pursued, rid the town of many if not all of the dwellings which the medical officer of health certifies to be unfit for human habitation. The certificate of this officer, it has to be remembered, has of itself no executive effect. Whether it shall be acted upon or not is a matter which a committee of the corporation has to determine. The council in question has also taken steps, through a special committee, to cause the owners of property in Yards and Courts efficiently to pave and drain these, and to provide the inhabitants with suitable sanitary accommodation. Concurrently with this committee, another special one has been appointed to deal with the question of housing the poor. This last committee will in all probability recommend that any dwellings which may be built

Google

shall be erected in the suburbs, and upon hitherto unoccupied sites. It must not be forgotten that a great repressive influence upon active work by corporations in this matter of housing of the poor is the expenditure involved and the onerous nature of the terms upon which loans for the purpose are at present sanctioned. If loans were granted for a period of seventy-five years and upon easier terms, and if compulsory purchase of condemned areas and payment of compensation were done away with, we should find the housing of the poor no insoluble problem; and, in our belief, we should find its solution greatly facilitated by dealing with it as we do with elementary education—by adopting a minimum standard and providing that our national life shall nowhere fall short of it.

Google

ON THE LINE

ONE of the "conversational openings" most commonly heard, or overheard, in places where people meet to talk, is the question, "What have you been reading?" or "Have you been reading any good books lately?" We believe that this is quite as often as not a genuine appeal for help, and not merely the pushing forward of a pawn in the game. The publication of modern books at certain times of the year—it will soon apparently be true of all times—is like nothing so much as the rise of pheasants at a hot corner; the air is filled with the noise of innumerable creatures all trying to get up at once, the sky is darkened and the sight confused by their flight crossing and swerving in every possible direction: only the experienced can hope to pick out and bring down a respectable bag without repeatedly taking shots at those which are "not his birds." With this difficulty before him—or her—the determined reader of books goes for advice to a "literary friend," and the result is sometimes satisfactory, sometimes very much the reverse. Perhaps, on the whole, the responsibility involved is too heavy to be thrust upon private persons. Who would seriously prescribe medicine or litigation for a friend without the inducement of professional payment or reputation? Morals, indeed, and religion we do all prescribe for each other; but the case is different, for we aim there rather at our own relief than that of the nominal patient.

We propose, then, to make an effort to lighten the responsi-

Google

bility of those who are asked from time to time for "a list of books to read." We do not intend to bear their burden ourselves so much as to hand it on and distribute it. We have invited the co-operation of a distinguished but anonymous committee; every month, out of the immeasurable expanse of books exhibited to the public gaze, they will select a small number which, if the hanging of this gallery had been entrusted to them, would all have been placed "on the line."

The plan is in every way a tentative one; it is easier at present to say what we do not, than what we do, intend to include in it. We shall give a list; the books will be recent; they will be such as in our opinion no one can ignore without loss; among them will be found foreign books, especially books in French; all classes of literature will be eligible. On the other hand, the list will not claim to be an exhaustive one; it will not necessarily be confined to books appearing within the month; it will not consider the interests of the expert in any branch, but the pleasure of the general or omnivorous reader. It will contain comments, but brief and not detailed; the mere report of a patrol, so that the reader may not feel he is being led to attack entirely unknown positions: it is far from our intention merely to add one more to the chorus of critics. The books we do not like we shall leave others to advertise; they will, we hope, be chiefly of the class which is in the end "written down" most effectually by itself. In any case we hold strongly that to attempt to forestall the judgment of posterity would be a waste of time. To neglect a book now because our grandchildren will never hear of it would be not very unlike refusing filberts at eight because at eighty our teeth or the nuts or both may have perished. We are not denying the difference between the permanent and the ephemeral elements in literature: but beauty is none the less beauty because it is perishable, and, beauty apart, it is our business and our pleasure to know the best of our contemporaries. Posterity may be better off: though, if it takes after its forebears, it is more likely to speak of us as "giants in those days."

Google

It is unfortunate that, having said thus much of our intentions, we are accidentally prevented from putting them at once into practice. Our Hanging Committee has not reassembled in time; and all we can do for this month is to give a list of the books which we have personally read and most enjoyed.

FICTION.

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
Richard Yea and Nay. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. (Smith Elder.)
A Gift from the Grave. By Mrs. Wharton. (Murray.)
The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By H. Harland. (John Lane.)

HISTORY.

The Successors of Drake. By Julian Corbett. (Longmans.)
The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. (Smith Elder.)

ESSAYS.

Studies by the Way. By Sir Edward Fry. (Nisbet.)
Non Sequitur. By Miss Mary E. Coleridge. (Nisbet.)

LETTERS.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. Edited by Basil Champneys. (Bell.)
An Englishwoman's Love-Letters. (Murray.)

POETRY.

Odes. By Laurence Binyon. (Unicorn Press.)
Smart's "Song to David." Edited by R. A. Streatfeild. (Elkin Mathews.)
The Oxford Book of English Verse. Edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Oxford University Press.)

These are not quite "the latest new books," but how many people have read them *all?* And yet they are all books to buy and keep.

Google

ARMY REFORM

IT would be well if those who are urging the Government to reform the Army on "business principles," would pause to consider some of the striking differences which must everywhere exist between a commercial undertaking and the maintenance of an armed force in peace for employment in the rare eventuality of war. A railway company for instance is always on active service, so to speak, with competing lines, the public, and difficulties of time and space as enemies. An army is generally at peace, and is very rarely employed in warlike operations. The contrast is sufficiently striking to those who realise the difference between the conditions of daily existence in an army at home or in the field; but judging from the utterances of our statesmen and legislators, to say nothing of our leader-writers and correspondents in the Press, this point of view has never occurred to any of them.

Let us take a concrete instance and imagine a railway company, say the North-Western, working, or endeavouring to work, under somewhat similar circumstances to those the War Office is called on to meet.

Normally, the railway knows that on bank holidays, and on other fixed dates, an unusual strain will be thrown on its resources, and can make preparations beforehand, which, however, rarely suffice to meet the need as constant experience has taught us, although the demands could be supplied by perhaps ten per cent. more locomotives in steam, and a few

Digitized by Google

hours overtime for all the staff. To place the railway on equal terms with the army, we must imagine it dealing annually with a fractional part of its present traffic, enough to fill perhaps one train a day each way, and yet held ready to deal with the full pressure of its present August traffic at forty-eight hours notice, at some very uncertain time in the remote future. We must also imagine the Chairman to be entirely destitute of any professional knowledge of railway matters and liable to parliamentary obstruction and criticism, unless expenses were kept down to the lowest possible figure.

Under these conditions, the railway would probably follow the principles of organisation universal in almost all armies. To reduce expenditure two-thirds of the staff would be sent home on furlough, liable to recall at a moment's notice; the coal bill would be cut down to its lowest level; and expenditure on experiments to determine the best class of locomotives etc., would be vigorously curtailed. To complete the comparison we must further imagine that when mobilisation did take place the railway would be called on to work in a country whose language was absolutely unknown to nine-tenths of its employés—this last is a point almost invariably overlooked by our would-be reformers.

It is unnecessary to push the comparison further; hardly necessary to ask whether the railway would deal more successfully with its difficulties than the army, during the present South African campaign, has succeeded in doing.

In the old days, when a state of warfare was almost chronic, the soldier was a highly specialised artisan—constantly employed at his trade, and familiar with every trick and contrivance concerning it. Armies were, in fact, raised and maintained precisely on the same business lines as those on which a contractor selects and maintains his staff and subordinates for the execution of a great government order nowadays. Having received a contract the modern business man sends for the men who have worked under him before and sub-lets portions of the work to these, who in turn bring

Google

their own staff and skilled workmen—men being accepted and paid or rejected precisely according to the skill they have to sell; and this skill is chiefly conditioned by the continuity of employment such individual has enjoyed.

But let us suppose that for thirty or forty years all great railway works came to an end and a sudden call was made on one of the old firms to execute a new line, we should then find the business man face to face with the same problem with which the War Office has from time to time to contend, viz., skilled work to be done and only old leaders and untried men to perform it with.

Moreover, the difficulty to the War Office is immensely enhanced by the fact that though it is not hard to select suitable men even for fresh work under the normal conditions of civilised labour, it is admittedly almost impossible to predict how individuals will behave in face of the perils and risks of active service. One man will face bullets with superb heroism, but break out and become mutinous under privation, and another will shun the bullets but face the hardships.

Hence in the state of civilisation at which most European races have now arrived, it is inevitable that the outbreak of any war must be accompanied by a period of transition in which men are for the first time learning their business practically, and during that period mistakes are inevitable on both sides, victory remaining with the side which makes the fewest.

Since we cannot go to war in order to find out whether we are as good as, or better, than our neighbours, the fairest test to decide the point will be to calculate the percentage of serious mistakes made at the outbreak of a campaign by armies of about the same strength as our own, and judged by this standard it would appear that we are at least as good as, if not considerably better than, any of our continental critics were in 1866, 1870, or 1877. Compare, for instance, the astounding blunders committed either in the first, second, or third German armies during the first three weeks of their campaign in France; each and all show a far worse series of errors than either Colenso

Google

or Magersfontein, even if we adopt for these latter the current opinion of the daily Press, which are far from being correct or accurate.

But, it will be argued, the German army of to-day is very superior to the army that fought in 1870—and this is perfectly correct—it is for this very reason I have made the comparison, for in point of fact the Germans were then passing through a very similar period of transition to the one our own forces have been undergoing, and for both armies the test of war came a few years too soon.

The question for us to consider is whether we cannot now profit by the lessons the Germans purchased so dearly in France, and continue to evolve our fighting force along the same lines which they have found so successful.

When the principle of short service was first introduced in Prussia by Scharnhorst in 1808, it is perfectly evident that neither he nor his contemporaries had any idea of the extraordinary way in which the law would influence military development. They looked upon it merely as an expedient to secure adequate numbers of more or less trained men to meet the momentary emergency, and it was not till many years afterwards that its full consequences began to disclose themselves. Under the old long-service system, the few recruits that sufficed in peace time to repair the annual waste had been left for instruction to the old soldiers and non-commissioned officers, precisely as they were in England until 1875—or indeed to a later date—and the life of a young officer was very much the same as with us, as the following translation of a reprimand delivered by Frederick the Great during the latter years of his reign to his officers at Potsdam will show:

> Gentlemen [he said], I am entirely dissatisfied with the cavalry: the regiments are completely out of hand; there is no accuracy, no order; the men ride like tailors. I beg that this may not occur again, and that each of you will pay more attention to his duty. But I know how things go on. You think I am not up to your dodges, but I know them all and will recapitulate them. When the season for riding drill comes on, the Captain sends for the

Google

Sergeant-Major and says, "I have an appointment this morning at ——, tell the first Lieutenant to take the rides." So the Sergeant-Major goes to the senior subaltern and gives him the message, and the latter says, "What! the Captain will be away? then I am off hunting; tell the second Lieutenant to take the men." And the second Lieutenant, who is probably still in bed, says, "What, both of them away, then I will stay where I am, I was up till three this morning at a dance; tell the Cornet I am ill and he must take the rides." Finally, the Cornet remarks, "Look here, Sergeant-Major, what is the good of my standing out there in the cold? You know all about it much better than I do, you go and take them"; and so it goes on, and what must be the end of it all? What can I hope to do with such cavalry before the enemy?

When, after the great Napoleonic wars, matters settled down, the recruits under the new law began to come in in droves, one third the strength of the unit every year, and there being no trustworthy old sergeants to take them in hand, and no old soldiers to teach them all the tricks of the trade (which we now call minor tactics), the young officers found out that they must learn their work as instructors themselves; and as the business of teaching recruits *en masse* was a new one, each of them had to rely pretty much on the light of nature to devise a sound working system and method. Inspecting officers now judged by results, rejecting or recommending for promotion according to the talent the individuals had shown.

In this manner a generation of young captains grew up who had been compelled to master the details of their profession from the very beginning, and above all things had learnt to handle men, and from these in due course it became possible to select staff and field officers of proved ability.

Under the old system, in peace time, no such selection was possible, for officers had no opportunity of showing what they could do in front of their men, and it is the capacity to *command*, not to acquire book knowledge, which is the most essential point in an officer's qualifications.

This process of the survival of the fittest always takes time to work out its full consequences. First there is the period during which the younger generation are feeling their way towards a fresh system, being opposed all the while by the

Google

conservative members of the old school; then comes the time when the juniors have been promoted to higher rank, and a reaction almost invariably sets in, due to the fact that the change of system having almost automatically worked out its consequences, without conscious direction by the individuals themselves, they fail to perceive the true causes, or to realise the whole extent of the progress they have lived through.

Moreover, the average man, having become aware of his own power of command, will not readily yield it up into the hands of his subordinates—for it is indeed one of the hardest lessons a man has to learn, the necessity of surrendering power into the hands of others and letting them learn by their own mistakes.

Progress in Germany was further hindered by the national character, which is distinctly averse to the assumption of responsibility, and by other causes, economic and social, which had followed on the conclusion of the French occupation of the country.

The net result was that when the war of 1870 broke out the idea of decentralisation of command had only been half grasped by the older members of the army, and important commands were still held by men who proved themselves conspicuously unfitted for their heavy responsibilities before the enemy.

Since the 1870 war progress has been marked and rapid, and it would undoubtedly be a very false assumption to make that the efficiency of the present German Staff can be measured by its performances thirty years ago.

I have dwelt at this length on the subject, because, since the adoption of short service in our own army, we have been passing through an almost identical cycle of evolution.

Thanks to our many small wars, and the higher average of the qualities of command our race undeniably possesses, our old long-service army never sank as low as the long-service army of Frederick the Great, and, in its junior ranks at any rate, it has been quicker to accept responsibility.

Google

I am aware that it is almost heresy nowadays to suggest that our officers of the regular army possess any military qualification whatever, except personal courage—there is not a newspaper correspondent, volunteer, or member of Parliament who is not prepared to reform the whole service at ten minutes notice, notwithstanding the fact, as their writings and speeches abundantly prove, that they are often ignorant of the very names of things they write about, or of the meaning of the military terms they employ; but I have been closely associated with the German army ever since 1872, I have known the internal history of their regiments as I know my own, and I am convinced that in capacity to command, the raw material, from which our men of all ranks originate, is very markedly superior to the raw material of all continental armies. I say nothing as to our capacity for assimilating book knowledge: in this we are probably all far inferior to the Bengali Babu, who as a class are intellectually far more acute than any Europeans, and if book learning, pure and simple, is all that is required for the successful conduct of military operations, then we at least possess an inexhaustible supply of Babus in Calcutta and its vicinity which will soon render us superior to all possible rivals.

As to the state of the old Frederican army during the twenty years before Jena, I have often called attention to the extraordinary parallel it presents to the conditions in our own prior to 1870; but we had inherited the admirable traditions of the old Peninsula army, and the best of these had been kept alive in the Sikh wars, the Crimea, the Mutiny, China, and the Cape. We made mistakes in each and all of these countries, no doubt, but our worst were venial compared with the blunders of the Prussians in Thuringia in 1806; and when the black fit is on our pessimistic critics, and they feel impelled to relieve their feelings in floods of ink, which match their opinions in hue, I could wish that they would turn up the files of the Berlin Press of October 1806 and see from what a much worse welter of misfortune and incompetence the modern Prussian perfection has sprung.

Google

Perhaps the fact that we have never met with real and crushing disaster is against us. Isolated detachments have indeed now and again been routed and destroyed, but an organised British force of even 50,000 men, guns, and horses has never yet been beaten, pursued, and compelled to ultimate surrender; such an incident supplies a wonderful impetus to thorough-going reform.

Reform was forced upon us primarily by the proved necessity for greater numbers than our voluntary system with long service could supply; but this was in reality but a side issue and obscured the main point involved.

The chief obstacle to progress in our own case, when the change from long to short service was made in 1871, lay in the fact that the real strength of the case for the latter was never realised by its supporters. Had they studied the actual working of the Prussian law in peace time, and pointed out to this country the guarantees for efficiency during prolonged peace which the short service principle alone affords, the need of the change would have been at once apparent, and parliamentary resistance in all probability would at once have been withdrawn.

It should have been pointed out to every one that each unemployed long-service army contains in itself the germs of its own decay—not because of any excess of original sin in the men who wear its uniform, but simply from the action of the human nature common to all of us.

Let us take as a typical instance the army of Frederick the Great, and note the downward progression subsequent to the Seven Years War—our own after Waterloo would serve almost equally well, but our many little wars, to which I have referred above, destroy the continuity of the action.

After the peace of Hubertusberg the army was reduced to a peace footing, by the elimination of all but the fittest men, and for the first few years its waste was at a minimum. Its war-tried veterans needed but little drill to keep them up to inspection form, and the officers wanted leave to attend to their

Google

private affairs. The young officers joining after the war could not presume to teach the seasoned veterans who filled the ranks, and found their seniors mostly too busy with their own interests to waste time over the education of their juniors—so like the Cornet above alluded to, they let the Sergeant-Major "take the rides" and remained in bed.

In ten years time there was not a subaltern who had seen a shot fired in anger, and the old soldiers were beginning to leave the service.

Presently every one had found out the simplest and easiest way of carrying on the daily routine, and the downhill progress commenced in earnest. The young recruits were no longer taught their business on outposts and patrols, for these things were no longer systematically practised; the old soldiers taught them instead how to get round the weak sides of their officers' characters, as this made life more comfortable for all concerned, and the regiment maintained its prestige undiminished.

"But where were the Inspecting Officers?" it will be asked.

They were there and doing their duty according to their lights, subject only to human nature's disabilities—first amongst which is the tendency with increasing age to ignore the rapid lapse of time and the change attendant on that lapse. When twenty years afterwards they rode out to inspect the historic regiments with which they had stormed the heights, say at Torgau or Hochkirch, their minds saw only the heroic battalions they had known in former days; indeed, it seemed but yesterday, and the fact that not a man under the rank of field officer could possibly have been present at those events never entered their heads at all. I have seen the same thing happen in our own service within the last thirty years, and believe it to be an inevitable consequence of the weakness of human nature under conditions of idleness.

After another ten years only the generals remained of the old invincibles, but still the natural decay and alteration of these regiments was unrealised. Then the storm burst, and at last it was recognised that only an untried collection of well-

Google

drilled but untrained men represented the once rigid discipline and splendid achievements of Frederick's war-seasoned forces.

In a short-service army, swamped every year with an influx of recruits and surrounded on all sides by restless enemies, it is not possible for this condition of idleness to arise. There is work for all to do, and it has to be accomplished under the eyes of the public, who naturally take a keen interest in what concerns their sons and brothers. Since there are no old soldiers, or at best comparatively few of them, the officers are compelled to assume the position of instructors, and to master their work so as to teach others; for a man cannot be said to know anything thoroughly until he is able clearly to explain his knowledge.

Much has been made of the different conditions under which the officers of foreign armies are compelled to labour and those which obtain in our own service, and many attempts have been made to show that equal results are not to be hoped for without the pressure of compulsory law. I believe these views to be entirely unfounded, and on the contrary hold that under our own system results far better suited to our special circumstances are attainable than could be hoped for were our conditions to be too closely approximated to the continental models.

The establishments of our army are in fact far better adapted for the strain of modern warfare than those of any other nation—our relative excess of officers is not only absolutely needed for the work which has to be done in all minor campaigns, but it enables it to be so distributed in peace time that our officers can still find leisure for the exploration, sport, and other amusements which render them many-sided and adaptable to the constantly varying conditions which they are called on to face. If Baden-Powell, for instance, had never had more than three weeks consecutive leave in his service, it is at least open to question whether he would have been so conspicuously successful as the defender of Mafeking.

Google

Our foreign rivals fully admit these advantages and marvel at our national folly in deprecating them.

If the British officer is to have fair play—and for his heroic self-devotion in the past three years in the Tirah, at the Atbara, and in South Africa, he abundantly deserves it—it is absolutely essential that the public should understand the nature of the difficulties under which he has had to labour.

When the great change to short service was made, all ranks of the cavalry and infantry had been shaken by the abolition of purchase, and especially by the want of consideration with which the claims of individuals had been treated, many officers receiving less pay for their services than the interest on the capital they had invested (on the faith of the Royal Warrants) in the purchase of their commissions. This was hardly a favourable moment to call on them to undertake the additional duties of instructors of their men when they had only contracted to lead them.

Moreover, nobody was in a position to tell them what they were required to teach, for it must be borne in mind that reform at that particular moment had been forced upon us, not as a consequence of our own military experience, but in deference to the public impressions derived from the hearsay accounts of disasters which had happened to others.

Army reform had, indeed, been before the country for some years prior to the Franco-German War, and was certain to come sooner or later; but it was the pressure of uninformed public opinion that carried it through precisely at that time, in that particular shape.

The view that the public took of the military events of 1866 and 1870 was, briefly, that a new and terrible implement of war had transformed the whole practice of fighting, and that the Prussians had been successful because they had known how to adapt their methods to the changed conditions which the new armament involved, and consequently we, too, must change our methods and imitate the German models.

As it happened, no conclusion could well have been further

Google

from the truth. The Prussians had won, not by, but in spite of, the new weapons, as a consequence of the introduction of short service many years ago, which had given them officers in all grades trained to assume responsibility under all European conditions—as I have pointed out above—and those who will turn up the many discussions that took place in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution, will see that many of our most experienced war-trained generals understood the point clearly enough, but, for want of actual personal experience with the new weapons, were unable to meet the torrent of assertion with which their opponents overwhelmed them, and which was borrowed from the statements of men who, never having seen war under the old conditions, were quite unable to draw any comparison between the new and the old.

Hence the officers of the army were compelled not only to undertake work for which they had no previous training, but to formulate for themselves, on hearsay evidence, the knowledge they were required to teach; and such work is not to be accomplished in a day.

As in Germany, the difficulty as to method was soon solved; the work being in excess of the powers of the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major to deal with, these two individuals had to content themselves with licking the raw recruits roughly into shape and then handing them over to the Captains to have their education completed, and the Captains rose to the occasion. Responsibility brought with it habits of thought and study, and an immense improvement was soon noticeable in the average tactical knowledge of the regimental officers.

Progress, however, was very much retarded by the heavy drain upon the home battalions to maintain the linked battalions abroad, and the fact that the number of our regiments was only calculated for peace requirements, leaving no margin for war. Not only did the constant calls for volunteers to other corps. and for drafts, break up all attempts to systematise the training, but officers became disheartened at never having the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

men long enough under their control even to get to know their names; the men themselves grew disgusted at being bandied from pillar to post; it became more difficult to maintain discipline, men resented punishment, and aired their grievances in the socialist rags—hence much of the difficulty in recruiting.

But the cause lay in Treasury parsimony, and was in no way due to want of military prevision, for year after year the Commander-in-Chief has clamoured for stronger effectives and more battalions, but only within the last two years has his request been attended to, too late to exercise any influence on the course of our present campaign.

The marvel is that we have succeeded so well, not that we have not done more. For what test can Inspecting Officers design to meet the changing conditions, not only of battalions but of companies, when it was practically impossible for any two units to have enjoyed equal opportunities.

The British officer is a very human person after all, and if he is to be induced to do his utmost he must have the incentive of emulation, but emulation can only exist under equality of conditions and these hitherto have been conspicuously lacking.

There remains yet to be dealt with the charge of tactical incompetence which has so freely been brought against them. Without in the least accepting the pretensions of the various correspondents and leader-writers to speak as duly qualified critics on tactical subjects, I am willing to confess that enough has been done and more left undone during the last few months to form a *primâ facie* case against many of my comrades.

But I hold that under the peculiar conditions under which our tactical theories were evolved, and to which I have alluded above, grave mistakes were certain to be made, and almost in proportion to the zeal and industry with which individuals laboured to acquire a knowledge of them; for the theories themselves are wrong, and arose from the overhastiness with which we adopted second-hand evidence.

Google

That this is the case is proved by the fact that in every essential particular the German infantry methods, founded on first hand evidence, are directly opposed in principle to our own. The views of our tacticians until 1885, which have since been adopted by the Press and the Volunteers, can be briefly summed up as follows:

> The object of tactical training is to minimise local losses. Local losses can best be reduced by individual attention to natural and artificial cover.

The German views are that—

> The fire of the assailant is the best protection, and tactical training consists in teaching officers so to handle their commands that the plan of battle may be carried through as a whole. In decisive fighting every unit will be called on to bear all the loss its state of discipline will allow, so that the consumption of troops will be slower, and the gross cost of victory thus reduced to the nation.
>
> It does not signify to the nation whether a single battalion loses thirty per cent. or not, but it does matter materially whether the war is finished in ten days by a couple of crushing victories, or is spun out for months with indecisive engagements.

A strong reaction in favour of the German views set in during the early nineties, and had already taken firm hold in the Indian Army, where it bore splendid fruit in the gallant and successful attacks of Talana Heights and Elandslaagte; it was beginning to spread in England too, as is witnessed by the magnificent feat of arms of the Guards and Marines at Belmont and Enslin, but the proportion of battle-trained men in all ranks of the home contingent was lower than in the battalions from India, and on the two next occasions, when the attacks, both at Colenso and the Modder River, failed in face of the insuperable physical obstacles presented by unfordable rivers, confidence in the power of the attack was shaken and hitherto seems to have been only locally restored.

We are now passing through a stage more or less common to peace-trained armies all over the world, and especially to troops hitherto engaged only against native races. At first they are appalled by their losses and seek to emulate the cover-hunting proclivities of their opponents, but when

Digitized by Google

experience begins to bring it home to the men in the ranks that only close quarters and cold steel can bring the war to a conclusion, they become absolutely reckless in their eagerness to charge. The evolution of the American armies in the Civil War is the best instance in point.

The fact really is that essentially the art of war and the principles of tactics never change and never will change. It is all the same to a man whether he falls 5000 yards or 50 from his enemy's position, whether on one side of a ditch or the other, whether bullets are put in at one end of a rifle barrel or the other.

The difficulty lies in training men in such a manner that the impulse of the individual to dash forward or hold back, to shoot at the enemy or withhold his fire, should be restrained and curbed so that for the spasmodic impulses of uncontrolled individuals, it becomes possible to substitute the combined efforts of thousands directed on a given spot by the trained will of a single leader, and to obtain this end a thorough grounding in drill exercise is indispensable.

To troops trained to fulfil these conditions, it becomes easy to adapt themselves to the varying demands of armament and country. The difficulty is, under the changing tendencies of civilisation, to secure that all ranks shall be so thoroughly imbued with the necessity for combined action, and so possess that *resultant will power* of the mass generally known as "discipline" (the most important consequence of their drill ground training), that unfaltering obedience to superior direction will become practical.

It is this "resultant will power" which holds men together, in spite of thirty, forty, even seventy-five per cent. of loss whilst advancing, that constitutes the whole advantage of organised troops over mobs of individually brave and skilful savages or semi-savages.

The extraordinary mobility which enables our enemies in South Africa to retreat faster than we can pursue, has for the moment obscured this issue, but in the next European war it will arise again as of old.

Digitized by Google

This is the problem the Germans have gone further towards solving than any other race, but we are pressing very close behind them. What we now require to complete our task is mainly continuity of system, and specifically the recognition of the responsibility of the junior officers to their seniors for the efficiency of the men under them at each successive step in the military hierarchy. In principle, this responsibility is admitted in the Queen's Regulations; in practice, however, it is only thoroughly carried out in the Royal Artillery,[1] which, as a consequence, is by far the most perfect weapon in the army, with very little to learn from any of our neighbours.

This same concession of responsibility will automatically eradicate the needless extravagance so much complained of in the Press. Two-thirds of our officers only spend money in order to kill time, but release them from their compulsory idleness by giving them the right to occupy themselves with their men and horses, and they will throw the energy into their profession which they now devote to their amusements.

Can any one suppose that the work of the Navy would be done as efficiently as it is if the commander of a "destroyer," for instance, was not allowed to command his own ship?

The selection of our staff officers and regimental commanders has also come in for much adverse criticism, in part not altogether undeserved. But this, again, was a necessary

[1] I may add that the same system has also long been in force in the mounted troops of the Royal Engineers; and as to their efficiency, Sir George Luck, who knew them well, told me in India that he had always regarded them as models, for stable management and all-round excellence, for all the cavalry at Aldershot. The late Colonel Percy Barrow introduced the same principle into the 19th Hussars when they went to Egypt in 1882. I was attached to this regiment in 1891, during Colonel French's tenure of command. It had then only recently returned from Egypt, and had been raised to its full establishment by recruiting. Yet, though the average service of the men in the ranks was only one year, and the proportion of remounts excessive, it had acquired a perfection of manœuvring power which was fully equal to the standard of the Prussian cavalry, and markedly superior to that of any British regiment I have seen before or since.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

consequence of the remains of our old-fashioned system. On paper the conditions which govern this selection are almost identical with those in force in the German Army, and it is admitted that they work exceedingly well. Under our own, in long continued periods of peace, they could not work at all. For since no one, except the adjutant, possessed any real responsibility, it was impossible to say how any particular individual was fitted to bear the load allotted to him. This led in practice to seniority as the ruling condition of promotion, and as, in peace, promotion is slow, the most active and energetic temperaments left the service, and the dullest and least enterprising remained on to serve for pension. But the habit of bearing responsibility needs constant exercise, without which, like any other disused function, it tends to atrophy.

From the worst consequences of this method of procedure the purchase system[1] saved us, but enough of these old dullards undoubtedly did survive thirty years ago to vitiate any paper scheme of selection that could possibly be devised. These old gentlemen generally left the choice of their officers to their wives and families, with results not always for the good of the Service, and though it must be confessed the ladies often made quite excellent elections, still enough of their failures remained to impede progress materially.

It is also well known that such colonels often put pressure on the less socially desirable (in their estimation) of their subordinates, to induce them to join the Staff Corps, or, worse still, the Staff College; whilst others, well-nigh ruined by the foolish regimental extravagances encouraged by these same commanding officers, were driven, in the endeavour to better their financial position, to the same resort.

It will be apparent to every one that this is not the best way in which to recruit a good staff.

[1] Moltke said many years ago that "there were two points in the British Army which deserved to be copied—the officers' mess and the purchase system." This was at a time when he still remembered the evils slow promotion had entailed in the Prussian Army previous to 1866.

Google

Certainly amongst both classes so shunted might be found men whose brains and general abilities were good enough for anything, but the principle was wrong. Instead of making selection of the best men in every way, they used both, and especially the latter august institution as places into which their regimental rubbish might be shot without compunction.

These conditions are now passing away rapidly. Our officers have made excellent use of even the moderate degree of responsibility short service has so far succeeded in imposing on them, and if the recent Army Order, issued in November by Sir Evelyn Wood (placing the responsibility for the drill efficiency of the troops on the company and squadron commanders),[1] is intelligently obeyed in the spirit as in the letter, then the chief step in Army Reform, for which I have pleaded for the past fifteen years, is accomplished, and our military regeneration is near at hand.

Reform in our administrative branches would follow as a matter of course, for the War Office does not harass the combatant branches for personal amusement, but simply and solely to save itself trouble. Given an army in which every officer had been trained to assume the full responsibility of his position, nine-tenths of the returns and forms now insisted on would be useless and would drop off like a tadpole's tale when he turns into a frog.

There is no greater measure of original sin in the War Office head of a department than in other members of the human race. Essentially he wishes to draw a good salary for the least possible trouble, and if he calls for what appears to the uninitiated to be unnecessary returns, it is only because the experience of the Office has shown that their omission would lead to increased trouble and confusion in the Office itself.

[1] This order is nothing more or less than the secret of the Prussian success, and the examples quoted above of the 19th Hussars, R.A., and R.E. justify my contention that if the spirit of it is grasped, the results will be as favourable as it has proved in Germany, if not more so. Only it requires to be supplemented by a further order extending the period of company training to at least three months.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

That this is actually the case is evident from a comparison of the red tape in the German and French War Ministries respectively. On paper the latter is almost an exact replica of the former. In practice the contrast could not be greater, for the French are even more involved than ourselves in the meshes of the red-tape demon.

The reason for these differences is not far to seek. Thanks to ninety years of uniformity of conditions, the Germans have evolved a race of officers who need little if any official guidance; the French on the other hand, in the last thirty years, have had to break with all their past traditions, and have been further hampered in their progress by the impossibility of formulating a system which will work equally well when applied to the highly cultivated young gentlemen from St. Cyr and to the older and far less intelligent type who rise from the ranks, and who form roughly one half the total number of officers to be dealt with.

Like causes produce like effects, and hence the conclusion appears to me to follow irresistibly that since our officers are all sprung from one class, continuity of system, and the extension of responsibility to the junior ranks, will in due course evolve a working organisation which will adapt itself to our own environment with the same certainty as the desired result has been achieved in Germany.

F. N. Maude.

...Google ...NIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE WAR TRAINING OF THE NAVY

II

Gentlemen shall not be capable of bearing office at sea except they be Tarpaulins too; that is to say, except they are so trained up by a *continued* habit of living at sea, that they may have a right to be admitted free denizens of Wapping.—HALIFAX (1694).

THE quaint words of Halifax convey the gist of the plea I advanced in the first number of this REVIEW. My article dealt with the combatant branch of the Navy, although nearly thirty per cent. of the *personnel* belongs to the engineer branch. It is, however, obvious that those who work the motive power receive their real practice when the engines are driving the ship at sea.

Indirectly an attack on academic education for executive officers applies in kind to engineers as well. In this connection it is interesting to read the recent report of the head of the engineering branch of the United States Navy. It is a service that has gone far beyond my proposals in the crusade against specialism, for they have suppressed the specialist engineer officer. Even in a small navy the first results of so momentous a change must be bad, and we find Admiral Melville has to suggest remedies for the ignorance of the line officer concerning engine-room work. The common-sense remedy of the veteran engineer is:

Google

> To have incorporated in the regulations the best method for the needed training at sea—*i.e.*, by departmental order to compel all line officers below the navigators of ships to alternate in duty in the engine-room and on deck, and efficiency reports to be made quarterly to note their progress and class their ability. . . . With a full opportunity provided, he [Admiral Melville] is confident there will be no lack of interest or energetic application on the part of the officers detailed. . . . Experience daily under all conditions of service alone perfects efficiency when combined with intelligence.

The remedy suggested here is no mathematical course in the strength of materials or lectures on thermodynamics. It is for the officer to go and understudy the man working the machine and to pick up his theory alongside his practice. The artisan tempers his tool by plunging the point and watching for the colours. This is his everyday work and the colours are his formula. No amount of theory will help him in the process. This simple truth has got to be learned by the naval educational authorities. As one of the great engineering papers has said: "A first-rate sea-going engineer of vast experience may be unable to make a good drawing, to prepare a design or pass an examination in simple thermodynamics."[1] A year at Greenwich, with London at hand, might remedy this want, but we might lose our "first-rate sea-going engineer."

Since my last article appeared, naval war training has undergone several reforms which give to us doubly in that they add to efficiency while increasing the self-respect of naval officers. Indeed, if I did not know that the changes the Admiralty have now made are the tardy outcome of evolution, possibly decided on months ago, I might be disposed to emulate the fly on the revolving wheel, crying out as to the commotion it created. Let us read the signposts of the turning-points we have reached.

1. The ships of the masted Training Squadron have been placed on the non-effective list or D Division of the Reserve, preliminary to being sold out of the Navy. The full measure

[1] *The Engineer*, Nov. 9, 1900.

Google

of the change can be appreciated when we reflect that it is only two years ago that one of these ships, the *Active*, had over £40,000 voted for her refit!

2. Masts and sails are to be omitted from the seamanship examination of officers passing for the rank of lieutenant. Increased importance is to be given to the handling of boats under oars, sail, and steam; rigging of sheers and derricks; anchor work; and signalling.[1] Particular attention is to be paid to practical steam-engine instruction. The midshipmen, instead of going from one subject to another after the manner of schools, are to spend about a fortnight at a time in learning one subject, such as gunnery, torpedo, or seamanship. This is followed by an examination so as to detect their weak points, care being taken to correct them in the future.

3. A check on the premium that examinations give to mere scholars is afforded by the rule that, after the conclusion of all the examinations of a sub-lieutenant, he cannot act as a lieutenant until he has spent six months at sea and his captain has granted him a certificate to the effect that "he is fit to take charge of a watch at sea as a lieutenant and to perform efficiently the duties of that rank." Under a system of examination, largely theoretical, and therefore capable of being crammed, it pays well to somewhat neglect one's efficiency as an officer in order to concentrate on obtaining high marks in examinations.

4. The fact that the Admiralty has ordered that instruction in heat to midshipmen is to be given by the engineer; in electricity, by the torpedo lieutenant; and in surveying, pilotage, and navigation, by the navigating officer, points strongly to the eventual abolition of the naval instructor afloat. The regulations affecting academic training at sea and at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, are "under revision." It is to be hoped that any changes will be in the

[1] Those who hold that seamanship is nothing without masts and sails, I strongly recommend to study the examination marks of the seamanship that is left. This information is given as an appendix note to this article.

Google

direction of more sea training, as has been so persistently and ably advocated by Mr. Thursfield.

5. (*a*) The instructional arrangements of the Senior Class of Captains and Commanders at the Royal Naval College have been removed from the control of the Director of Naval Education, Mr. W. D. Niven, of mathematical fame, and placed in the hands of the Captain of the College, Captain H. J. May. The Captain of the College arranges a course embracing war games and plans of campaign, with studies and criticisms of Intelligence Department reports. The officers are free to learn Languages, Naval Architecture, and Steam, while a special library has been formed to encourage historical studies. In November courses of ten lectures on Naval History by Professor Laughton and ten on International Law were started.

(*b*) My point concerning the importance of eyesight and the injury inflicted on young officers through excessive book work, has received startling confirmation in the recent speeches of Lord Wolseley and Sir Redvers Buller concerning the South African War. "The lost moment," said Napoleon, "never returns," and again, "One begins and then one observes." How can a naval officer avoid losing moments and fail to observe if we spoil his eyesight and fag his mind with unnecessary class-room work?

6. (*a*) The Reserve Squadron is to be kept in commission, thus relieving the overcrowded depôts of many men who can learn little else there but habits incompatible with the life of an efficient man-of-war's man. While recognising that depôts are at present a necessity, I would remind writers who advocate them as an unmixed good, that they were only tolerated in the past when the ships forming them were similar to those composing the sea-going fleets. The Navy has little experience of depôts, and that little is bad. The evidence of the soldiers before the Wantage Committee was very much opposed to depôts as being unsatisfactory systems of training men compared to working them into shape in their

Google

own battalions as on service. How much more must this be the case with sailors and stokers? Again, if the moral conditions and surroundings of depôts are destructive of military efficiency, how much more must they be harmful to the sailors accustomed to but little idle time and long spells afloat?

(*b*) The Channel Fleet's exercising base has been shifted from Portland to Bantry Bay. On the principle that the less the counter-attractions the more whole-heartedly do officers and men throw themselves into their work, this change from the vicinity of Weymouth has much to recommend it. The fact that the Channel Fleet has just made a fine record in coaling is a significant confirmation of this view. It is also good for fleets, destined in war to seek their sphere of operations on the inhospitable coasts of the enemy, to work away from dockyards, which act with fatal magnetism in developing defects.

In glancing at these changes one cannot resist the exultant thought that the spirit of St. Vincent animates the actions of the Board of Admiralty. There have been Boards of Admiralty which seemed to act with the fear of the United Service Club in their eyes, for the great Club can frown at our leaders as well as dine them. When this premier Service Club was started, Parliament debated long and anxiously as to whether it threatened revolution to the realm. Parliament was right to be fearful, but the danger is that the influences of luxurious club life are retrospective and somnolent instead of progressive and active, and spell stagnation rather than revolution. If, to paraphrase Carlyle, the bible of the Navy is its history, the Admiralty should be its god. I would write naval history so that the campaigns revolve about the Captain of the Navy, or the Board of Admiralty, as a country's history once did round its sovereign lord the king. For the Admiralty distributes the fleets, plans the organisation and training, chooses the leaders, and can send good or bad influences coursing through the veins of the whole Navy. To strengthen the prestige of the

Google

Admiralty is the first condition of strengthening the Navy itself. To achieve this the Admiralty must ever be equal to the greatness of its responsibilities, maintaining its hold on all branches of the Navy and initiating the changes that time calls for.

In connection with the point just raised, let me dwell for a moment on some well-worn lessons of history. Professions, like nations, maintain healthy standards in proportion as the rule is to exact more from the leaders than the followers. *Noblesse oblige*. Under these circumstances good influences broaden outwards. Now knowledge and responsibility are the only two directions in which the Navy exacts more from the leaders than the followers. Our quest for knowledge, I contend, has been misdirected, and in the sphere of responsibility we have conceded only what peace organisation demands or what is inevitable. We cannot concede too much in training men to bear the crushing responsibilities of war. We must act in these matters like those old Romans who trained men to carry heavier equipment in peace that they might better bear their burdens when campaigning. It is, therefore, disquieting to find in the Navy that even at its source the stream of responsibility is tainted. Take, for example, the evasions possible to a naval officer on the Board of Admiralty as to clear and definite responsibility. The Fighting Instructions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries broke the initiative of our Admirals, and they thought only of evading censure by conformity to those Instructions. The parsimony of the Crown prior to the time of Cromwell broke the spirit of naval officers so that it required the soldier Blake to revive the best traditions of the adventurers of Elizabeth's time. To-day the hindrance to fighting efficiency is due in great part to the Treasury control and the permanent or routine staffs of the Admiralty, Dockyards, and Educational Establishments. In other words, it arises from the men who "stick close to their desks and never go to sea." To conciliate this opposition, as far as is possible with due regard to efficiency, is a diplomatic necessity for naval

Google

officers. Now the following appear to be the chief motives of the obstruction referred to so far as it lies apart from personal interests :

1. The example of foreign navies. This we may dismiss by saying that, except in certain cases of new inventions, the leading navy should lead and not follow. The best economy of the *matériel* is obtained by the efficiency of the *personnel*.

2. Changes of training mean rearrangement of courses and expenditure, and lead to hard cases of individuals entailing much correspondence, the bulk of the work falling on the permanent staffs.

3. The Treasury watch-dogs naturally begin to bark if the changes mean increased expense.

I pass by the natural tendency of University men to fly to shore methods as a panacea. To this much of the reliance on academic education is due, since it has been attended with such conspicuous success in their own cases. I would suggest to naval officers certain remedies. The first one lies at the root of naval efficiency. It is never to sacrifice executive control, and to take every opportunity of introducing it, as has recently been done in the case of the Senior Class at Greenwich and in the abolition of the post of a civilian Director of Naval Studies on board the *Britannia*. This I am accustomed to call the one-captain-in-the-ship principle. We should also endeavour to make our proposals as simple as possible. Follow out the lesson of life, and especially of war, and we find that the simplest and most direct methods are the best. For examinations, do not make an elaborate system of first, second, and third classes, and lay down that only a first-class man is to go to a battleship and a third-class to a third-class cruiser. Such systems are beautiful on paper, but almost unworkable in practice. A man is either fit for a billet or not. If fit, pass him ; if unfit, "pluck" him. If he passes brilliantly, give him honours. Leave the selection of appointments solely to the Admiralty, who will consult others when they think fit. Above all things, especially in education, do not try to do too much

Google

Legislate for the average man, and not for the genius. The latter has an unfortunate knack of becoming a talented mediocrity under any forcing system. Finally, in regard to the Treasury, if demands are carefully confined to what makes for efficiency, the Admiralty ought always to be able to get what is wanted. Though the Admiralty owes its constitution to the fiat of the First Lord of the Treasury, it is absurd to suppose that the latter would face a conflict on any vital points. The main thing is for the Admiralty to be in the right, and then it can always court publicity. It is in what may be called the nagging policy that the Treasury and its influences in the Admiralty can cause delay and harm. The following instance may impress those who do not believe that the eagle-eyed control of the Treasury can have any effect on naval education and training. The correspondence between the two departments begins with an inquiry on the part of the Treasury, dated May 31, 1891, concerning an expenditure of £22 in paying a French teacher for the midshipmen on the East India Station. Finally, it finishes, on September 17, by Sir R. Welby, for the Treasury, saying: "I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty . . . that my Lords are pleased to sanction the employment of a teacher in French for the subordinate naval officers on the East Indian Station. . . ." Then come the details as to pay "per head per lesson," and number of lessons. Finally, the curt censure: "Such expenditure should not, however, have been incurred without the previous sanction of this Department." This is typical. Had the Admiralty wished to increase the lessons by one hour, fresh correspondence would have ensued, whereas the whole matter should lie within the province of the Commander-in-Chief of the East India Station, under certain obvious restrictions. There are occasions like these when Treasury officials would be much better employed in nibbling their pens instead of eating like rats into the efficient structure of the Navy.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Speaking at the Colston Banquet this year, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarked that "the military authorities did not take sufficient account of the differences in military weapons and did not alter the system of training in the army in time to deal with them." The defect is one of national temperament, which would equally manifest itself in the Navy if ever there is a divorce in its administration and branches from war training at sea. Then the stand-easy spirit would assert itself, untempered by the rude buffeting involved in the many-sided struggle of the sea. "Stand-easy" has been the prevailing formula of this country except during the short Cromwellian period, when a Puritan class was predominant as the result of civil war. The Chancellor of the Exchequer made one significant admission showing the tendency of the Navy to the shore. He said that in five years we had increased our liabilities by twenty-three millions sterling in providing new harbour works for the Navy. He ought to have added the amount spent on defending those naval resources by fortifications, based on the plea of "the absence of the fleets" which has attained such a vogue from Palmerston's time. For British fleets to rely more and more on fortified ports is a demoralising and parasitic tendency, and one that should be watched by a great maritime nation with distrust. We have again before us the conflict of a century ago between the policies of Howe and St. Vincent. To keep the ships at the base, where they can be fully equipped; that was the plausible policy of Howe. To place the ships at sea in the closest possible touch with the enemy, storm-beaten no doubt, but manned by men who could weather the storm, and were, therefore, better fitted to gain the vantage position for bringing the enemy to action; that was the policy of St. Vincent. So far from the nursing system being watched with distrust, the Admiralty has the greatest difficulty in resisting demands for all sorts of expenditure, as at Wei-hai-wei, where some "experts" would have us repeat the Gibraltar policy. A training for war involves giving the Navy the equipment and auxiliary ships that will enable our

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fleets to blockade an enemy and not be tempted back by minor defects to a dockyard. When St. Vincent forced this policy on the Navy, it was discovered that a blockading fleet could be frequently revictualled without abandoning its station. A great strain was thrown on those storm-beaten ships and their crews, but it hardened the remorseless grip in which they held the Conqueror of Europe until Europe shrunk to Elba. It was not until a greater strain was thrown on our steam navy, by the institution of annual manœuvres, that we discovered that coaling at sea is feasible. The moral is plain. It must ever be the aim of the Admiralty and all officers to find out the limits of endurance of ships and men, while training is devoted to increasing those limits. Thus Milo began his fabled task. Thus Frederick the Great trained his cavalry to make attacks at 700 yards in 1748, 1500 yards in 1751, and finally 1800 yards in 1755, with disperse, rally, and pursuit thrown in.[1] Doubtless, in the process of punishing the inefficients, there may have been hard times for the innocents, and the Prussian cavalry may have sworn as "terribly" as our army did in Flanders. The methods of war and its thorough training are inseparable, and therefore more or less brutal. Not long ago an officer stated that whereas seamen could formerly hoist a cutter at the double now they did it at a walk. St. Vincent, instead of reaching back to things which are past, like masts and sails, would probably have held an inquiry as to what the officers had been doing with the men's wills and muscles. Were they employed in cleaning bright work instead of exercising at physical drill, boats, rushing coastal positions, and carrying guns to the heights? When the cutter had been *walked up*, was it then lowered down to the water's edge more than once, until the men took the hint to hoist the boat *at the double?* One is almost ashamed to mention such obvious remedies as the great majority of naval officers would resort to, since they prefer realities to appearances, and doing things well to doing them anyhow. It is their habit to do

[1] *Journal of United Service Institution*, No. 272.

Google

most of the work against time, careful records being kept of the speed at which boats, torpedo-nets, or collision-mats are got out; coal taken in; pumps rigged and worked; and water-tight doors closed. This habit makes for efficiency as long as it does not lead to undue specialism in the organisation of the vessel. Specialism can always be repressed by admirals and captains ordering numerous imaginary casualties in the crew.

The principle of increasing the strain ought to be followed out systematically, and in the end the most difficult situations for doing work should be preferred. If a fleet can face night tactics it will make light of the task by day. The Germans, in mining work, always have at least one "live" or fully charged mine mixed up with the others, to prevent the carelessness that is caused when all are dummies.

The annual prize firing that is now carried out at an extreme range of 1600 yards might be increased to at least 2000 yards, with progressive increases for each year in commission up to the limits at which efficient marking can be carried out. Through systematic practice, under an increasing strain, we are continually making fresh discoveries of the possibilities of war. What a campaign Colomb had to wage to introduce his flashing signals into the Navy, owing to people refusing to believe that eyes are capable of reading those rapid flashes of the light! Take, again, the following lesson of history officially conveyed in the Admiralty Report on the Naval Manœuvres of 1891:

> It is now perceived that the so-called "misconduct" which was punished with extreme severity in the earlier part of several eighteenth-century wars was not due, as was supposed, to want of loyalty or want of courage, but to insufficient acquaintance with the methods and principles of tactics, and the defective signalling system of the age.

Lord Charles Beresford made each of his captains temporarily handle a squadron under his command in the Mediterranean, himself watchful to negative a signal involving danger to any ship. This course is an admirable example of how to teach tactics and give confidence under responsibility. It is,

Google

however, one so contrary to our peace organisation as existing at present, that I should not be surprised to hear that the proceeding has been condemned as one contrary to "the custom of the Service." Manœuvres should be extended so as to make commanders and lieutenants handle the ships, and the higher ratings of the signal-staff should occasionally be sent below, so that the officers in charge are compelled to interpret signals smartly for themselves. In this way we can increase tactical *coup d'œil* and lessen dependence on the elaborate nursing system of signals which will smash up on the first close contact of two hostile fleets. Nelson said that five minutes makes the difference between victory and defeat, and we know that minutes have become seconds nowadays. Two fleets moving towards each other at the ordinary speed of fifteen knots, close at a rate of over a thousand yards a minute, or fifty feet a second. To put it another way: supposing they steer opposite courses so as to pass each other a thousand yards apart, a broadside gun with an arc of training of ninety degrees can be only kept bearing on any one ship of the enemy for the short space of two minutes, unless the course is altered. What opportunities are thus presented for tactical *coup d'œil* for the man who knows his ships and guns as a Boer knows his horse and veldt through long acquaintance! What opportunities for an admiral to manipulate his line if his officers can read the signals with ease by night or day! What prevents it? Only this, that it is the special business of the signal staff. "England," said an American, "is a country where you get lathered in one shop and shaved in the next." This "England which is famous for negligence"[1] has carried the false analogies of civil life into uncivil life, so that we have an elaborately organised system on board our battleships for giving the highest apparent efficiency in peace. The thing is an imposture. The captain is killed. The commander who succeeds him has never once handled the ship or had anything to do with the guns, except to keep the men cleaning the brass-work when the

[1] Marlborough.

Google

gunnery lieutenant is clamorous for drill classes. This vicious system is one which persists down through almost the whole hierarchy of rank, and it is one that the Admiralty has set itself to change during the next ten years.

There have been two great stumbling-blocks in the way of making this change in the fact that subjects alien to the war training of the Navy so largely monopolised its time. The masts and sails training has been struck down. The academic training of the professors is discredited, but still exists to prevent us from concentrating our efforts on perfecting officers in all branches of the art of war. One can understand a specialism which recognises that officers cannot be Newtons as well as Nelsons. It takes about three pages of foolscap to work out a latitude by pole star according to the methods of a senior wrangler at Cambridge, but since we get all we want in practice by a simple formula that enables us to work it out in half a page, I think we are fortunate in not having to be Newtons. It is only the dogmatism of the professors that aims at preventing our using physical demonstrations and formulæ unless we can theoretically prove them. A similar bias may be witnessed on the part of scholars who would limit the study of classical literature to those who can understand it in the original language. "What right has Captain Lambton to quote Plutarch," said a learned man to the writer, "when he cannot possibly know his classics?" I could only reply that Newcastle is part of a free country, and that Plutarch belongs to all ages and all men. Some years ago I was instructing a class of naval reserve officers in torpedo work, and was astonished to find that the majority of them did not know enough arithmetic to clear of fractions, a knowledge of which was essential to a part of the syllabus.[1] The fact that these officers were capable navigators and seamen led me to speculate as to how far the mathematical courses of midshipmen, sub-lieutenants, and

[1] The chapter on the second mate and his passing examination in Mr. Bullen's interesting new book on "The Men of the Merchant Service" will amuse those who wish to study how attempts are made to teach the sea on shore.

Digitized by Google

lieutenants could be cut down without loss, bearing in mind that fighting efficiency is the only goal we ought to have in sight.

"Indirectness," said Seeley, "is a great evil. The student's interest will always be very much in proportion to the progress he perceives himself to be making, while it is impossible for him to perceive his progress at all unless he has his goal in sight." Arguing on these lines, my conclusions culminated in the article in the first number of this REVIEW, proposing to abolish all academic courses after a boy leaves the *Britannia* at about sixteen years of age. This in part agrees with the conclusions of the different committees on Naval Education. My proposals thus involved the abolition of the Naval Instructor and the academic courses at Greenwich. As regards the present nine months' course for the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants at Greenwich, nothing is gained except a superficial insight into advanced mathematics. It is a mere blotting-paper knowledge, a blurred reproduction of the original that expresses waste, and is felt to be so by the great majority of specialists. These are the picked men of the whole Navy, and we do our best to injure them by prolonged withdrawal from sea service. This is no fanciful picture. It is what officers are very generally saying to-day and what they will all be saying to-morrow. There may come a time when we shall be glad to do for our professors what Carlyle proposed for literary men—that they should be paid for what they did not write. Cæsar, under necessity, taught his soldiers to row on land. He understood the practical application of the parallelogram of forces, but it would have fared ill with the scholar who ventured to tell him that he and his officers ought to find out the theoretical proof on which it is based. Let us sweep away similar misapprehensions of critics concerning the word "scientific" as applied to military operations in South Africa. Some seem to think that the science pointed to is an extra dose of the professor. On the contrary, neither Roberts, Kitchener, French, Ian Hamilton, Macdonald, nor Baden-Powell, are Staff College

Google

names. One may read through the last-named general's book on "Scouting" and never discover that he recognises the existence of academic training unless it be the recommendation to study Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," a hint which boys will take without any undue pressure. What are the complaints that have come from the front? That the mounted men have to learn how to look after their horses, the officers do not know how to scout, the soldier can only see five miles to the Boer's seven, and that the Regulars cannot shake down as well as the Colonials. We do not hear any counsels of perfection that in order to use a gun we must learn how to make it. Endless complaints come about practical matters of soldiering, and every one of them would be rendered worse by the efforts of schoolmen. An apparent exception is History, which has been recommended for study by every great commander except Marlborough, but we would choose a practical soldier to teach it and not a professor. Had we studied the history of the last Boer war, we should have fared better in those dark days when our colonies were invaded. At the close of his great military career, in 1888, Moltke issued this Order of Teaching:

> The lectures on military history offer the most effective means of teaching war during peace, and of awakening a genuine interest in the study of important campaigns. These lectures should bring into relief the unchangeable fundamental conditions of good generalship in their relations to changeable tactical forms, and should place in a true light the influence of eminent characters upon the course of events, and the weight of moral forces in contrast to that of mere material instruments. [1]

I have not dealt with the examination for the *Britannia* because it cannot be considered as a part of naval training. As, however, it is a subject of great public interest, a short criticism may not be out of place. It is noticeable that Latin

[1] Spenser Wilkinson, "The Brain of an Army." Compare the following from a German Army Order (1895): "A thorough knowledge of history forms an essential part of a general education, and is in many respects of the greatest use to every officer in his profession."—(Quoted, T. Miller Maguire at U.S. Institution.)

Google

is among the compulsory subjects, and one fails, like Mr. Roby of Latin Grammar fame, to see what benefit boys of fourteen can derive.[1] Yet we find Latin with these boys counting for twice as many marks as subjects of sound foundational education like arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English, or French, and four times as many marks as geography, English history, or drawing! Natural science is relegated to the optional subjects, where it is awarded half as many marks as Latin. This system is dated April 1, 1897, "for the information of parents and guardians." On October 1, 1899, the Admiralty drew up fresh regulations for the examination, on entry, of engineer students of a slightly higher age—from 14½ to 16½ years. In this case Latin is made optional, placed on an equality as regards marks with arithmetic, algebra, geometry, French, or English; less than natural science; and scoring twice as many marks as drawing, English history, or geography. The naval cadets' examination might very well be brought up to the more common-sense level of the engineer students; indeed, I see no reason why the two should not be assimilated both as regards age, subjects, and marking. The present system of having only three nominations for each vacancy in the *Britannia* seems rather too restricted as regards competition in view of the small number who succeed in obtaining qualifying marks. Those who fail in the latter respect are little more than bogus competitors. If a more liberal basis of nomination is not adopted, the Admiralty may find itself faced with a demand for open competition. This was a demand that Mr. Goschen made as First Lord of the Admiralty nearly thirty years ago. It is one that may be deprecated on the ground that revolutionary changes are nearly always bad for fighting professions. I pass briefly by the *Britannia* course. Two of the ablest officers in the service succeeded each other as captains of the *Britannia*, and the result of their work is that the school is more efficient than

[1] "No good can be done by enforcing the study of Latin for purposes for which it is not necessarily an indispensable qualification."—Mr. Roby in the House of Commons.

Google

ever for moulding the character as well as educating the mind. Admiral Moore, whose opinions I quoted in my previous article, did much to give a more distinctively naval training to the work on board. Captain Curzon-Howe completed Admiral Moore's work, and under his active influence the moral tone and behaviour of the cadets was such as we are all proud of. My own leaning is in favour of arranging a workmanlike scheme for studying naval history on board, and for this purpose I would sacrifice algebra and geometry.

Within the service the instructional arrangements should comprise seamanship; gunnery; navigation with surveying, pilotage, and knowledge of winds and currents; torpedo and electricity; and steam-engine, mechanical drawings, and heat. Languages to be a special instruction, and officers who pass for interpreters rewarded at least as well as they are in the Army. The internal economy of a man-of-war, which is comprised in seamanship, should also involve a knowledge of where to look for information as to docks, coaling facilities, and telegraph cables, also of matter conveyed in Intelligence Department Reports, and handling information in Admiralty Regulations and other publications. This instruction would, of course, be in addition to regular duties on watch, in boats, and at drills. At first a great deal of the midshipman's time would be devoted to signals. It is imperative that every midshipman should be well acquainted with signals within twelve months of joining the Navy. He should then be put on to work under a lieutenant in the teaching of training classes. A certain number of training classes should be arranged under lieutenants, and subdivided for special instruction under sub-lieutenants or midshipmen. There is nothing like instructing and handling men for instructing oneself and giving organising power. The lieutenant would make his own arrangements for carrying through a course of gunnery, torpedo, and seamanship. He would try the seamen in every way, finding out which are the best for coxswains, signals, or seamen-gunners, keeping his own Progress Books in which the details would be set forth.

Google

Two gunnery lieutenants in a squadron might be employed to examine men passing for seamen-gunners, this being taken in conjunction with the records of their target practice at the range and medical reports as to the eyesight of the men. The whole of the work of training and examination of seamen-gunners would therefore be done at sea instead of on shore at the depôts. Gradually, building on this system, the time might come to carry out Sir John Colomb's proposal to place the marines at sea entirely under naval officers.

The weak point in this arrangement is that, though gunnery instructors would be attached to the training classes, the lieutenants themselves are at present unfit to teach gunnery or torpedo, as this is looked upon as the business of the specialists. My answer is that they would soon become fit when the efficiency of their class work is an index of their fitness for promotion. Officers should go through courses at home, and lieutenants and sub-lieutenants should work for some hours a week under the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants. The commander, who should be in general charge of all equipment and organisation of the ship, should supervise all these arrangements, and organise additional lectures, such as on naval hygiene by the medical officers, and on officer of the watch duties for the instruction of warrant officers and midshipmen.

With the abolition of the academic course at Greenwich some thirty-five lieutenants would be released for sea service, so that a larger number of them could be passed through short practical gunnery and torpedo courses at the schools. Supposing the requirements to be twenty gunnery lieutenants per annum, and we send a hundred per annum through the sixty-five days' course given in an appendix note, then the twenty gunnery specialists could be selected from the hundred who pass through each year. In this way a constant stream of officers, in addition to naval reserve and senior officers, would be passing through the schools, bringing the sea-going ideas of the Navy with them, and taking away the systematic methods of the central gunnery school. The gun is the one naval weapon of universal

Google

use in maritime war, and all officers and men must strive to excel in handling it. My impression is that we are likely to enter at least thirty thousand men and five thousand boys into the Navy within three months of the outbreak of a great maritime war. We should have to train these new entries to shoot and drill at the guns, so that they do not smash up things in ships which may be in action within a week. It is a problem that is only half met, and so great is the regard for appearances in many ships that the reserve men out for *training*, being inefficients, are the last men to be mingled in the guns' crews.

With the introduction of more systematic training in gunnery for the sailor, the existence of a Royal Marine Artillery Corps in the Navy is unnecessary, and their place might be taken by an increase in the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The division of work at present is outlined by the following table for 1896, giving the guns in the ships commissioned and the crews manning them:

GUNS.

Heavy Guns 4" and over.		Light Q.F. and Machine Guns.		Manned by
853	...	975	...	27,514 sailors.
59	...	166	...	1,623 R.M.A.
26	...	312	...	7,397 R.M.L.I.

Thus we had 9020 marines in all to 27,514 sailors at the guns, or a proportion of 1 to 3. The anomaly is that the marine mans one in three of the light guns and only one in ten of the heavy guns. One would think that the quick-sighted handy sailor who always works at light guns in destroyers, boats, and on shore, and is accustomed to use his eyes at night on the look-out, is the best man for the small guns which are used to beat off torpedo-boat attacks.

I will not pretend that the sketchy suggestions I have made represent a complete scheme or my own final ideas on the subject; they are rather a suggestion of changes which can be practically carried out within five years. So much hinges on

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

gradually feeling our way practically, as, for instance, by trying to train and examine men in torpedo work in sea-going torpedo-depôt ships like the *Vulcan*, instead of sending them through the depôts in the home dockyards. The chief idea of the central depôts is to obtain systematised training, but my contention is that this can be equally well obtained at sea if the systematised training is impressed on the officers who should afterwards train the men. There must also be a liberal interchange of ideas by publication of reports circulated throughout the Navy. This leads me to another point.

There is so much that requires to be done in the way of organising instructional matter for voluntary study that one stands aghast at the indifference displayed on this subject. As correspondent for the *Times* in the last naval manœuvres, I was struck by the fact that not a single step was taken to interest the junior officers in the proceedings either by charts, papers, or lectures. It is impossible for officers to feel real interest in their work under such disheartening circumstances, nor can we expect from them the initiative to offer suggestions when they rise in rank. It is in war that the reserve forces begin to tell, when the potential energy we stored up in peace becomes active, and young lieutenants may be captains in a day, and are the better able to cope with this new responsibility for having been previously taken beyond the mere routine duties of peace. A few pages back we were discussing the lessons of the South African war. An Army Order that Lord Wolseley has just issued conveys one lesson that we might also follow. During the coming winter at least one lecture on a military subject is to be given to officers throughout the Army every week. These lectures can be varied by working out rapidly technical problems, orders being stated and reasons for giving them. The commanding officers can detail officers to lecture. The junior officers will give lectures to the men, questions being put to test their intelligence and attention. It cannot be said that the Navy has done much in this direction. On the other hand, the Admiralty has recently cut down the issue of con-

Digitized by Google

fidential manuals on gunnery and torpedo work. This course renders it imperative that small primers on gunnery, torpedo, and naval tactics should be prepared for general issue from which the strictly confidential details are cut out. The word "confidential" is so liberally, or rather illiberally, stamped on everything, that we lose respect for it or respect it so much as to lock up all books so effectually that no one ever sees them. Some years ago a translation from a French newspaper was made confidential. Government departments are prejudiced against the experience of every business in this world—that a percentage of loss has got to be faced. This applies all along the line, whether we are dealing with confidential matters or Government stores. Grave injury may be inflicted on the efficiency of the Navy by this obstinate prejudice. We might just as well at the other end of the scale find fault with the police because criminals in a great many cases escape arrest. The whole question is whether the percentage of failures is beyond what is reasonable.

It seems certain that the whole drift of naval training in the future will hinge on what is done at the Royal Naval College. At the risk of being told that Greenwich is my King Charles's head, that I cannot keep out of my discourse, I return to it as I began with it. For a few years longer, until we can see our way to carry out examinations in practical navigation and pilotage at sea, I would give the sub-lieutenants a two months' course at Greenwich in these subjects. They should, however, have to attend, in addition, at lectures on naval history and strategy. This change, and the abolition of the special course for gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, would, of course, remove the occupation of many of the professors. Some of them, whom Mr. Goschen introduced as new brooms at the founding of the College in the early seventies, are now very old brooms. They have succeeded in turning to mockery the wise hopes of the original founders, including Sir Cooper Key. "The Lectureship on Naval History was not filled up, and nothing was done about naval tactics in spite of his (Sir Cooper Key's) pressure, nor could he succeed at first in finding

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lecturers on International Law."[1] Mr. Goschen wanted the post of President of the College to be an active post, "so as to be identified with the active portion of the service, so as to command its confidence, *and to prevent any sentiment of the theoretical branch being separated from the active and practical* growing up." In every respect this hope has been falsified, and I am glad that belated attempts are now being made to fulfil it in part. The Committee that originally devised the course has seen its naval subjects thrown out. That Committee, in 1872, recommended thirty lectures a year on Naval History, at £10 a lecture. There have never been more than eight lectures, and the fee to the lecturer has been £5. For years there have been no lectures at all. In despair of waking up public sentiment to this disgrace to the Navy, I arranged with an M.P. to question Mr. Goschen as to how many lectures on Naval History took place in the Navy during the period 1889–99 inclusive. As Professor Laughton's name appeared in the "Navy List" during the period as Lecturer on Naval History at the R.N. College, a plain man would think that something was done. The plain man would be wrong, for this pretence is of a piece with much that has gone on at Greenwich. Of course, Mr. Goschen's answer was that no lectures had been delivered, but the question apparently led to a half-hearted recognition of the principle for which I am contending, for Professor Laughton commenced this November to deliver a course of ten lectures *for the senior officers.*

The great influence of Sir Cooper Key in founding the Naval College makes his views of exceptional interest. They are thus summarised in the Memoirs from which I have already quoted, the time at which they were enunciated being the period he was at the Admiralty:

> There was no doubt about the energy and intelligence of our young lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. Where they failed was in want of practical experience in handling ships in bad weather, and in other details of a seaman's duty. Such knowledge was only to be gained on board ship. . . . If it were

[1] "Memoirs of Sir Cooper Key."—Colomb.

Google

said that officers were deficient in "education," then he held that an officer's true education was carried on at every stage of his career, and as the object was to fit him for the path of life he had chosen, his *retention at school on shore could not effect that object, but would unfit him for his future duties.* He thought nine-tenths of the work of the service was done, and must be done, by practical men with very little book-learning, *who are thoroughly at home at sea in all circumstances, have the full confidence of the seamen, as they have been at sea from their boyhood, and know the seaman's duty as well as their own.* The remaining tenth must be this and more. They must have a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of some sciences and a partial knowledge of many.

Of course Sir Cooper Key could never have realised the inconsistency of the last sentence with the whole of his argument, nor could he have known the time it takes a man to obtain "a thorough theoretical and practical knowledge of some sciences." That it certainly is not obtained by the specialist lieutenants at Greenwich in any one science the Admiralty can find out to-morrow by inquiring of the chemistry or natural science professors. Or, again, why cannot the Admiralty for once waive the custom of the service, and obtain the opinion of each lieutenant who was in the last class at Greenwich as to the utility of the course? I fancy it would be something after this style, as I take it from the letter of one who has recently been through the course: "That year at Greenwich is to my mind absolutely waste time; the officers, unless of exceptional ability, having to work so hard at their *books* that they probably impair their health. They then find out, if they did not know it before, that, except to enable them to pass an examination set by schoolmasters, all that they have learnt will never be of any practical use to them; or, speaking more correctly, the chance of any of it being of use to them is so small that it certainly cannot be held to justify the waste of a whole year's practical experience at sea at their best age for appreciating it."

The true conservatism for the Navy is to keep to the sea, and to legislate soberly and progressively in peace, so that we may not have to panic-and-revolutionise during war. Owing to specialism and want of sea-training, our position would be

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

precarious in a war with a well-organised maritime Power. Happily that Power no more exists to-day than it did at the end of the last century. Germany is preparing, but it will take ten years and a vast sum of money before she is ready. Starting from the changes enumerated at the beginning of this article, something like the same period will be required to evolve out of the present nicely balanced peace system one suited to war's rough ordeal. Manœuvres give the public much too soft an impression of the realities of war. Admiral Fitzgerald has told us how, in the blockade of Wei-hai-wei, a Japanese lieutenant was frozen to death at his post in a torpedo-boat, and many were the episodes in which the Japanese showed heroic contempt for hardships and fatigue which the Admiral believes unsurpassed in history. In manœuvres we operate on a supposed hostile coast, the enemy generously affording us the benefit of navigation—instead of wrecking—lights, playing no dangerous ruses, and yet the incidence of fatigue is such as to make an officer, like an unhappy sinner who has experienced a foretaste of what he believes to be the destination of his soul, wonder what the real thing may be like. In the last manœuvres we never sighted a torpedo-boat, yet in ten days the B Fleet sunk one of its own destroyers, the *Minerva* fought an action with three phantom torpedo-boats, and we were reported by our own signal stations as enemy's cruisers, torpedo-boats, and so on. When, finally, some of the ships of both fleets sought rest under the "kindly" shelter of their own ports, the soldiers played the farce with zest, and harassed them with searchlights and guns, though happily searchlights, blinding the eyes of the officers navigating vessels through intricate channels, are more dangerous than guns firing blank ammunition. It is judgment and eyesight that are wanted; not nursing and academic education, but the *coup d'œil* which sees truly and acts rightly. Academic education and nursing may make men as wise as serpents, but they may go perilously near to completing the text by making them as harmless as doves.

CARLYON BELLAIRS.

Google

APPENDIX NOTES.

Present Revised Form of Seamanship Examination of Midshipmen passing for Lieutenant.

	Maximum No. of Marks.
1. Log Book and Journal—	
(*a*) Neatness of Log—Neatness and Quality of Information in Journal (25)	50
(*b*) Charts, Plans of Harbours, Sketches of Headlands, &c., and Mechanical Drawings (25)	
N.B.—Charts and Drawings must be original and signed.	
2. Construction—	
(*a*) Knowledge of the General Principles of Construction of Steel Ships (50)	100
(*b*) Stability—General Principles (25)	
(*c*) Watertight Compartments and Mode of Flooding and Clearing do. by Manual and Steam Appliances (25)	
(*Examination in the foregoing subjects is to be by a Paper of questions previously prepared under the directions of the Senior Examining Officer.*)	
3. Rigging—	
(*a*) Rigging, Fitting of, &c. (25)	125
(*b*) Rigging Sheers and Derricks for lifting heavy Spars, Guns, Mountings, and heavy weights in and out of Ships (50)	
(*c*) Knowledge of Tackle of all kinds (25)	
(*d*) Strength of Wire Rope, Breaking Strains and comparative Strength of Hemp, Wire, and Chain (25)	
4. Manœuvring and Officer of Watch Duties—	
(*a*) Miscellaneous Duties as Officer of Watch (50)	175
(*b*) Taking up a Berth in a Harbour or a Station on another Ship at Sea, including use of Martin's Anchor Board and Battenberg's Position Finder (75)	
(*c*) Action of Rudder and Screw on Ship (30)	
(*d*) Taking and being taken in Tow (20)	
5. Anchor Work—	
Working Anchors and Cables	100
6. Boat Work—	
Boat Work in all its branches and Practical Examination in the same	75

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

	Maximum No. of Marks.
7. Rule of Road—	
Thorough knowledge of Regulations and Requirements of Board of Trade for preventing Collisions at Sea . . .	100
8. Signals—	
(*a*) Flags, Naval Code (15), Semaphore (15), Morse (25), Night and Fog (20)	125
(*b*) Organising a Fleet or Squadron, and performing Evolutions (25)	
(*c*) Instructions for the conduct of a Fleet, for Cruisers, and other questions on the Signal Books (25)	
9. Organisation—	
(*a*) Internal Economy so far as affects Store Rooms, Magazines, Coal Stowage, &c. (50)	100
(*b*) Berthing and Messing a Ship's Company, leading Principles of such Stations as Fire and Collision (50) . . .	
10. Former Service—	
Captains' Certificates	50
Total	1000

Present Gunnery Course for Sub-Lieutenants (65 *days*).

Field Exercise, 11; Heavy Gun, 17; Light Quick-firing and Machine Guns, 6; Ammunition, 5; Cutlass and Pistol, 2; Turret Drill, 4; Rifle Practice, 3; Hydraulics and Gun Mountings, 8; Miscellaneous, 4; and Examination, 3 days.

Present Gunnery Course for Gunnery Lieutenants.

Diving Course, 10; Torpedo Work, 65; Gunnery Lectures, 12; Field Exercise, 17; Heavy Gun, 21; Light Q.F. and Machine Gun, 12; Ammunition, 12; Cutlass and Pistol, 4; Turret Drill, 8; Rifle Practice, 7; Hydraulics and Gun Mountings, 22; Miscellaneous, 12; and Woolwich Course, 20 days.

Google

THE OUTLOOK FOR BRITISH TRADE

IMPERIALISM is the cry of the hour. "Knit together the interests of our possessions all the world over. Union is strength. United we stand, divided we fall." These are the words which now fill men's mouths. And they have their truth and their value, otherwise what defence can we make for the millions spent on active and passive warfare, and for the loss of thousands of noble lives? All this cost in men and money is bestowed to consolidate the permanency and stability of the Empire. Are we certain that on our present lines this is secured beyond doubt? Upon what does this permanency, this stability depend? Surely chiefly upon England's continued industrial and commercial success. We speak of the necessary supremacy of our navy, and we are willing to vote any sum of money to enable us to uphold that supremacy. For what purpose is a powerful navy wanted? Clearly that in case of outbreak of war we may be able to protect our foreign trade in all its extent and ramifications, and that by the presence of our ships in overwhelming force such an outbreak may be rendered difficult. So, too, the enormous sum which we spend on our army is defensible only because its purpose is to secure the same object. All our naval and military expenditure, therefore, as well as the whole cost of supporting from Imperial sources our foreign dependencies, presupposes a continuance of our trade and manufactures upon a scale at least as considerable as it is

Google

at the present time. And should our industrial activity be lessened and our foreign trade thereby be decreased owing to a failure to keep pace with the industrial progress of other nations, no extension of our military or naval power can prevent national decadence.

To preserve our national position it therefore becomes a prime necessity that we shall use every effort, and spare no cost, so to equip ourselves that we can successfully meet the struggle for existence which is now pressing us hard.

That this struggle has now become a serious one is acknowledged on every hand by those best qualified to judge. Look where we will, to Germany, Switzerland, America, Japan, we learn not only that neutral markets, which not long ago were our own, are rapidly being supplied from one or other of these foreign sources to an alarming extent, but that even foreign competition is running us close, in some instances over-running us, within our own borders. This state of things is not confined to new trades, though in these it is, perhaps, most conspicuous: it touches the great staple industries, which have made England what she is; our iron and steel manufactures in all its branches, our textile industries of cotton, linen, and wool —these as well as a host of relatively less important trades are all feeling the pinch. Every year that passes—almost every day —brings us fresh proofs of the gravity of the situation. English experts who have lately visited the United States return appalled by the industrial progress which has taken place there during the last five years. Indeed, in manufacturing activity it is no less than a revolution. In steel-making, tool-making, and all branches of engineering, and in leather-dressing, only to name two items, our American cousins are forging ahead at a pace and with a determination which it will take us all our time to beat. Then our Teutonic relations are equally serious in their efforts to become a leading industrial community, and success is to a great extent already achieved. They have beaten us in the race of ocean-going steamers; they build warships and guns at least equal to our own; in electrical engineering they are

Google

distinctly ahead of us; in the manufacture of the finer newer chemicals they have it all their own way; in accurate scientific instrument-making we must now yield the palm to them; English women are mainly clothed with woollen garments ready made in Germany; the silk and ribbon looms of Lyons and of St. Etienne have had to give way to those of Chemnitz and Basle. And little Switzerland, destitute of seaboard and of coal, competes disastrously with Nottingham and Leicester. Japan, too, in one sense the newest of civilised nations, is rapidly pushing out Manchester goods from the Eastern markets, to say nothing of supplying her own requirements in these products. Look again at the enormous increase in shipments entering foreign ports, notably that of Antwerp, where now the tonnage vies with that entering the port of London.

If doubts should be entertained of the naked truth of the above statements, let the doubters refer to the Board of Trade returns, to reports issued by the Board of Education, to our Consular reports; let them read the statements made at the meetings of our Chambers of Commerce, and note the articles on foreign competition published day by day in the newspapers, and especially in the *Times*. They will there find chapter and verse giving full particulars of the alarming growth in all branches of trade and commerce in countries where fifty years ago such activity was wholly unknown.

But the English manufacturers may reply: "This state of things is well known to us; we were the originators of the factory system, we were the forerunners in the great race of industrial activity, ours were the first steam engines, railways, and steam vessels; it is we who have taught the world how to bridle the steam-horse both at sea and on land; how to annihilate space, and to bring the raw products of every clime to our own shores at an insignificant cost, how to work them up into the finished article for the use of our less skilled fellow men and to the benefit of ourselves. Even in the spread of our methods and inventions to other lands we have been rewarded, for the export of our machinery and other manufacturing

Google

necessities has brought us in millions upon millions. Your jeremiads are misplaced; our industries have never been so flourishing as during the last few years; the volume of trade has never been so large. We have been unable to take all the orders for goods pressed upon us, but we have had our pick of the best, and have left those we did not think worth having to the foreigner." Then they may add: "Just look at our working population. Where will you find men and women better paid, better fed, better clothed than in England? Again, test in another way: How about the increase of the population and the consequent activity of the building trades? Go where you will in the neighbourhood of all our great cities, and in many smaller towns, and notice the acres upon acres of ground covered with new comfortable homes. It is true that foreign ports are doing a large and greatly increased trade, but is it not almost entirely borne in British ships? What Englishmen," they may add, "have done they can still do, and we rely on our national pluck, on our commercial instincts shown in a hundred fields, and on our insular position. So long as this evident prosperity exists," they may conclude, "why should we distress ourselves, why look forward to disaster which may never arise?"

Such a position, we reply, reminds one of the ostrich hiding his head in the sand in order that he may not see the advance of the enemy. And to be satisfied with things as they are, not to make provision for a rainy day, or to fail to see the shadow cast by coming events, is simply to live in a fool's paradise. To those whose minds are open to receive impressions which are not those of the passing hour, whose vision is not limited to their immediate surroundings, and especially to those who can compare from personal observation what is going on abroad with our position at home, an insular disregard of foreign proceedings, an ignorance and distrust of new and scientific methods, and a persistence in, and contentment with, the old ones, are the most serious symptoms of the disease of the body politic. There are none so blind as those that will not see. The fact is that the whole conditions of success in

Google

modern industrial undertakings of every kind are entirely altered, for Molière's lines, "Nous avons changé tout céla," have a wider application than ever entered into the poet's head. And until our statesmen and our leaders of industry realise this, England will go on "muddling through somehow," but she will soon find out, too late it is to be feared, that the muddle is a catastrophe. But it may properly be asked, what are the changed conditions of affairs now as compared with those of the years that have gone? The change may be described in a word. It is the difference between rule of thumb and rule of science. It is the difference between ignorance and knowledge: between groping in the dark and walking in the sunshine.

The want of appreciation, amounting in many cases to absolute distrust, of the application of scientific method to industrial pursuits, the clinging to old habits of work rather than embracing new opportunities, is the creeping paralysis which threatens the industrial life of the nation. This partly lies in the inherent qualities, many of them admirable ones, of our people. They are self-reliant, industrious, trustworthy and courageous, but they are slow to move, slow to change, conservative to a fault, and therefore difficult to convince that any road can be safer or better than the one they have been accustomed to travel. In short, they are not alert although they may be bold. But this distrust of modern ideas is also to a great extent due (and this perhaps is more true of the higher than of the lower ranks of society) to our past and present provision for education. Up to within thirty years of this twentieth century England had no national system of education for the people. Scotland alone stood in a different position, thanks to John Knox. Since 1870, however, the schoolmaster has been abroad with us, and the work which he has done has been beyond praise. It is, however, a common belief that the training given, at any rate up to recent years, in our elementary schools tended to turn out boys more fitted to work as clerks than as workmen. If this be so, surely such a system of elementary teaching is not conducive to our industrial

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

prosperity, for the boy on leaving school and entering on practical life, having received no instruction about, and having therefore no knowledge of, the route which lies before him can only follow in the steps of those who, perhaps less educated than himself, lead him on, if indeed leading it can be called. How can a boy with such a bringing up blossom into an original-minded craftsman? One out of a thousand may do so, but this he does not by the help of but in spite of that which in his case is miscalled education; the οἱ πολλοί remain for ever either wedded to the ways of their ancestors, or sink down to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. It is satisfactory to know that at the present time some of these dangers have been removed, but there are still rocks ahead which must be avoided if we wish to land our cargo safely.

For it must be remembered that although the changes which have been made in the Code from time to time have been all in the direction of introducing "hand and eye work" in the shape of drawing, manual exercises and the rudiments of science taught practically in the laboratory, by all of which the deadening influence of mere "bookwork learning" is to some degree effaced and the observational powers of the children so far awakened, yet there is still much to be desired in our system of elementary education. The children are all tarred with the same brush: town-bred and country-bred are treated mainly alike. The sons of the Manchester or London artisan and of the Dorsetshire labourer have to go through practically the same educational mill. What is needed is more differentiation, more elasticity, more liberty in the choice of subjects, and especially in the methods of their presentation. Let us hope that this will come.

Nor in noting progress must one forget the inestimable service rendered by School Boards in the establishment of the higher grade schools, the very existence of which, in the opinion of some, is endangered by the recent legal judgment. These schools are the links which bind the elementary to the secondary education. Their object is to pick out the future

Google

Faradays and to give them a helping hand up the ladder. To destroy or damage these schools is inevitably to weaken the popular hold of ideas which might ripen into constructive and inventive fruit so urgently needed for industrial competition, and it is to be hoped that the recent decision may have the effect of strengthening rather than weakening the position of these schools.

But more important than all the changes brought about in the Code, and of more direct bearing upon industry and commerce, are the results of the Technical Instruction Acts of 1889 and 1890. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of English educative legislation than the universal assent which was given to the proposal—for which we have to thank Mr. Arthur Acland to begin with, and Lord Goschen to end with —that £800,000 per annum should be appropriated by the State, and handed over to the County Councils, for the purpose of teaching the people the principles of the science and art upon which their trades depend. Nor is it less remarkable to observe the way in which municipal and other local authorities, as well as corporate bodies, have met this Imperial grant, not only by raising local and bestowing corporate funds, but by devoted personal effort and labour, with the view of rendering this grant more efficacious than it otherwise could be. And, without wishing to magnify unduly the results which have been and are being attained, it is not too much to say that in this respect—namely, in the system of what may be properly termed the elementary technical education of our people—we are certainly not behind, but perhaps even before, other countries. So we may fairly say that, as regards those who are acting, or are to be called upon to act, as workmen or foremen our people—women as well as men—are now given the opportunity to become acquainted with or to improve themselves in the theory and practice of their trades to an extent undreamt of twenty years ago, and to a degree which compares favourably with those placed before any of their foreign fellows. But, whilst no effort should be or is now being spared to improve

Google

the workman to the utmost, it must not be forgotten that what the nation most urgently requires is the highly trained expert who is to direct the skilled workman. No amount of technical schools for the workmen can save an industry from decadence if the leader is not a man of high general instruction as well as specially versed in the sciences upon which his industry is based.

Is the case, then, of those more highly endowed with this world's goods really any better—indeed, is it not worse?—than that of their poorer fellows? A national system of secondary education has, so far at least, proved to be past praying for. Chaos still reigns supreme. Divergent interests are hard to reconcile. Vested interests are strong, and any government which undertakes to unravel the tangle must not only have its heart in the work, but be powerful enough to carry it through. Under these untoward conditions what course, then, ought a boy to take who has either the brains or the position, or both, to fit himself to be a man of light and leading in the world of English industry? The old plan was to turn the lad as soon as he could read and write and cipher decently into the shops of his father's or his friend's factory. He must work like any other boy; he must be there at six o'clock every morning till six at night, and hammer and file or spin and weave with his fellow "hands." Thus he learnt his trade. To send him to one of our great public schools and afterwards to the University, was in his father's eyes, and the father was a keen-sighted person, certain ruin to his prospects as far as industrial life was concerned. So such boys grew up to man's estate in a narrow groove, and it was only in the rare case of exceptional ability or under exceptionally favourable conditions that one was able to successfully carry out any new move; the rest could do no more than hold their own or perhaps extend their trade on the lines laid down by their predecessors. So long as they had command of the trade, so long as they had no competitors treading on their heels, so long were they successful, practical, sound English manufacturers, who made their fortunes without much trouble or thought, and who expected their sons to go

Digitized by Google

and do likewise. But things did not continue to go on so smoothly; the foreigner made his appearance on the stage and proved to be an important character, and by no means a mere walking gentleman. Then our practical man opens his eyes and finds the line blocked.

Are we, however, to admit that the public school and the university education, with the absence of any real teaching of modern languages, is inimical to a successful industrial career? If this be so it reveals a serious state of things, for it is undeniable that for a leader of men, for the head of a great and growing manufacturing concern, public school training ought for many great and cogent reasons to be the best preparation. It may be said that the manufacturers have only recently been disabused of the notion of the unfitness of the public school and university as training for their sons, and that the time has not yet come when those who have thus been trained can show their mettle. In the meanwhile, however, our trade is slipping away from us, and he would be a bold man who could with confidence assert that it would be safe to trust to men trained in the present system of those schools to win it back again. For whilst amongst those eminent in the Church, in the Army, in the higher Civil Service, in the Legislatures, public school and university men predominate, the examples will be found to be few and far between of men with that training who have made their mark as leaders in industry or even in commerce. Hence, we are forced to the conclusion that, be the reasons what they may, that which for argument's sake we may call our only national system of secondary and higher education is unfitted to, or at any rate does not, supply a great and crying national want, namely, for men fitted to cope with the danger we run of losing our pre-eminence in industry and commerce.

Look at the question from another point of view. Consider for a moment the long list of names of men who have advanced our old industries, who have founded new ones, who have by their achievements revolutionised society, and then ask how many of these men (one might easily name a hundred)

Digitized by Google

have had a public school and university training. Scarcely any. Most of them have, of course, had no school training worth talking about; they have risen to the first rank by their innate powers of brain and will; their school has been the workshop, their university the world. Then, it may be replied, if your great saviours of society have been self-made men, why all this educational fervour? Simply, again, because the conditions of things are changed. Old things have passed away and given place to the new. The engineers, the chemists of the past, had much less complex problems to deal with than their brethren of to-day. The roads, the bridges, the railways, the steam engines which were built by our English engineers in the past were simple matters compared with the construction of the Forth Bridge or the elaboration of an electric light station. The manufacture of soap or alkali on a large scale demanded only a moderate amount of knowledge of scientific chemistry, but for the economic production of artificial indigo an intimate acquaintance with, and a perfect command over, the highest and most complicated problems of organic chemistry is essential. To advance science, whether pure or applied in the early stages of scientific history, was comparatively easy; to make discoveries of equal importance in the more advanced stages demands not only a thorough knowledge of what has gone before, but especially a complete training in the methods by which these results have been obtained. To be a leader in new paths the outfit must now be full: an inadequate provision rapidly brings the traveller to grief.

Here it is then that the want of system and the absence of provision is most strikingly felt. It is a systematised training for the men who are to be the officers of the industrial army which is lacking. Moreover, their preliminary preparation has hitherto been so incomplete that they are unable to take full advantage of the higher instruction, or to study with profit the special sciences which they are bound thoroughly to master in such institutions as exist. Not only, however, must justice be done, but full credit awarded, to those far-sighted

Google

persons who, whether acting as representing corporate bodies or as private individuals, whether as members of the profession of teachers or as a portion of the general public, have taken steps to set up and to maintain in various parts of the kingdom new universities, as Victoria and Birmingham, with university colleges and high schools of science and research, as well as the older studies, where, under the hands of able teachers, the competent man may not only carry on his scientific education up to the highest limits of the known, but where he can learn what is even more important—namely, the methods by which excursions may be made into the unknown.

This latter is, indeed, the essence of a scientific training; it is to fit the mind of the learner so that he may understand how to approach the investigation of a new problem, how to overcome the difficulties with which it is beset, and how to carry such work to a successful issue. Nothing but training in scientific research can possibly provide this necessary outfit. No distinction in scholarship, no amount of book-learning, still less the much-coveted "blue," can supply this, and the misfortune from which the country suffers is that, whilst public honour is generally paid and support given to prominence in the above, any acknowledgment of the value of the study of scientific method, or recognition of the services of those who are masters of that method, is but very occasionally met with. This position of affairs carries with it grave consequences. The most important of these is that our statesmen who, so it is said, cannot act in advance of public opinion and without its support, are unwilling to take the steps which the governments of other nations have long ago deemed necessary, of giving State recognition by the establishment and maintenance of at least one complete and thoroughly organised High School of Science. We should have one equipped on a like scale, to do for English industries what the Federal Polytechnicum at Zurich has done for those of Switzerland, and what the Reichs-Anstalt at Charlottenburg is doing for those of Germany. The establishment of such a complete seat of

Google

scientific training and research, say in the Metropolis, would not merely enable the requisite education of the highest type to be given in all branches in one institution, though not necessarily in one building, which now exists only sporadically and inadequately (though, so far as it goes, efficiently), in independent centres, but it would at once give a stamp of Imperial importance to these essential studies which, though acknowledged as State possessions in other countries, are, as such, here almost unrecognised. This can, however, best be done by paying due regard to the claims of existing institutions and by taking care that proper use is made of the educational advantages which such institutions afford to the Metropolis, by co-ordination and additions where necessary, rather than by the establishment of entirely new schools.

Against such a proposal we have at once the cry raised by the so-called economists, and by the older school of statesmen: "Why should the nation pay for the education of persons who can quite well afford to pay for it themselves? The less Government meddles with the higher education the better for the country. All that a Government can be legitimately called upon to do is to help those who cannot help themselves," and so on. This argument will not hold water. Does not Parliament at the present moment vote very large grants to the Scottish Universities? Are not similar though much smaller grants voted to the English and Welsh University colleges? Are not the Royal Colleges of Science in London and in Dublin supported by Government? Then large grants are made to the British Museums and many other institutions of a more or less educational character, which benefit many besides those "who cannot help themselves." Indeed, the question may well be asked, Why does the nation pay away its millions for free elementary education? Surely not out of commiseration for the struggles for existence of the poor, but entirely because it rightly believes that it is for the benefit of our people as a whole that all should be delivered from the consequences arising out of national ignorance. The national elementary schools are not for the poor alone;

by Google

they are for everybody, and the pity is that we in England do not act, as do our brethren across the sea, upon the great principle of equality before the schoolmaster. If, then, it can be proved—and proved it can be—that the establishment and maintenance of a perfectly equipped High School for Science—a scientific university—is a step which must be taken as one means of warding off the danger which threatens our industrial well-being; if it can be further shown that the necessity for taking such a step is immediate, and that to wait until public opionion is so far awakened to the state of the case that private munificence steps in to the rescue is to court ruin; if these things are true, what defence can an intelligent government make against founding or assisting to found so necessary an institution?

The University of London is at this moment being reconstructed. Is the present, then, not a favourable opportunity for the Government to come forward, and to assist the University, which has no funds for this purpose, in establishing such a complete High School for Science, and to place England in this respect at least on a level with little Switzerland?

The nation is prodigal of its wealth and of its life when duty calls. We are spending a hundred millions to save our Empire in South Africa; and the lives of thousands of brave men on both sides have been sacrificed in the cause. Our educational war is also waged to save the Empire. It requires no sacrifice of life, and its cost is a trifle compared with that called for month by month by the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. Moreover, if all this is true, if England by her supineness and blindness is running even a remote risk of losing her trade and her industrial position, surely we are not asking too great a boon from a Government which has proved itself so alive to its responsibilities as to pay dearly for the honour and welfare of the Empire, when we say help us to combat the enemy not by shooting him down, but by proving to him in peaceful contest that the Englishman is the better man.

H. E. Roscoe.

Google

OLIVER CROMWELL[1]

IT must be, one thinks, with some amused surprise, that the two Privy Councillors, Lord Rosebery and John Morley, having parted company on the battle-field of politics, meet again in the Elysian fields of Literature. It is certainly an amusing coincidence that almost on the same day one presented the public with a study of the last days of the Emperor Napoleon and the other with a sketch of the life and work of Oliver Cromwell.

For, though these two men about whom they write differed in almost every feature of their characters: the one a typical offspring of the Latin race, the other a Teuton of Teutons: the one a soldier who served himself heir to politicians, the other a patriotic citizen who stumbled into soldiering: the one lonely and loveless, the other with warm family affections: the one—as Lord Rosebery helps us to see—devoid of fixed faith, the other penetrated through and through by strong religious conviction; in spite of these and many other great dissimilarities, the one resemblance in their lives, arising from the fact that both made themselves supreme rulers over an ancient king-governed state, is so striking and so full of meaning that, as long as European history is studied, men who name Napoleon will also think of Cromwell, and those who speak of Cromwell will sooner or later compare him with Napoleon.

However, our business at present is with the great Pro-

[1] "Oliver Cromwell," by John Morley.

Google

tector and his latest biographer. Biographer, perhaps, one should hardly call him, but rather student of his character; for Mr. Morley would be the first to disclaim the merit of having written a full and exhaustive biography of Cromwell. What he has done is to give us another specimen of those brilliant appreciations of great men (we want a word to express the mingled praise and blame of the French *éloge*) in which he is such an unrivalled master.

In order to get anything like an adequate view of the career of such a man as Cromwell into the compass of five hundred pages, all minute detail must be rigorously excluded. The work of the author of such a book involves a continual throwing overboard of cargo, in itself valuable and interesting, but for which there is absolutely no room on board. Perhaps no one who has not tried his hand at this kind of work can understand all its difficulty nor estimate at its full value the superb literary skill which has succeeded in comprising within such narrow compass all that is absolutely essential to an intelligent appreciation of Cromwell's character. It is hard for a student of history not to grudge to the dull political arena a man of Mr. Morley's remarkable and almost unique literary gifts; yet on the other hand one is forced to confess in reading both this book and his previous biography of Robert Walpole that his observation of the working of the machine of the British Constitution from within, has given point and emphasis to many of his remarks about the politics of past centuries. If sometimes we fancy that we can read between the lines an allusion to present difficulties and perplexities, this is so slightly hinted that no one need have his attention disturbed from Cavalier and Roundhead by thoughts of Conservative and Radical. A phrase like this, however, is surely drawn from the author's personal observation, "We do not know what party means, if we suppose that its leader is its master." Perhaps the following sentence concerning Falkland and his friend is meant as a warning to the party to which the present writer belongs:

Google

They were doubtless unwilling converts to the Court party, but when a convert has taken his plunge he must endure all the unsuspected foolishness and all the unteachable zealotry of his new comrades—an experience that has perhaps in all ages given many a mournful hour to generous natures (p. 96).

Again, take this description of a meeting of the officers and soldiers of the parliamentary army at Saffron Walden in 1647:

The whole scene and its tone vividly recall the proceedings of a modern trade-union in the reasonable stages of a strike. In temper, habit of mind, plain sense, and even in words and form of speech the English soldier of the New Model two centuries and a half ago must have been very much like the respectable miner, ploughman, or carter of to-day. But the violence of war had hardened their fibre, had made them rough under contradiction and prepared them both for bold thoughts and bolder acts.

A luminous and suggestive comparison, which we probably owe to the fact that its author has done good service before now as mediator between master and men in a great industrial contest.

It is interesting to see how such a writer as Mr. Morley judges of those who have preceded him in his path of historical inquiry. Of two names—those of Gardiner and Firth—he speaks with the gratitude which all students of the Civil War must feel towards those admirable guides. His omission of the name of Professor Masson is probably accidental, since it is hardly possible to avoid being indebted to the author whose patient labour accumulated the facts contained in that great historical treasure-house the "Life of Milton."

To Clarendon [says Mr. Morley] Cromwell was a rebel and a tyrant, the creature of personal ambition, using religion for a mask of selfish and perfidious designs. Burke saw in him one of the great bad men of the old stamp, who exercised the power of the State by force of character and by personal authority. Cromwell's virtues, he says, were at least some correctives of his crimes. His government was military and despotic, yet it was regular; it was rigid, yet it was no savage tyranny. Ambition suspended but did not wholly suppress the sentiment of religion and the love of an honourable name. Such was Burke's modification of the dark colours of Clarendon. As time went on opinion slowly widened. . . . The genius and diligence of Carlyle, aided by the firm and manly stroke of Macaulay have finally shaken down the Clarendonian tradition. The reaction has now gone far—

Google

Mr. Morley hints that it has gone a little too far, in reference to Cromwell's constructive work as a statesman.

It is, as Mr. Morley says, pre-eminently "the genius and diligence of Carlyle" that have changed men's opinions as to the character of the great Protector. But there are other qualities of Carlyle that arouse Mr. Morley's strongest aversion, and the only sentences in the book which seem to have been written when the author was thoroughly out of temper are those which deal with the preacher of hero-worship.

> As for those impatient and importunate deifications of Force, Strength, Violence, Will, which only show how easily hero-worship may glide into effrontery, of them I need say nothing. History, after all, is something besides praise and blame. To such measures, equity and balance is not necessarily the sign of a callous heart and a mean understanding.
>
> It is not enough to describe one who has the work of a statesman to do as "a veritable Heaven's messenger clad in thunder." We must still recognise that the reasoning faculty in man is good for something. "I could long for an Oliver without rhetoric at all," Carlyle exclaims, "I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive eloquence with wild flashing heart and scimitar is 'Wretched mortal, give up that, or by the Eternal, thy maker and mine, I will kill thee. Thou blasphemous scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in the name of Allah?'" Even such sonorous oracles as these do not altogether escape the guilt of rhetoric. As if, after all, there might not be just as much of sham, phantasm, emptiness, and lies in Action as in Rhetoric. Archbishop Laud with his wild flashing scimitar slicing off the ears of Prynne, Charles maliciously doing Eliot to death in the Tower, the familiars of the Holy Office, Spaniards exterminating hapless Indians, English puritans slaying Irishwomen at Naseby, the monarchs of the Spanish Peninsula driving populations of Jews and Moors, wholesale and innocent, to exile and despair—all these would deem themselves entitled to hail their hapless victims as blasphemous misbirths of Nature. What is the test? How can we judge? The Dithyrambic does not help us. It is not a question between Action and Rhetoric, but the far profounder question, alike in word and in deed, between just and unjust, rational and shortsighted, cruel and humane.

A strong and well-put criticism on the great rhapsodist, this passage shows us Carlyle at his most nympholeptic mood. his critic in his sagest and most moral. How very Carlyle is the strophe: how thoroughly Morley the antistrophe.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In Mr. Morley's estimate of the leading men of the revolutionary age we find much of that quality of "balance" (a favourite word of his) which he so highly and so rightly prizes. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable to observe how much fairer an advanced Radical politician can be to Strafford and Laud than was an old-fashioned Whig like Lord Macaulay. The change, the improvement in judicial tone, is, perhaps, not wholly due to a difference of temperament but is partly the result of higher notions of a historian's duty. There is less of the party pamphlet, more of calm scientific investigation in history as now written, than there was in the days of Croker and Macaulay. The character of Strafford as drawn by Mr. Morley seems to me admirably fair and true. Though, as he says, "Happily for us, men of deeper insight than Wentworth perceived that the assertion of the popular check was, at this deciding moment in English history, more important than to strengthen executive power in the hands of the King"; yet it is equally true that "he had energy, boldness, unsparing industry and attention, long-sighted continuity of thought and plan, lofty flight, and as true a concern for order and the public service as Pym or Oliver or any of them." Evil were the days when no better use could be found for such a noble Englishman than to roll his head in the dust of the scaffold on Tower Hill.

Of Laud, too, Mr. Morley, who assuredly has no sympathy with his theological position, says, with very true perception:

> He had all the harshness that is so common in a man of ardent convictions, who happens not to have intellectual power enough to defend them. But he was no harder of heart than most of either his victims or his judges. Prynne was more malicious, vindictive, and sanguinary than Laud, and a Scottish presbyter could be as arrogant and unrelenting as the English primate.

Here again the noisy polemic of Macaulay has given place to a graver and fairer style of criticism.

Mr. Morley's determination to be fair even to men of the most opposite principles to his own carries him, I venture to think, a little too far in the case of Charles I.

Google

It is little wonder [he says] that just as royalists took dissimulation to be the key to Cromwell, so it has been counted the master vice of Charles. Yet Charles was not the only dissembler. At this moment (1646) the Scots themselves boldly declared that all charges about their dealings with Mazarin and the Queen were wholly false, when in fact they were perfectly true. In later days the Lord Protector dealt with Mazarin on the basis of toleration for Catholics, but his promises were not to be publicly announced. Revolutions do not make the best soil for veracity. It would be hard to deny that before Charles great dissemblers had been wise and politic princes. His ancestor Henry VII., his predecessor Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, his wife's father, Henry IV. of France, Louis XI., Charles V., and many another sagacious figure in the history of European states had freely and effectively adopted the maxims of Machiavelli.

Of course, as far as Louis XI. and Henry VII. are concerned, Mr. Morley's meaning is that they used these principles of statecraft to which, after they had disappeared from the scene, Machiavelli gave the sanction of his name. But waiving that small point of criticism, is not this apology for Charles I.'s persistent insincerity more generous than just? To dissemble is one thing; to make solemn promises with the intention of breaking them at the first opportunity is another and generally a more fatal thing. True it is that the miserable maxim, "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare" was too often on the lips or in the heart of all those sovereigns of the Renaissance. True also that one of them, Francis I., afforded a signal instance of faith solemnly plighted and gaily violated. But I think it will be found that as a rule, when Elizabeth, or Charles V., or Henry IV. had made a compact with their subjects they stuck to it; not perhaps from any high notions of morality, but because they knew that it would in the end be to their interest to do so. This the unfortunate Stuart king never understood. From the letters found in his cabinet at Naseby and from many similar proofs his subjects learned that no form of promise could be fashioned strong enough to bind his conscience, and this it was which turned the contest between him and his Parliament into a truceless war and which led, as its all but necessary climax, to the tragedy of Whitehall.

To use a military analogy, the dissimulations of Elizabeth

Google

and Henry IV. were like the stratagem wherewith the commander of an army in the field seeks to outwit his enemy; but the repudiations of his plighted word which Charles Stuart meditated were like breaches of a formal capitulation entered into on the surrender of a fortress—surely a very different matter and one for which it is much harder to find justification or precedent. And with a combatant whose conscience permitted him to play thus fast and loose with promises, how was it possible to find any end of controversy but in the grave?

As for that event which will always be looked upon as the central scene in the great drama, the execution of King Charles, Mr. Morley's judgment coincides with that of Mr. Gardiner—a judgment which it has taken two centuries to form, but which is not likely to be reversed on appeal by future generations. Not "the inhuman and barbarous murder of a good and pious king by his own subjects,"[1] nor a deed which can without irreverence be in any way compared to the Crucifixion of Christ;[2] but also not an action which "more than any other has served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe;"[3] perhaps a crime since it was performed without due sanction of law; certainly a blunder since it was one of the strongest links in the chain which drew on the Restoration; it was, nevertheless, an event little desired by the chief actors in the tragedy and one for which the victim must share the blame with the executioner.

Doubtless the comparison has been often made but we may make it yet once more between the execution of Charles I. and that of his grandmother Mary Queen of Scots. Neither did Elizabeth desire the tragedy of Fotheringay nor Cromwell the tragedy of Whitehall. But if one of Mary's endless conspiracies had succeeded, few days of life would have remained to Elizabeth and Burleigh and Walsingham. If Charles could have

[1] Wheatley's "Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer," 547.

[2] As in the now disused service for the 30th of January.

[3] Charles James Fox quoted by Morley, p. 285.

Google

won back freedom and power by the help of Scot or Frenchman, of Presbyterian or Catholic, there would have been a repetition of the proscriptions of Marius and Sulla against the statesmen and soldiers who had dared to oppose the Lord's Anointed. By his duplicity, by his ill-conceived and mutually self-defeating plots, by his evident determination not to accept the arbitrament of war nor honestly to part with any one of his heaven-bestowed prerogatives; pre-eminently by the sanguinary embroglio of the second Civil War, Charles had made himself impossible, and Cromwell, who bore him no personal ill-will, who would probably have been glad to see him re-seated on a constitutional throne, found or thought that he found himself obliged, as a matter of self-preservation, to consent to his death. "From the first," as Mr. Morley says, "it had been 'My head or thy head,' and Charles had lost."

But that the execution of Charles Stuart was a blunder, that it was not the right solution of the difficult and complicated problem which had been set to England's statesmen in the middle of the seventeenth century, was shown by nothing more triumphantly than by Oliver's own unsuccessful attempts to erect an enduring edifice on the ground which was rent by that awful regicidal chasm. The varied attempts during nine years to govern England through the Parliament or without a Parliament, the Instrument, the Humble Petition and Advice, the institution of Major-Generals, the attempt to return to constitutional ways, and to call a free Parliament, the transient phantasm of "Oliver's Lords," are described with considerable minuteness by Mr. Morley, who rightly argues from that long succession of failures against Cromwell's right to be considered a great constructive statesman. Here once more we find in the essayist a recollection of some of the perplexities of the Cabinet Minister and the Radical orator. "There is no branch of political industry," says Mr. Morley, "that men approach with hearts so light and yet that leaves them at the end so dubious and melancholy as the concoction of a Second Chamber." An argument certainly in favour of retaining

Google

our present Second Chamber with all its illogicalities instead of "concocting" a brand-new one. And may we suggest that sometimes when the shouting is over and the Town-hall deserted, and the political philosopher, freed from the slavery of the platform, finds himself once more in the delightful liberty of his study, a suspicion crosses his mind that the "destruction" as well as the "concoction" of a Second Chamber might leave the doer of the deed as "dubious and melancholy" as Cromwell himself?

There are a hundred matters of interesting debate in this delightful book which might be touched upon, but I will briefly allude to only one, the Foreign Policy of the Protector. This has been lately condemned by one who is not an unfriendly critic, by Professor Gardiner, on the ground that it was too ambitious, and involved a larger outlay on land and sea forces than the England of the Commonwealth could afford. The criticism is no doubt just, but another criticism has been frequently made from the time of Bolingbroke to our own day, as to the *direction* of Cromwell's foreign policy, which seems to me more open to question.

The point is this: England found herself at the end of the Dutch War (1654) in possession of a well-manned navy and of a veteran army, and with the honour of her alliance eagerly solicited by the two great Powers of Western Europe. France and Spain were still continuing that struggle for the mastery which had never been really intermitted since the days of Francis I. and Charles V. After some hesitation, Cromwell determined to throw in his lot with France. Cardinal Mazarin became his obsequious friend; the stripling Louis XIV. sent him a diamond-hilted sword; by the fleet which was despatched to the Spanish main another more precious jewel, Jamaica, was plucked from the crown of the King of Spain. These triumphs, of course, gratified the nation and raised high the credit of the Protector, but it is asked, with much apparent force, were they obtained in the line which would have been adopted by a wise, far-seeing statesmanship? Spain was a

Google

"going-down" power. As we all know, by the end of the century the Great Powers were calmly debating among themselves the manner of the division of her Empire. France, on the other hand, was a rising power, and that very same lad who wooed Cromwell's favour with flattering words and a diamond-hilted sword, was to stand forth, in middle life, as *le Grand Monarque*, the ravager of the Palatinate, the all-but conqueror of Holland, the terror of Europe, the sovereign who came nearer to universal monarchy than any since the days of Charles V. Above all—and this would have wounded most sorely the Protestant soul of Cromwell—Louis XIV. was to approve himself the weightiest of all Hammers of the Heretics; the revoker of the Edict of Nantes, the author of the merciless Dragonnades.

So put, the indictment of Cromwell's policy certainly has a formidable sound. On the other hand, we shall all agree that a statesman is only to be judged by such knowledge of the Past and Present and such anticipation of the near Future as, with the limited nature of our faculties, he may be reasonably expected to possess. We have a perfect right to blame Lord North for not foreseeing the alliance between the American colonists and the Court of Versailles, but not for his ignorance of the future triumphs of Napoleon. Our Ministers may be expected to take precaution for our defence against a navy impelled by steam, but it would be hard to condemn the men of 1900 should England be invaded by flying machines in the year 2000.

Applying these principles to the case before us I think we may claim for Cromwell that on the evidence before him, if peace was out of the question, if he was bound to ally himself offensively and defensively with some European Power, he was not wrong in choosing France for his ally rather than Spain. On the whole, the traditions of the previous hundred years pointed to France as the friend and to Spain as the enemy of England. France had at one time seemed disposed to go over altogether to the side of the Reformation and

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

though under Richelieu and Mazarin, she was predominantly Catholic, Protestantism had still a chance of living in a modest and humble fashion north of the Pyrenees which was altogether denied to her in the home of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's day was horrible, but it was a spasmodic incident in a long Civil war, while the much more ghastly *Autos-da-fé* at Madrid were the regular routine performances of the Spanish monarchy, blessed by the Church and gloated over in all their hideousness by the besotted eyes of the great Catholic King. Nor is it, I venture to think, quite correct to say (as Mr. Morley does) that "The Spanish monarchy had begun to dwindle from the abdication of Charles V." Of course the division of the great Hapsburg inheritance between the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain was an important event, but it had been always understood that the union of its two parts was but temporary; in the main the Courts of Vienna and Madrid held on to the same line of policy. The revolt of the Netherlands was a most damaging blow to the power of Philip II., but it was almost counterbalanced by the acquisition of Portugal, which Philip and his successors held for sixty years. And then the utter weakness of France under the last Valois kings, the result of the long and bloody wars of Religion shifted the centre of gravity completely to the Spanish side. Surely all historians would agree that Philip II., though not lord of Germany or Holland, was more powerful over against Henry III. than his father had been over against Francis I.

No doubt much of the apparent greatness of the Spanish kings rested on an insecure foundation. The wealth of the Indies but poorly replaced the internal prosperity which might have been earned by a government as wise and liberal as the rule of the Philips was narrow and foolish. But that Spain all through the first half of the seventeenth century, during the years when Oliver Cromwell's mind was growing to maturity, looked large and seemed a real terror to Europe has been recently impressed upon me by my study of a manuscript

Google

treatise,[1] hitherto I believe unpublished. Composed somewhere about the year 1682, it is entitled "Discorso politico in dialogo trà un Spagnuolo, un Francese et un Venetiano, concernente le rivolutioni et rumori della Francia."

In this dialogue the surpassing might of Spain—notwithstanding some flaws especially in her financial position—is asserted by the Spaniard and seems to be quietly acquiesced in by all the speakers, even by the astute and well-informed Venetian. It is striking to observe also how the effete condition of France—though Cardinal Richelieu has been some years at the helm and though his statesmanship fills the Venetian with admiration—seems to be taken for granted by all the speakers. The Spaniard observes that "States are like individuals, they grow old and weak, the humours become morbid, the blood dries up. An accident or an attack of sickness which the constitution of a younger man would have easily surmounted is fatal to their enfeebled frame. Such is the case with the aged monarchy of France. It has existed for eight centuries and it is hopeless to think of raising her once more to the height which she occupied under Charlemagne or even under Hugh Capet. The recent disorders and tumults, the intrigues of Mary of Medici and of Gaston her son, are only the outward and visible signs of the decay which age has wrought in the body politic."

Spain on the other hand [says the speaker] is a young monarchy: her star is in the ascendant. The Swede, the Frenchman, the Hollander, the Englishman, may pit their strength against her, and may seem to triumph for a time, but like a young man stricken down by disease she will rise again, all the stronger for her temporary defeat. All prudent princes ally themselves, if possible, to the growing Powers of the world, a maxim which was pleaded by the great Soliman when excusing himself from trying conclusions with Charles V. Therefore the European Powers, and especially the princes of Italy, will do wisely not to set themselves in opposition to the vigorous might of Spain.

I shall not make any further extracts from the "Dialogo"

[1] This MS. with many others formed part of the library of the late Captain Napier, the historian of Florence.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which proceeds to discuss at rather wearisome length the questions at issue between the Great Cardinal and his enemies. But the interest of the treatise for us lies in the forecast of events made in 1682 and so signally falsified by the result. We see that politicians were speculating on the decay of France fifty years before the culmination of Louis XIV. Similarly, in the middle of the eighteenth century, she seemed stumbling from one disaster to another, yet its close saw her the mightiest Power in Europe. What paradoxes her future history may have in store for us who shall guess?

It will be urged, on the other hand, that this strange forecast was made in 1682, that Cromwell's determination to side with Cardinal Mazarin against Spain was formed twenty-two years later, and that many things had happened in the interval—the military triumph of Rocroi, the diplomatic triumph of Westphalia. True: notwithstanding the chaotic troubles of the Fronde which had also intervened, and to which our Spanish champion would certainly have pointed as proceeding from vicious humours in the body politic, the relative position of France and Spain was not in 1654 what it had been in 1682, but was changed in favour of the former country. Still, that which was to be the real factor of importance in the new situation was undisclosed. Louis XIV. in 1654 was a stripling of sixteen, very much under the thumb of his mother and her Cardinal lover. There might be another ineffective Louis XIII. hidden behind that mask of royalty. No one could then have predicted the long and glorious (according to the conventional use of the word) though exhausting reign of the Great Monarch. It would hardly be too much to say that Louis XIV. in 1654 was as much an unknown quantity as Napoleon Buonaparte in 1789. On the evidence before him, therefore, it seems to me that the Protector did not judge wrongly of the interests of his country when he entered on the campaign which made her mistress of Jamaica.

As I have said, there are many interesting subjects of debate suggested by this study of one of the most enigmatic

Google

characters in English history. But it is time to bring our conversation with Mr. Morley to a close. We wish him well through the herculean labour of his life of Mr. Gladstone. When that polemic task is accomplished may we meet with him again in the serener air of some bygone century.

THOMAS HODGKIN.

Google

GIOTTO

II

IN the article on Giotto in the December number of this Review the endeavour was made to investigate the origins of Giotto's art as seen in the paintings of the upper church at Assisi. The general characteristics of Cimabue's school were found in those works to be modified and overlaid with those of Giotto's unknown predecessor, the "master of the Esau frescoes," in whose work the study of classical wall-painting was clearly traceable. The unknown master who assisted Giotto in the representation of the legend of St. Francis, and to whom the last three frescoes were ascribed, may himself have belonged to the Roman school, for in the last fresco of the series, representing the liberation of Pietro d'Assisi from prison, the buildings show strong reminiscences of the Septizonium, which was still standing, and of Trajan's column. A few of the frescoes of the lower church appear to belong in point of time to the same period as those of the upper church—namely, those in which those miracles of the saint, for which space had not been found in the upper church, were continued, the miracle of the dead child of the Spini family, and the dead child of Suessa. To the same period belong the paintings of the Chapel of the Sacrament, in which, Mr. Berenson has suggested,[1] the unknown assistant of the upper church was employed. But after this there comes a break in Giotto's activity at Assisi, for in 1298 we find him

[1] *Cf.* "Assisi," by Lina Duff-Gordon. Dent: 1900.

Digitized by Google

in Rome. In that year he entered into a contract with Cardinal Stefaneschi to execute for him the mosaic of the "Navicella," now in the porch of St. Peter's. We have in this the first ascertainable date of Giotto's life. It is one which, however, fits very well with the internal evidences of his style, as it would give the greater part of the last decade of the thirteenth century as the period of Giotto's activity in the Upper Church at Assisi. One other work on the evidence of style we may attribute to the master's pre-Roman period, and that is the Madonna of the Academy at Florence. Here Giotto followed the lines of Cimabue's enthroned Madonnas, though with his own greatly increased sense of solidity in the modelling and vivacity in the poses. It cannot, however, be considered as a prepossessing work. It may be due to restoration that the picture shows no signs of Giotto's peculiar feeling for tonality; but even the design is scarcely satisfactory, the relation of the Madonna to the throne is such that her massive proportions leave an impression of ungainliness rather than of grandeur. In the throne itself he has made an experiment in the new Gothic architecture, but he has hardly managed to harmonise it with the earlier classic forms of the Cosmati, which still govern the main design. We shall see that in his work at Rome he overcame all these difficulties.

In Rome Giotto worked chiefly for Cardinal Stefaneschi. This is significant of Giotto's close relations with the Roman school, for it was Bartolo, another member of the same family, who commissioned the remarkable mosaics of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, executed in 1490, mosaics which show how far the Roman school had already advanced towards the new art, of which Giotto's work was the consummation.

The mosaic of the "Navicella," which was the greatest undertaking of Giotto's activity in Rome, is unfortunately terribly restored. We can, however, still recognise the astonishing dramatic force of the conception and the unique power which Giotto possessed of giving a vivid presentation of a particular event, accompanied by the most circumstantial details, and at

Google

the same time suggesting to the imagination a symbolical interpretation of universal and abstract significance. Even the surprising intrusion of a *genre* motive in the fisherman peacefully angling on the shore does not disturb our recognition of this universal interpretation, which puts so clearly the relation of the ship of the Church, drifting helplessly with its distraught crew, to the despairing Peter, who has here the character of an emissary and intermediary, and the impassive and unapproachable figure of Christ himself.

The daring originality which Giotto shows in placing the predominant figure at the extreme edge of the composition, the feeling for perspective which enabled him to give verisimilitude to the scene by throwing back the ship into the middle distance, the new freedom and variety in the movements of the Apostles in the boat, by which the monotony of the eleven figures crowded into so limited a space is evaded, are proofs of Giotto's rare power of invention, a power which enabled him to treat even the most difficult abstractions with the same vivid sense of reality as the dramatic incidents of contemporary life. It is not to be wondered at that this should be the work most frequently mentioned by the Italian writers of the Renaissance. The storm-gods blowing their Triton's horns are a striking instance of how much Giotto assimilated at this time from Pagan art.

But of far greater beauty are the panels for the high altar of St. Peter's, also painted for Cardinal Stefaneschi, and now to be seen in the sacristy, where the more obvious beauties of Melozzo da Forli's music-making angels too often lead to their being overlooked. And yet, unnoticed in the dark corners of the room, they have escaped the attentions of restorers and glow with all the rare translucency of Giotto's tempera.

For in technique, too, Giotto was an innovator; he established the Italian method of painting on panel as opposed to the Byzantine. He substituted for their thick and pastose medium, with its raised high lights,[1] the true yolk of egg tempera

[1] Possibly containing wax. *Cf.* "Cennino Cennini," by Mrs. Herringham.

Google

with thin semi-transparent washes over a white ground. With this more manageable medium he was able to give expression to a new feeling for beautiful tonality. These are the first pictures we have examined by Giotto in which we are able to appreciate at all the beauty and subtlety of his tone contrasts, for not only have the frescoes of the upper church at Assisi and the "Madonna" of the Academy suffered severely from restoration, but it is probable that in his youthful works he had not freed himself altogether from the harsher tonality of earlier, especially Byzantine, art. Here, however, Giotto shows that power which is distinctive of the greatest masters of paint, of developing a form within a strictly limited scale of tone, drawing out of the slightest contrasts their fullest expressiveness for the rendering of form; a method which, though adopted from an intuitive feeling for pure beauty, gives a result which can only be described as that of an enveloping atmosphere surrounding the forms.[1]

The kneeling figure, presumably Cardinal Stefaneschi himself, in the "Christ enthroned" (Fig. 1) is an admirable instance of this quality. With what tender, scarcely perceptible gradations, with what a limited range from dark to light is the figure expressed; and yet it is not flat, the form is perfectly realised between the two sweeping curves whose simplicity would seem, but for the masterly modelling, to prevent the possibility of their containing a human figure. The portrait is as remarkable in sentiment as in execution. The very conception of introducing a donor into such a composition was new.[2] It was a sign of the new individualism which marked the whole of the great period of Italian art, and finally developed into extravagance. The donor having once found

[1] This quality is to be distinguished from that conscious naturalistic study of atmospheric envelopment which engrossed the attention of some artists of the cinquecento; it is a decorative quality which may occur at any period in the development of painting if only an artist arises gifted with a sufficiently delicate sensitiveness to the surface-quality of his work.

[2] I cannot recall any example in pre-Giottesque art.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his way into pictures of sacred ceremonial remained, but he not infrequently found it difficult to comport himself becomingly amid celestial surroundings; as he became more important, and heaven itself became less so, he asserted himself with unseemly self-assurance, until at last his matter-of-fact countenance, rendered with prosaic fidelity, stares out at the spectator in contemptuous indifference to the main action of the composition, the illusion of which it effectually destroys.

But here, where the idea is new, it has no such jarring effect; it is not yet a stereotyped formula, an excuse for self-advertisement or social display, but the direct outcome of a poetical and pious thought; and Giotto, with his unique rightness of feeling, has expressed, by the hand clinging to the throne and the slightly bent head, just the appropriate attitude of humble adoration, which he contrasts with the almost nonchalant ease and confidence of the angels. Even in so purely ceremonial a composition as this Giotto contrives to create a human situation.

In the planning of this picture Giotto has surpassed not only Duccio's and Cimabue's versions of the Enthronement motive but his own earlier work at Florence. The throne, similar in construction to that in the Academy picture, no longer shows the inconsistencies of two conflicting styles, but is of pure and exquisitely proportioned Gothic; the difficult perspective of the arches at the side is rendered with extraordinary skill though without mathematical accuracy. The relation of the figure of Christ to the throne is here entirely satisfactory, with the result that the great size of the figure no longer appears unnatural, but as an easily accepted symbol of divinity. In the drawing of the face of the Christ he has retained the hieratic solemnity given by the rigid delineation of Byzantine art, a piece of conscious archaism which he repeats later on, in the fresco of St. Francis in glory at Assisi.

But if the "Christ enthroned" is a triumph of well-calculated proportions, the "Crucifixion of St. Peter" (Fig. 2), which formed

Google



Photo. Anderson

FIG. — Christ Enthroned. *Necropolis of St Peter's, Rome.*

Google

Google
Original from

one side of the triptych, is even more remarkable for the beauty of its spacing and the ingenuity of its arrangement.

In designing such a panel with its narrow cusped arch and gold background, the artist's first consideration must be its effect as mere pattern when seen on the altar at the end of a church. In his frescoes, Giotto's first preoccupation was with the drama to be presented; here it was with the effect of sumptuous pattern.

And the given data out of which the pattern was to be made were by no means tractable. The subject of the Crucifixion of St. Peter was naturally not a favourite one with artists, and scarcely any succeeded in it entirely, even in the small dimensions of a predella piece, to which it was generally relegated. For it is almost impossible to do away with the unpleasant effect of a figure seen thus upside down. The outstretched arms, which in the crucifixion of Christ give a counterbalancing line to the long horizontal of the spectators, here only increases the difficulty of the single upright. But Giotto, by a brilliant inspiration,[1] found his solution in the other fact given by his subject—namely, that the martyrdom took place between the goals of the Circus of Nero. By making these huge pyramids adapted from two well-known Roman monuments (the Septizonium and the pyramid of Cestius), he has obtained from the gold background just that dignified effect of spreading out above and contracting below which is so effective in renderings of the crucifixion of Christ, an effect which he still further emphasises by the two angels, whose spreading wings and floating draperies increase the brocade-like richness of the symmetrical pattern.

Nor, the pattern once assured, has Giotto failed of vivid dramatic presentation. It is surprising to find crowded into so small a space so many new poses all beautifully expressive of the individual shades of a common feeling: the woman to the left of the cross leaning her head on her hand as though sorrow had become a physical pain; the beautiful figure of the youth,

[1] Derived, no doubt, but greatly modified, from Cimabue's treatment of the subject at Assisi.

Google

with long waving hair, who throws back both arms with a despairing gesture; the woman lifting her robe to wipe her tears; and, most exquisite of all, and most surprising, in its novelty and truth to life, the figure of the girl to the left, drawn towards the terrible scene by a motion of sympathy and yet shrinking back with instinctive shyness and terror. In the child alone Giotto has, as was usually the case, failed of a rhythmical and expressive pose. And what an entirely new study of life is seen here in the variety of the types! In one—the man whose profile cuts the sky to the left—he seems to have been indebted to some Roman portrait-bust; another, on horseback to the left, is clearly a Mongolian type, with slant eyes and pigtail, a curious proof of the intercourse with the extreme East which the Franciscan missionaries had already established. In the drawing of the nude figure of St. Peter, in spite of the unfortunate proportion of the head, the same direct study of nature has enabled Giotto to realise the structure of the figure more adequately than any artist since Roman times. One can well understand the astonishment and delight of Giotto's contemporaries at this unfolding of the new possibilities of art, which could now interpret all the variety and richness of human life and could so intensify its appeal to the emotions. One other peculiarity of this picture is interesting and characteristic of Giotto's attitude. In painting the frame of his panel he did not merely add figures as decorative and symbolic accessories, he brought them into relation with the central action, for each of them gazes at St. Peter with a different expression of pity and grief. Giotto had to be dramatic even in his frames.

That Giotto remained in Rome till after the great Jubilee of 1300 is shown by the fragment of his fresco of the Papal Benediction which still remains on a pillar of St. John Lateran. There is every probability that at this time he met Dante, who was collecting the materials for the terrible portrait of Boniface VIII. which he drew in the "Inferno."

The next ascertainable date in Giotto's life is that of the

Google

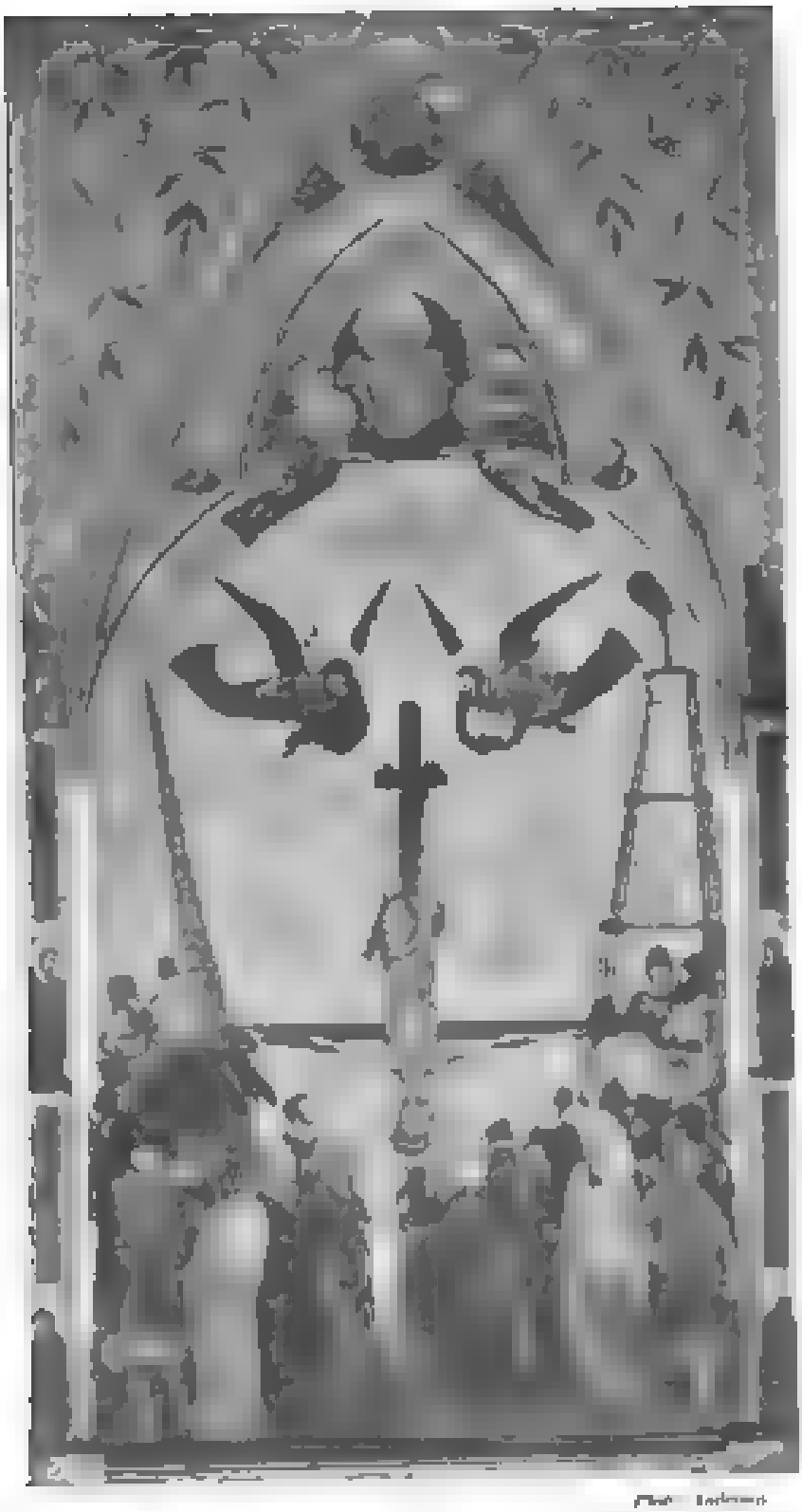


Fig. 2. The Crucifixion of St. Peter. Sacristy of St. Peter's, Rome.

Google
Original from

decoration of the Arena chapel at Padua, begun in 1305. To the first years of the intervening period are ascribed by many authorities the frescoes in the chapel of the Podestà at Florence. The dying echoes of a debate which once aroused keen interest still linger round the problem of Dante's portrait. But the fact that what remained of the fresco was totally robbed of all artistic value by restoration makes the dispute a barren and unprofitable one, and it is with something like relief that the disappointed spectator of these frescoes reads Milanesi's damaging criticisms of their attribution to Giotto. That the chapel was burnt and completely restored in 1882 would seem alone sufficient evidence of their belonging to a subsequent date.

It is with greater probability that we can ascribe to this period the rest of Giotto's work at Assisi. According to Vasari and Rudolphus, in his history of the Seraphic Order (1586), Giotto was invited to Assisi by Giovanni di Muro, who was general of the Order from 1296–1304, and we may assume that this refers to his second visit about the year 1301. In any case, the Allegories of the Franciscan Virtues and the scenes from the life of Christ of the lower church have characteristics which relate them on the one hand to the painter's work at Rome, and on the other to the subsequent paintings at Padua.[1]

The allegories on the central vault of the lower church

[1] It is true that recently a view has been put forward on the authority of Mr. Berenson (In "Assisi," by Lina Duff-Gordon. Dent, 1900), according to which the chronology of Giotto's frescoes in the upper and lower church usually accepted would be reversed. According to this view the frescoes of the lower church, which we are about to consider, show the gradual maturing of Giotto's style, while those of the upper church give evidence of his complete mastery. That a theory thus subversive of the usual conception of Giotto's development should emanate from so learned and scholarly a student of Italian art shows how far we are yet from a complete understanding of the germinating period of Italian painting; but while it will be well to await a fuller statement of the view than has yet appeared before making any dogmatic assertion, I ought, perhaps, to state some of the grounds on which the upper church frescoes have here been assigned to the period previous to Giotto's visit to Rome. In the first place, the striking resemblances which some of the

Google

give us a more complete idea of Giotto's powers as a painter than any other work. The physical sensation of pleasure when one first looks up at these is scarcely to be obtained elsewhere; long before one has unravelled the doctrinal teaching which was their *raison d'être*, before one has even made out the separate figures of the compositions, one is overcome with purely sensuous satisfaction at the sight of so marvellous a surface. Upon the dusky blue of the vault float on all sides figures robed in golden rose and greenish umbrous white, while pale pink towers shoot up towards the centre; the ravishing beauty of the colour is intimately associated with the tenderness of the tone contrasts, the atmospheric envelopment. In looking at these one realises that fresco in the hands of an artist like Giotto can yield a surface more entrancing, more elusively and mysteriously beautiful than any other medium painters have discovered.

The effect is as of evanescent forms appearing through a roseate mist, and yet without loss of definition. Among modern painters Mr. Whistler has, in some of his portraits, where a generalised form floats before a grey background, got something of this effect; but, judged by their purely sensuous qualities, these frescoes appear to me more exquisite. It is

earlier frescoes of the St. Francis legend show to the works of the Roman school, which clearly are among the earliest paintings at Assisi, would point to their being executed at a time when Giotto's style was still open to external influence. Moreover, in the drawing of the features, Giotto in these works shows distinct traces of his kinship with the members of Cimabue's school. He frequently marks off the features from the face by thin hard lines, the eyes are isolated by a dark outline instead of being modelled on the curve of the mask itself, the high lights on cheek and brow are frequently hard and unmodulated, not passing imperceptibly into the half-tones. There is, in fact, no evidence, even in the undamaged parts of these works, of that beautiful tonality, that atmospheric quality, which we find in the paintings done at Rome, and to a still higher degree in the frescoes of the lower church. It is difficult to believe that a painter who had arrived at the easy mastery shown in the allegories of the lower church should, years after, have executed works like the "St. Francis before Innocent III." (Fig. 5 of the December number), in which so much of the crudity and *naïveté* of earlier art is still to be seen.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

necessary to insist on this, because most of Giotto's frescoes have lost so much of their original surface quality, that one is apt to think of him as a great interpreter only and not as one of the greatest of mere painters, gifted with a supreme aptitude for sensuous delight.

To Giotto's positive spirit, with its keen and humorous perception of the actualities of human nature, the problem of painting cold abstractions of moral virtues must have been a trying one. But his imagination was equal to the task of giving a visual content even to these bare and colourless conceptions. Only in the "Obedience" is there a trace of conventional hagiography; in the others he has managed even to give human interest. In the "Chastity," for instance, the eagerness of the novices to the left, the ineffable tenderness with which St. Francis receives them into the fold, the sweet solemnity of the ministrant angels, the pitiful severity of the armed flagellators who guard Chastity's castle, the fortitude of the angels, who, with Penitence, drive out Death, and the rose-crowned Amor, in which it is pleasant to surprise a lurking sympathy on Giotto's part—all these are conceived in no spirit of dry didactic allegorising, they typify in a condensed form the results of a wide and genial understanding of human nature. There is in these allegories a combination of moral earnestness with sensuous enchantment, which shows more clearly than elsewhere the likeness of Giotto to Dante. Giotto has here found in painting the precise parallel to that "*Dolce stil nuovo*" on which Dante so justly prided himself; that "sweet new style" the secret of which, as he himself explains, was to express only what a sympathetic apprehension dictated within. Indeed, so thoroughly Dantesque are these paintings that Vasari's suggestion of their inspiration by Dante would certainly be accepted if it were not evident that they antedate the "Paradiso" by many years. The idea of the "Marriage with Poverty" is, in fact, derived from St. Francis' own poetical allegorising, and in the poems of Jacopone di Todi the fancy is elaborated in a way that may have suggested certain motives of Giotto's fresco.

Google

It is in this fresco that Giotto's supreme feeling for pure beauty is most clearly seen. In this crowd of virtues and angels all the beautiful faces of the world seem gathered together. They have the air of Greek goddesses, touched at last with compassion for humanity; and Poverty herself, old, careworn, even squalid, as she is, has in her smile the glamour of incomprehensible mystery. She is, indeed, a curious anticipation of the flower-robed lady of Botticelli's "Primavera," and, like her, she allures us with the conviction of her infinite inscrutability.

This fresco affords one more instance of Giotto's daring use of contemporary incident. It is supposed that the three figures to the right represent Envy, Avarice, and Pride, expressing, in various attitudes, their contempt for St. Francis' gospel. The young man with a falcon, wearing the fashionable dress of the day and making a vulgar gesture at Poverty's attendant, has called forth the reprobation of fastidious critics; but if Giotto was indecorous it is an error he shares with Dante, and it is a striking example of that "topical" element which is common to both. To realise how bold is the introduction of this incident in an heroic allegory one should translate it into contemporary language, and suppose an immaculately dressed exquisite to be replying to an importunate question concerning the state of his soul proffered by a zealous Salvationist.

This, the most beautiful of the allegories, perhaps the most profoundly poetical of all Giotto's works, affords a striking refutation of the popular theory that intensity of conviction is the essential requisite for harmonious expression. For Giotto was not only not interested in the Franciscan ideal of poverty, he actually detested it; for he has expressed what one cannot doubt were his actual views on the subject in a canzone.[1]

[1] It is so interesting thus to get behind the exponent of Franciscan idealism to the shrewd man of the world, that I have here translated his diatribe on that hypocrisy which had already brought discredit on the Franciscan Order.

Many are they who praise Poverty,
And such say that it is a perfect state

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

There is, of course, no real contradiction in the discrepancy between poem and picture. It was no more necessary to Giotto to believe in the ideal of Poverty as a doctrine in order

(If it is approved and chosen),
To observe its rule and possess nothing.
But sure authority leads us to this;
That to observe it would be too stringent.
And taking that saying,
That rarely is there an extreme without vice,
It seems to me, if I understand it, a harsh extreme,
And therefore I do not commend it.
And to make a good building
One should so provide from the foundation,
That it should stand firm against
Force of wind or any other thing,
So that there is no need to alter it afterwards.

Of that poverty which is against the will,
There is no doubt that it is altogether evil,
For it is the way of sin,
Making judges to give false judgments,
Spoiling women and maidens of honour,
Causing thefts, violences, and villainies,
And often using lies.
And it deprives every one of an honourable home,
So that in a short time
Wanting possessions you will seem also to want sense.
Whosoever is approached by Poverty,
Even if [like Camillus] he has defeated Brennus,
Will at once show fight,
Wishing that it may not confront him,
For even in thinking on it he already blenches.

Of that poverty which seems to be by choice,
One can see by sure experience
That without any doubt
It is observed or not, not as it is pretended;
And even the observance of it is not to be praised,
Since it needs neither discretion nor knowledge,
Nor any excellence
Of customs or virtues.
Certes, I think it is a shame,
To call that virtue which extinguishes a good,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M...A

to paint his allegory with sympathetic insight, than it is necessary for a dramatist to believe in everything his characters say in order to make them say it with conviction. What the

And much harm comes
Of preferring a beastlike quality to those virtues
Which give salvation,
Acceptable to every wise understanding;
The more so according as he is more worthy.
  Here you may oppose an argument:—
Our Lord commends Poverty much.
See that you understand Him well,
For His words are very profound,
And have sometimes a double meaning:
And He wills us to take the wholesome one.
Therefore, unveil your eyes,
And look at the truth which hides within.
You will see that His words
Correspond to His holy life;
For He had power adequate
To every occasion and place.
And therefore His having little
Was in order that we should shun avarice,
And not to find us a way to use cunning.
  We often see evidently
That he who most praises that life has no peace,
And always studies and procures
How he may depart from that condition.
If honour and great state is committed to him,
He grips it tight, the rapacious wolf;
And well he counterfeits
So that he may fulfil his desire,
And knows how to cover himself
So that, beneath the false cloak,
The worst wolf looks the best lamb.
This hypocrisy, if it does not soon go under,
Will leave no part in the world
For those who do not use its arts.
  Go, Canzone, and if you find any Tartuffes,
Show yourself to them so that you convert them;
But if they remain obdurate,
Be so lusty that you choke them.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Google

artist must do in either case is to be in a condition of imaginative conviction—to see the idea or personality from within and not with a coldly observant eye. And in proportion to his greatness the artist can project himself imaginatively into personalities or ideas remote from his own temperament. In the case of Giotto he can become passionately convinced as an artist of a doctrine which he ridiculed as a man.

And Giotto as a man, as we know him in Boccaccio's and Sacchetti's stories, was as far from religious extravagance as he was from artistic preciosity. He was, if we may judge from them—and the character fits with what we might guess from his works—a typical Florentine burgher, a man of the world, who could make himself agreeable to princes without adulation, but who enjoyed himself most when impersonating the country gentleman on his farm in the Mugello, or in the company of his bourgeois fellow citizens; at "festas" notable for his wit and *bon-camaraderie*, a teller of good stories which are more Rabelaisian than would satisfy the usual conception of an age of faith. Above all, one gets the impression of a genial, almost jovial, good nature, which was the key to his instinctive understanding of humanity.

The remaining subjects of the lower church frescoes are, for the most part, taken from the New Testament. They are interesting because of their extreme similarity to the compositions at Padua. By this time we may suppose Giotto would be surrounded by a number of pupils who would stand in a more directly subordinate relation to him than the unknown assistant of the upper church, and, therefore, while we have clearly Giotto's design in these frescoes, in some of them, the handiwork of his pupils causes evident divergence from his normal types. This is particularly noticeable in the "Crucifixion" and the "Adoration of the Magi" (Fig. 8), where the peculiar bluntness of the features and the insufficient mass of the skulls betray a distinct and inferior hand.

The "Adoration of the Magi" is none the less one of Giotto's finest compositions. The history of the treatment of this

Google

subject reveals more, perhaps, than any other the changes in the attitude of artists to life. The purely ceremonial act of homage of the Byzantines is, in Franciscan art, replaced by a situation of tender and intimate human feeling: with Gentile da Fabriano and the artists of the beginning of the *quattrocento*, the chivalrous and romantic ideal predominates; in Leonardo, the increased complexity and detachment of modern thought; and in Paolo Veronese the subject loses all but its most superficial significance.

Of all the rich and strange imaginative colouring which the subject conveys the Biblical version scarcely gives a hint, but the Franciscan writers, with their unfailing instinct for poetical effect, brought out its latent possibilities and gave it its value for Italian art. Some passages in Bonaventura's "Meditations" show how much Giotto owed to their initiative[1] for the vividness of his presentment.

Here the essentials of the Franciscan version are found; the beautiful understanding between the wise old men and the

[1] After a paraphrase of the Bible story Bonaventura adds: "Think then with regard to this miracle and see with the eyes of the mind, how these three kings come with a multitude of people and stand round that so small and poor house where was the blessed Son of God: and our Lady hears the great clatter of horses' hoofs and the noise of the people and begins to be afraid and draws the Child closer in her arms. . . . Remaining on their knees before him they talked with his mother and asked concerning the Child. And she shamefacedly told them all in order and they believed all. See now how reverently they ask and listen! And look too at the Mother, how, abashed to find herself before such great people, she keeps her eyes on the ground, for she does not wish to be seen and to stay talking with others! But God gave her strength for this great event, since the Magi typify the universality of the Church which must gather together the Gentiles. And look too at the sweet Child who does not speak as yet, but looks at them benignly and with the wisdom and understanding of maturity. . . . And receiving great consolation they opened their treasures and unfolded a cloth of gold for the Child's feet and offered each one gold and frankincense and myrrh, as was natural, being kings come by such a long journey to their lord and master, and reverently they kissed his feet. And the Child, who understood, to give them greater consolation and fortify them in their love, held out his little hand for them to kiss and gave them the sign of the benediction."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Google
Original from

FIG. 4. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden. Lower Church, Assisi.

Google

infant Christ, the act of kissing the Child's foot and the benediction he gives in response. The shy stateliness of the Virgin is given by her pose, and in the same playful vein of Bonaventura's meditation is the action of the angel who holds the offering and peers over in his curiosity to see the act of adoration. In the other two Magi there is the same clear realisation of a particular mental condition. One is so absorbed in contemplation of the divine Child that he fumbles absent-mindedly at the button of his cloak and does not answer the inquiring glance of the younger King. The connection between this and the treatment of the same subject at Padua is not so close as in the "Raising of Lazarus" and the "Christ appearing to the Magdalene," in which Giotto's own handiwork is more evident.

Giotto was, I believe, the first artist to represent the Resurrection by the *Noli me tangere* (Fig. 4). The Byzantines almost invariably introduced the Descent into Hades or the Three Maries at the Tomb. In any case it is characteristic of Giotto to choose a subject where the human situation is so intimate and the emotions expressed are so poignant. Here, as in the "Navicella," where he was free to invent a new composition, he discards the bilateral arrangement, which was almost invariable in Byzantine art, and concentrates all the interest in one corner of the composition. The angels on the tomb are damaged and distorted, but in the head and hands of the Magdalene we can realise Giotto's greatly increased power and delicacy of modelling as compared with the frescoes of the upper church. It is impossible to art to convey more intensely than this the beauty of such a movement of impetuous yearning. The action of the Christ is as vividly realised; almost too obviously, indeed, does he seem to be edging round the corner of the rock to escape the Magdalene's outstretched hands. Giotto himself shows his perception of this in the slight modifications introduced into the Paduan version (Fig. 5). But this is a striking instance of that power which Giotto possessed more than any other Italian, more indeed than any other artist except Rembrandt, the

Google

power of making perceptible the flash of mutual recognition which passes between two souls at a moment of sudden illumination.

If we compare the Paduan version (Fig. 5) (which suffers in comparison, by the fact that the only photographs of the Arena chapel are execrable), we find that Giotto has increased the unity of the composition by bringing the angels farther to the right, while he has obtained a more complete balance by the introduction of the sleeping soldiers. His increased freedom from the usual conventions is shown by the still more daring innovation of making the principal figure actually disappearing out of the composition. The movement of the Christ is modified so as to tone down the impression of flight; the leg is not brought so far forward, the body is less bent away, the action of the hand is more authoritative and less deprecatory, and the same effect is given by the condescending and pitiful inclination of the head. The straight line of the Magdalene's cloak has the effect of emphasising the fervent appeal of the hands and face.

That the Assisi frescoes precede the Paduan, one may infer by the fact that the differences between them are all such as lead to the greater perfection of the composition. But in the repetition something is lost, the sense of surprise which the intensity of the first inspiration produces is not to be found in the more perfect replica.

The same relationship is again seen in the two versions of the "Raising of Lazarus" (Figs. 7 and 9). Here Giotto had a well-known Byzantine composition to work from, and, as usual, he adopts the traditional design wherever possible. For not only are Christ and Lazarus at the opposite poles of the composition, but they are at equal distances from the centre, the most obvious places to assign to them, while in the position of the other figures the traditional formula is adhered to.

But the power of embodying in the figures this intensity of emotion, this concentration of spiritual energy, is new. The rigid back, the intent gaze of the Christ and the nervous

Google



Photo: Anon

Fig. 5. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen in the Garden.
Arena Chapel, Padua



Photo: Anon

Fig. 6. Pieta. *Arena Chapel, Padua*

Digitized by Google
Origina
UNIVERS TY C - I CHIGAN

Google



Photo: Alinari

FIG. 7 The Raising of Lazarus. *Arena Chapel, Padua*



Photo: Alinari

FIG. 8 Death of St Francis. *Bardi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence*

power expressed in the action of the hand, answered by the perplexed and fascinated expression of Lazarus as of one gradually mesmerised back to life, give with overwhelming power the suspense of the situation. In the Paduan version the space is better filled, the composition is subtler and more masterly, at once more condensed and more explicit. The exact symmetry is broken by shifting the protagonists to the left, a change which has the effect of bringing Lazarus forward from a greater depth of rock and tomb. The crowd bending forward in the centre avoids the too decided straight line of the single figure in the Assisi fresco. But in attaining to a greater perfection of style the conception has lost something of its former intensity; this is more simply miraculous, Lazarus is here a corpse, Christ an omnipotent divinity. There is none of the suspense of the struggle with death, the tension of a supreme effort of will, which marked the earlier version. In this, as in other frescoes at Padua, Giotto seems consciously to have aimed at a more generalised, more epic treatment, such as was called for, if each episode was to be viewed not by itself but as part of the great sequence by which the whole scheme of salvation was displayed.

In the "Pietà" (Fig. 6) such an epic conception is surely realised, for the impression conveyed is of a universal and cosmic disaster: the air is rent with the shrieks of desperate angels whose bodies are contorted in a raging frenzy of compassion. And the effect is due in part to the increased command, which the Paduan frescoes show, of simplicity and logical directness of design. These massive boulderlike forms, these draperies cut by only a few large sweeping folds, which suffice to give the general movement of the figure with unerring precision, all show this new tendency in Giotto's art as compared with the more varied detail, the more individual characterisation, of his early works. Nothing but such a grandiose simplicity of design could enable anything to survive in so distant an echo, as this is, of the original work. It is by this consciously acquired and masterly simplicity that Giotto keeps

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

here, in spite of the unrestrained extravagance of passion, the consoling dignity of style. If one compares it, for example, with the works of Flemish painters, who explored the depths of human emotion with a similar penetrating and sympathetic curiosity, one realises the importance of what all the great Italians inherited from Græco-Roman civilisation—the urbanity of a great style. And nowhere is it felt more than here, where Giotto is dealing with emotions which classical art scarcely touched.

It is interesting that Giotto should first have attained to this perfect understanding of style at Padua, where he was, as we know, in constant intercourse with Dante. Dante must have often watched him, perhaps helped him by suggestions, in decorating the chapel built with the ill-gotten wealth of that Scrovegni whom he afterwards seated amid the usurers on the burning sands of Hell.

It is not necessary, seeing how fully the Arena frescoes have been treated by Ruskin, to consider them at length here; nor, though they are the greatest proof of the sustained power of Giotto's imagination, is it possible to discover in them the technical qualities which we saw in the Roman panels and the later Assisi frescoes; for not only were assistants largely employed on them, but they have suffered greatly from restoration. It is, as a rule, only in the composition and the general conception of pose and movement that we can recognise Giotto's personality. But, regarded from that point of view, these frescoes are an astounding proof of Giotto's infallible intuitions. The characters he has created here are as convincing, as ineffaceable, as any that have been created by poets. The sad figure of Joachim is one never to be forgotten. In every incident of his sojourn in the wilderness, after the rejection of his offering in the temple, his appearance indicates exactly his mental condition. When he first comes to the sheepfold, he gazes with such set melancholy on the ground that the greeting of his dog and his shepherds cannot arouse his attention; when he makes a sacrifice he crawls on hands and

Google



Fig. 9.—The Raising of Lazarus. *Lower Church, Assisi.*

Google
Original from

knees in the suspense of expectation, watching for a sign from heaven; even in his sleep we guess at his melancholy dreams; and in the scene where he meets his wife at the Golden Gate on his return, Giotto has touched a chord of feeling at least as profound as can be reached by the most consummate master of the art of words.

It is true that in speaking of these one is led inevitably to talk of elements in the work which modern criticism is apt to regard as lying outside the domain of pictorial art. It is customary to dismiss all that concerns the dramatic presentation of the subject as literature or illustration, which is to be sharply distinguished from the qualities of design. But can this clear distinction be drawn in fact? The imaginings of a playwright, a dramatic poet, and a dramatic painter have much in common, but they are never at any point identical. Let us suppose a story to be treated by all three: to each, as he dwells on the legend, the imagination will present a succession of images, but those images, even at their first formation, will be quite different in each case, they will be conditioned and coloured by the art which the creator practises, by his past observation of nature with a view to presentment in that particular art. The painter, like Giotto, therefore, actually imagines in terms of figures capable of pictorial presentment, he does not merely translate a poetically dramatic vision into pictorial terms. And to be able to do this implies a constant observation of natural forms with a bias towards the discovery of pictorial beauty. To be able, then, to conceive just the appropriate pose of a hand to express the right idea of character and emotion in a picture, is surely as much a matter of a painter's vision as to appreciate the relative "values" of a tree and cloud so as to convey the mood proper to a particular landscape.

Before leaving the Paduan frescoes, I must allude to those allegorical figures of the virtues and vices in which Giotto has, as it were, distilled the essence of his understanding of human nature. These personified virtues and vices were the rhetorical

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

commonplaces of the day, but Giotto's intuitive understanding of the expression of emotion enabled him to give them a profound significance. He has in some succeeded in giving not merely a person under the influence of a given passion, but the abstract passion itself, not merely an angry woman, but anger. To conceive thus a figure possessed absolutely by a single passion implied, at least in the case of the vices, an excursion beyond the regions of experience ; no merely scientific observation of the effects of emotion would have enabled him to conceive the figure of Anger (Fig. 10). It required an imagination that could range the remotest spaces thus to condense in visible form the bestial madness of the passion, to depict what Blake would have called the "diabolical abstract" of anger.

We come now to the last great series of frescoes by Giotto which we possess, those of the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels of Sta. Croce, his maturest and most consummate works. From the very first Giotto had to the full the power of seizing upon whatever in the forms of nature expressed life and emotion, but the perfect understanding of the conditions of a suave and gracious style was only slowly acquired. In the Florentine frescoes it is the geniality, the persuasiveness of the style which first strikes us. They have, indeed, an almost academic perfection of design.

The comparison of the "Death of St. Francis" here (Fig. 8) with the early fresco of the subject at Assisi shows how far Giotto has moved from the literal realism of his first works. At Assisi crowds of people push round the bier, soldiers and citizens come in to see, there is all the shifting variety of the actual event. Here the composition is sublimated and refined, reduced to its purest elements. The scene is still vividly, intensely real, but it is apprehended in a more pensive and meditative vein. There is in the composition a feeling for space which imposes a new mood of placidity and repose. This composition became the typical formula for such subjects throughout the Renaissance, but it was never again equalled. In spite of its apparent ease and simplicity, it is really by the

Google

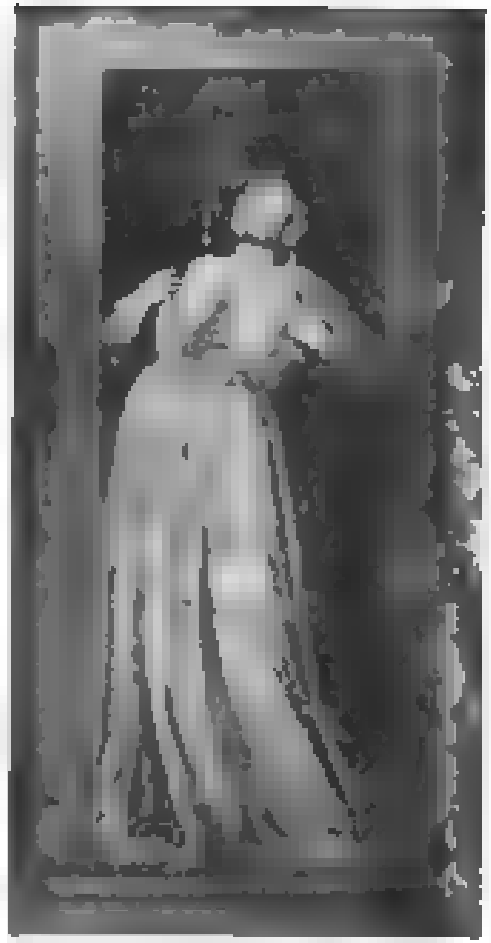


Photo. Anon.

FIG. 10. ITS. *Arena Chapel, Padua.*

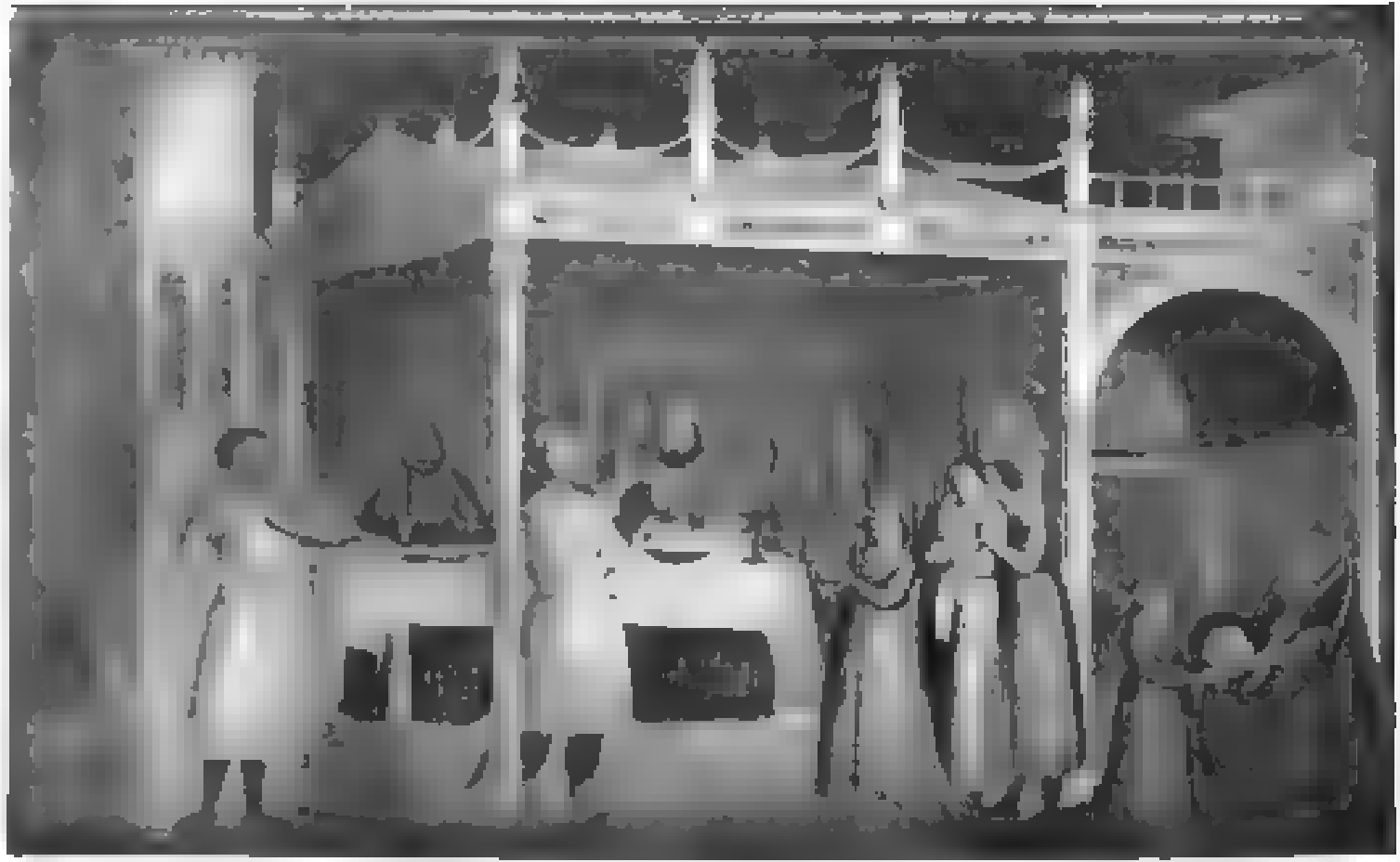


Photo. Anon.

FIG. 11. DESPERATO. *Arena Chapel, Padua.*

Google
Original from

Google



Phot. Alinari

Fig. 12.—Salome. *Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence*

subtlest art that all these figures are grouped in such readily apprehended masses without any sense of crowding and with such variety of gesture in the figures. The fresco, which had remained for more than a century under a coat of whitewash, was discovered in 1841 and immediately disfigured by utter restoration. The artist, with a vague idea that Giotto was a decorative artist, and that decoration meant something ugly and unnatural, surrounded the figures with hard inexpressive lines. We can, therefore, only guess, by our knowledge of Giotto elsewhere, and by the general idea of pose, how perfect was the characterisation of the actors in the scene, how each responded according to his temperament to the general sorrow, some in humble prostration, one with a more intimate and personal affection, and one to whom the vision of the ascending soul is apparent wrapt in mystic ecstasy.

One interesting characteristic of these late frescoes is the revival which they declare of Giotto's early love for classical architecture. He may well have recognised the pictorial value of the large untroubled rectangular spaces which it allowed. In the "Salome" (Fig. 12) he has approached even more nearly to purely classic forms than in his earliest frescoes at Assisi. The building has an almost Palladian effect with its square parapets surmounted by statues, some of which are clearly derived from the antique. In the soldier who brings in the Baptist's head he has reverted to the costume of the Roman soldier, whereas, in the allegory of Chastity, the soldiers wear mediæval winged helmets.

The fact that this fresco was freely copied by the Lorenzetti at Siena in 1331 gives us the period before which this must have been finished. Here again the mood is singularly placid, but the intensity with which Giotto realised a particularly dramatic moment is shown by a curious detail in which this differs from the usual rendering of the scene. Most artists, wishing to express the essentials of the story, make Salome continue her dance while the head is brought in. But Giotto was too deep a psychologist to make such an error. At the

Google

tragic moment she stops dancing and makes sad music on her lyre, to show that she, too, is not wanting in proper sensibility.

There is evidence in these frescoes of an artistic quality which we could scarcely have believed possible, and yet, as it is most evident in those parts which are least damaged, it is impossible not to believe that Giotto possessed it; and that is the real feeling for chiaroscuro which these paintings show. It is not merely that the light falls in one direction, though even that was a conception which was scarcely grasped before Masaccio, but that Giotto actually composes by light and shade, subordinates figures or groups of figures by letting them recede into gloom and brings others into prominent light. This is particularly well seen in the "Ascension of St. John" (Fig. 18), where the shadow of the building is made use of to unify the composition and give depth and relief to the imagined space. It is also an example of that beautiful atmospheric tonality of which I have already spoken. In the figure of St. John himself, Giotto seems to have the freedom and ease which we associate with art of a much later date. There is scarcely a hint of archaism in this figure. The head, with its perfect fusion of tones, its atmospheric envelopment, seems already nearly as modern as a head by Titian. Even the colour scheme, the rich earthy reds, the intense sweet blues of the figures relieved against a broken green-grey, is a strange anticipation of Cinquecento art. It seems as though Giotto in these works had himself explored the whole of the promised land to which he led Italian painting.

It is true that we are conscious of a certain archaism here in the relations of the figures and the architecture. A certain violence is done to that demand for verisimilitude which, perhaps wrongly, we now invariably make. But in the "Raising of Drusiana" (Fig. 14), even this demand is met. Here the figures all have their just proportions to one another, and to the buildings, and to the town wall which stretches behind them. The scene is imagined, not merely according to the conditions of the dramatic idea, but according to the possibilities

Google

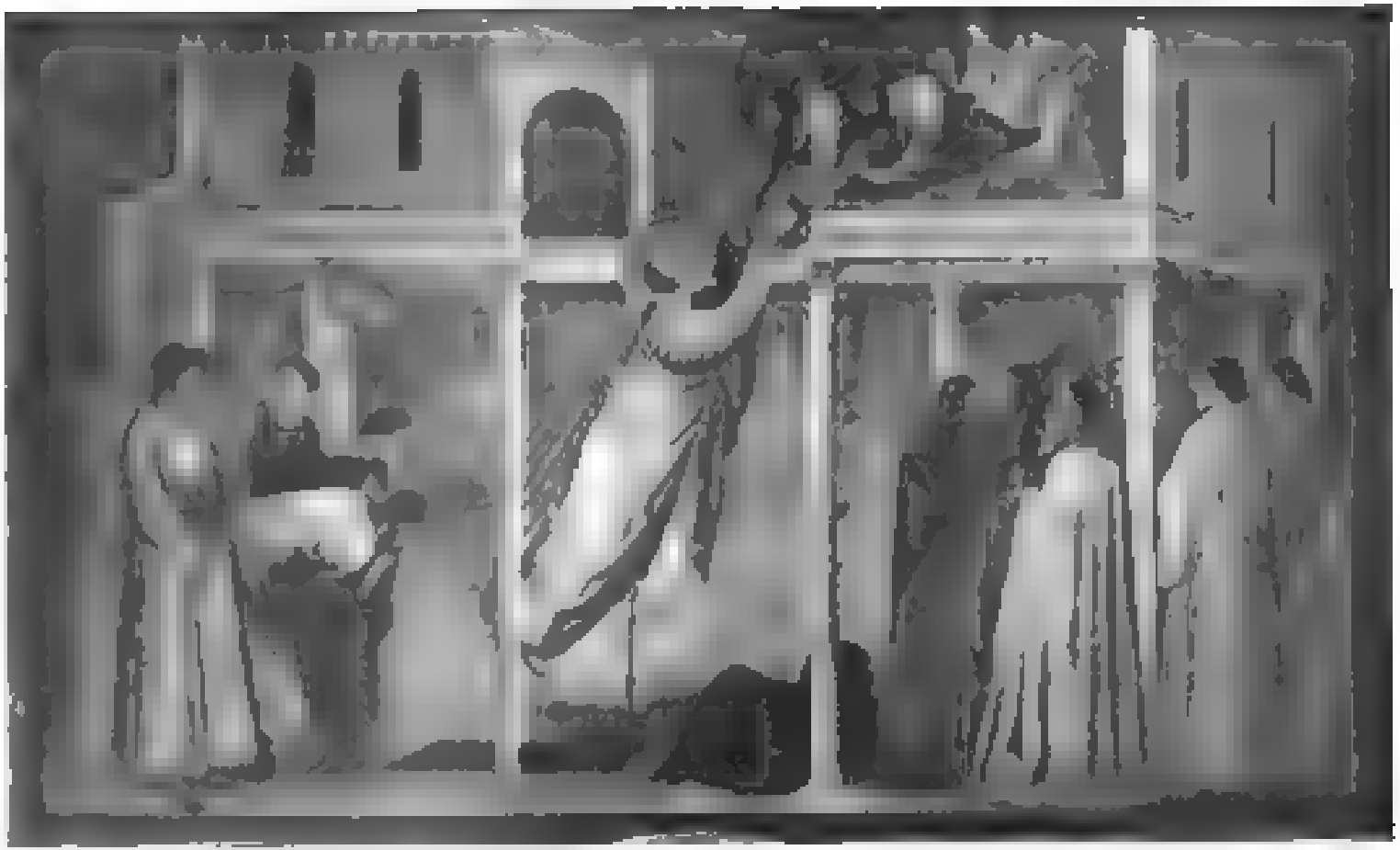


Photo Alinari

FIG. 12. - The Ascension of St John. *Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence*

Google
Original from

and limitations of actual figures moving in a three dimensional space; even the perspective of the ground is understood. Such an imaginative construction of three dimensional space had its disadvantages as well as its advantages for art, but in any case it is an astonishing indication of Giotto's genius that he thus foresaw the conditions which in the end would be accepted universally in European art. There is scarcely anything here that Raphael would have had to alter to adapt the composition to one of his tapestry cartoons.

Of the dramatic power of this I need add nothing to what has already been said, but as this is the last of his works which we shall examine it may afford an example of some of the characteristics of Giotto's draughtsmanship. For Giotto was one of the greatest masters of line that the world has seen, and the fact that his knowledge of the forms of the figure was comparatively elementary in no way interferes with his greatness. It is not how many facts about an object an artist can record, but how incisive and how harmonious with itself the record is, that constitutes the essence of draughtsmanship.

In considering the qualities of line, three main elements are to be regarded: First, the decorative rhythm, our sense of sight being constructed like our sense of sound, so that certain relations, probably those which are capable of mathematical analysis, are pleasing, and others discordant. Secondly, the significance of line as enabling us imaginatively to reconstruct a real, not necessarily an actual, object from it. The greatest excellence of this quality will be the condensation of the greatest possible suggestion of real form into the simplest, most easily apprehended line; the absence of confusing superfluity on the one hand, and mechanical, and therefore meaningless simplicity, on the other. Finally, we may regard line as a gesture, which impresses us as a direct revelation of the artist's personality in the same way that handwriting does.

Now, with Giotto, beautiful as his line undoubtedly is, it is not the first quality, the decorative rhythm, that most immediately impresses us. That is not the object of such deliberate

Google

and conscious research as with some artists. It is in its significance for the expression of form with the utmost lucidity, the most logical interrelation of parts that his line is so impressive. Here, for instance, in the figure of the kneeling woman, the form is expressed with perfect clearness; we feel at once the relation of the shoulders to one another, the relation of the torso to the pelvis, the main position of the thighs, and all this is conveyed by a curve of incredible simplicity capable of instant apprehension. To record so much with such economy requires not only a rare imaginative grasp of structure, but a manual dexterity which makes the story of Giotto's O perfectly credible should one care to believe it.

Giotto's line, regarded as an habitual gesture, is chiefly striking for its breadth and dignity. It has the directness, the absence of preciosity, which belongs to a generous and manly nature. The large sweeping curves of his loose and full draperies are in part the direct outcome of this attitude.

It is difficult to avoid the temptation to say of Giotto that he was the greatest artist that ever lived, a phrase which has been used of too many masters to retain its full emphasis. But at least he was the most prodigious phenomenon in the known history of art. Starting with little but the crude realism of Cimabue, tempered by the effete accomplishment of the Byzantines, to have created an art capable of expressing the whole range of human emotions; to have found, almost without a guide, how to treat the raw material of life itself in a style so direct, so pliant to the idea, and yet so essentially grandiose and heroic; to have guessed intuitively almost all the principles of representation which it required nearly two centuries of enthusiastic research to establish scientifically—to have accomplished all this is surely a more astounding performance than any other one artist has ever achieved.

But the fascination Giotto's art exercises is due in part to his position in the development of modern culture. Coming at the same time as Dante, he shares with him the privilege of seeing life as a single, self-consistent, and systematic whole. It was a

Google

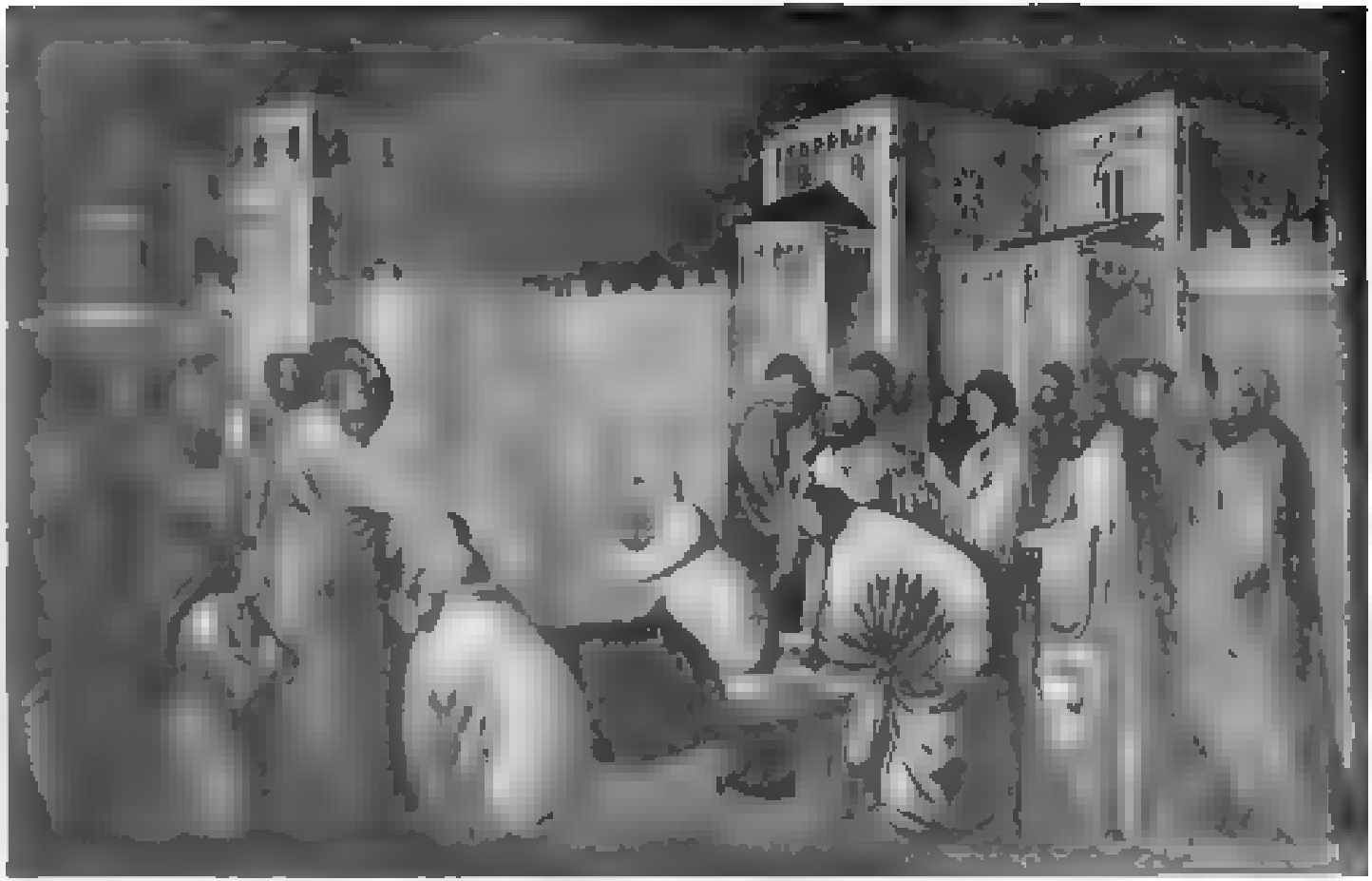


FIG. 14.—The Raising of Drusiana. *Peruzzi Chapel, Santa Croce, Florence.*

Google

Digitized from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

moment of equilibrium between the conflicting tendencies of human activity, a moment when such men as Dante and Giotto could exercise to the full their critical and analytical powers without destroying the unity of a cosmic theory based on theology. Such a moment was in its nature transitory: the free use of all the faculties which the awakening to a new self-consciousness had aroused, was bound to bring about antitheses which became more and more irreconcilable as time went on. Only one other artist in later times was able again to rise, by means of the conception of natural law, to a point whence life could be viewed as a whole. Even so, it was by a more purely intellectual effort, and he could not keep the same genial but shrewd sympathy for common humanity which makes Giotto's work so eternally refreshing.

ROGER E. FRY.

Digitized by Google

NATURALISM AND MUSICAL ÆSTHETIC

I

SOME time ago Mr. Arthur Balfour, in his work, "The Foundations of Belief," devoted a whole chapter to "Æsthetic," in which he attempted to show the impossibility of accounting, on naturalistic principles, for the origin and nature of the mental and emotional excitement to which he gave the name of the "Æsthetic Thrill," produced in us by means of the Beautiful. Selecting music in preference to the other arts in order that no hindrance to the conclusions to be arrived at might be introduced by arguments bearing on any supposed connection between beauty and utility, he went on to show that no satisfactory explanation had ever been given of the origin of man's delight in musical sound; that the literature of all ages gave abundant proof that music had always had as powerful an effect upon the emotions as it had at the present day, the supposition being that there were consequently no data for any theory of a progressive musical art; and that, taking into account the constant variation in the standard of musical taste, there was no element in the Beautiful permanent and unchangeable; the conclusion of the whole matter being that on any naturalistic hypothesis Beauty was but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure and the creative artist merely a kind of æsthetic cook. This region of musical æsthetics, although it is of the first importance to metaphysics,

Google

is as yet, comparatively speaking, unexplored; and although the greatest weight must be attached to the judgment of a thinker so acute and possessed of such a keen insight into the art of music as Mr. Balfour, nevertheless the negative conclusions he arrives at, though entirely suited to the proposition he sets himself to prove, leave the subject in such an unsatisfactory state that this alone ought to be sufficient apology for any contribution, however small, which helps to throw light on a difficult question. For music, unlike painting, poetry, and sculpture, is not an image of appearance; it has no dealings with known phenomena. The artist, the poet, the sculptor idealise nature. The poet, indeed, may strive to give us an insight into what underlies phenomena, but in doing so he must perforce express himself in terms of the phenomenal. But in an art so impalpable, so ethereal as that of music, it is difficult to grasp at anything on the positive side, definite and conclusive; hence the advantage it offers to one who wishes to wrest from it nothing but negative results, and the corresponding disadvantages to those who seek for some explanation of its æsthetic causes and effects.

In the first place, Mr. Balfour can find no adequate explanation of the cause of our delight in music. He rejects any theory having as its basis the law of natural selection, utility, or association of ideas. Of Mr. Spencer's theory, that the different sounds resulting from different emotions recall by association the emotions which gave them birth, and that from this "primordial coincidence" sprang, first cadenced speech, and then music, he remarks:

> Grant that a particular emotion produced a contraction of the abdomen, that the contraction of the abdomen produced a sound or series of sounds, and that, through this association with the originating emotion, the sound ultimately came to have independent æsthetic value, how are we advanced towards any explanation of the fact that quite different sound effects now please us, and that the nearer we get to the original noises the more hideous they appear? How does the primordial coincidence account for our ancestors liking the tom-tom? And how does the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom account for our liking the Ninth Symphony?

Google

Now to say that the "primordial coincidence" does not account for the effect produced by the tom-tom on our ancestors is to say that the law of gravity does not account for a falling body.

Let it first of all be clearly understood that the "primordial coincidence" is the association of the sound with the originating emotion. Emotion, from the very nature of the term, implies motion, and motion, almost without exception, gives rise to sound. Without concerning ourselves with a scientific term like the "contraction of the abdomen," let us take note of such everyday occurrences as are in the experience of every one. In a quiet country walk we know from the sound heard that a cart is passing along the highway, that water is near by the murmur it makes in going over the pebbles, and a faint rumble of distant thunder indicates some disturbance of the atmosphere in the direction whence the sound proceeds. But we soon find that sound results from the emotion (or motion) of organic as well as inorganic bodies, for, in passing the farm-house, we disturb the watchdog, which barks furiously, and, before coming to the end of the lane, the sound of laughter tells us that some of the farm hands are enjoying themselves. Now we have heard all these sounds without seeing who or what has caused any of them, and yet we have described in detail the agents which have produced them. How is this? Simply from the association of the sound with the originating motion or emotion. But the thunder draws nearer and its peals become almost deafening. As we hasten homewards we notice in an adjoining field some horses careering up and down in a state of great excitement. The thunder has frightened them. How? Again the answer is, "From the association of the sound with the originating emotion." The instinct of self-preservation leads them to apprehend danger from such a convulsion of Nature, and the poor animals are quivering with excitement. In other words, there is reproduced in them the same emotion, if such a term may be used, from which the thunder originated. This accounts for the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

effect of the tom-tom, which our ancestors worshipped as they did the thunder, thinking that each was the voice of a god; and although it is not easy to say whether they *liked* the tom-tom, all accounts go to prove that they were highly excited by it. It is more than probable, however, that it produced in them a sort of savage delight, for it is known that by its aid savages are accustomed in their wild dances to work themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that they will perform the most frantic leaps and the most violent bodily contortions, even going the length of hewing at their own bodies. The other occasion (besides the war-dance) on which the tom-tom is used among primitive races to produce excitement is during the performance of their religious rites, at which human sacrifice appears to form the most essential feature. So that the feelings which seem to be excited are essentially savage feelings, gloomy and terrible.

The tom-tom has undergone considerable modification until we have its representation in the modern orchestral drum. Instead, therefore, of Mr. Balfour asking how the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom accounts for our liking the Ninth Symphony, he ought rather to ask how it accounts for our liking the modern drum. The drum is the lineal descendant of the tom-tom, and the feeling produced by the one is only a modification of the feeling produced by the other. In very sensitive natures the sound of the drum produces a sort of gloomy terror, and a similar effect must have been made on the shrinking victims of primitive religious rites. But in answer to the question how it is that quite different sound-effects now please us, that the nearer we get to the original noises the more hideous they appear, and how the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom accounts for our liking the Ninth Symphony, let us put the analogous query—how does the fact that our ancestors delighted in cruelty and cannibalism account for the preference we give to our modern civilisation; and how is it that the nearer we get to the chaotic elements which constitute the life of the savage the more hideous they

Google

appear? Answer the one question and you get the answer to the other.

Both in music and in the social organism has there been the same tendency from simplicity to complexity: in both is to be seen a transition from what is disorderly, undefined, and discordant, to what is comparatively orderly, definite, and harmonious. In the social organism we find a state of social chaos with its harsh undefined elements and comparative independence of the individual giving place to a civilisation in which the elements are more definite and more harmonious, and in which the social units are less isolated and more dependent on one another for their moral and material well-being. In music there is to be observed the same progression from a chaos of atmospherical vibrations, harsh and irregular, which produce noise, to a regular series of vibrations, or musical sound, and to an art of music in which individual notes and harmonic combinations stand in a more or less close relation to each other. In the one we find a ferment of unrest and discontent bringing about a social upheaval and a state of comparative chaos, to be followed by new forms of society, paralleled in the other by the overthrow of old and the creation of new artistic models and new forms of art; indeed, the same causes are ultimately found to be at the root of both. So that it is more than an analogy we are drawing. Civilisation is not the expression of one part of man's nature, and music the expression of another part; both are different expressions of the same mental states. So that the same state of mind which in a tribe of savages finds expression in the sound produced by the tom-tom finds also expression in the extermination of a neighbouring tribe; the psychological conditions which impel man to search for new worlds are the same as those which urge him forward to the discovery of new scientific truths and the creation of new artistic models; the exalted religious sentiment which has found expression in so many noble lives and so many beneficent institutions is the same as that which has given us the "Messiah" and the later pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven.

Google

Behind all phenomena must there be that which has caused phenomena, and the fable of Orpheus shows us how the marvellous intuition of the Greeks had already enabled them to grasp at what underlies this fact.

> Orpheus, by the sweetness of his harp and voice, drew the wild beasts of all sorts about him, so that forgetting their nature they were neither actuated by revenge, cruelty, lust, hunger, nor the desire of prey, but stood about him in a tame and gentle manner, listening attentively to his music. Nay, so great was the power and efficacy of his harmony, that it even caused the trees and stones to remove and place themselves in a regular manner about him!

Schopenhauer presents us with the same fact when he says that

> Music is not an image of appearance, or of the objectivity of *will*, but an immediate image of will itself: and therefore represents to all the physical of the world the metaphysical, to all appearance the "thing in itself." Hence, one might as well call the world embodied music as embodied will.

So that when the question is asked, "How does the fact that our ancestors liked the tom-tom account for our liking the Ninth Symphony?" there is no incongruity in putting the parallel question, "How does the fact that our ancestors delighted in cruelty and cannibalism account for our preferring our modern civilisation?"

But it may be said that civilisation has nothing to do with the æsthetic feeling. On the contrary, civilisation has very much to do with the æsthetic feeling. Civilisation is saturated with it, bound up in it. There is no need at present to search for the causes, whether psychological or physiological, which produce such a feeling. Enough that we are attracted by the Beautiful, and—an important sequence—that we are impelled towards the Beautiful by the repulsion we receive from its antithesis, the Ugly. Now, where and when does the æsthetic feeling begin? Does it begin and end with the appreciation of works of art, or of the beauties of nature? Assuredly not; and in support of this we have the authority of Mr. Balfour himself.

Google

Speaking of dress, he remarks:

> Their admiration for a well-dressed person, *qud* well-dressed, is at least as genuine an æsthetic approval as any they are in the habit of expressing for other forms of beauty; just as their objection to an outworn fashion is based on a perfectly genuine æsthetic dislike. They are repelled by the unaccustomed sight, as a reader of discrimination is repelled by turgidity or false pathos. It appears to them ugly, even grotesque, and they turn from it with an aversion as disinterested, as unperturbed by personal or "society" considerations as if they were critics contemplating the production of some pretender in the region of Great Art.

This is most true, but there is no reason why we should stop at the æsthetics of dress; there is a wide field covered by the æsthetics of smell, of taste, of touch. The Greek word *aisthanomai*—"to perceive by the senses"—gives us no indication that by *æsthetic* is meant the perception of the Beautiful by two of the senses only. The sensation experienced from the perfume of a rose is as genuine an æsthetic feeling as that resulting from the contemplation of a work of art. But there is no necessity to wander away from the senses of sight and hearing. A case exactly in point is the impression made on us by a coarse, vulgar person, though he be dressed in the height of fashion, as opposed to the liking we have for a well-mannered, cultured person, even though he be not so fashionably dressed. We are influenced by the individual and by the society in which we move, just as infallibly, either for good or ill, as we are influenced by the music we listen to. And although the æsthetic amenities of the slums possess, no doubt, an attraction for many, still we regard slum life and slum society with as genuine an æsthetic dislike as we have for slum music; just as the best society—and by this is not necessarily meant "smart" or fashionable society—possesses for us as genuine an æsthetic attraction as what we term the best music. So that one seeks his society as he seeks his music; indeed, the society in which he moves will determine the kind of music he listens to. There are many instances on record of persons who, by sheer force of talent, have risen from the lowest orders of society to the

Google

highest. To ask such, then, to account for the preference they give to the higher as compared to the lower life from which they have sprung, and to ask a person of musical culture why he prefers the Ninth Symphony to the noise of the tom-tom, are merely different ways of putting the same question. It is evident, therefore, that there is not much good to be done by searching, as Mr. Balfour does, for permanent elements in the Beautiful. That there are permanent elements does not require to be proved; but this is not the question. The æsthetic feeling is and will remain the æsthetic feeling, the attraction possessed for us by the Beautiful; the question is rather, what is it that produces in us such a feeling? Therein lies the *crux* of the whole matter, and therein you have the key to the character of an individual and of a nation. What we were wont to regard as beautiful we regard as beautiful no longer, and well it is for the individual and for the race that this should be so. So true is it of æsthetics, as of all forms of life and thought, that he who finds his life shall lose it, and only he that loses it shall keep it.

II

Some explanation has been given of the æsthetic effect produced by the tom-tom. The tom-tom gave more noise than music, but it was æsthetic noise, and produced, though in a much less complex way, much the same effect as does the noisy element in some of our modern music. Let us now inquire into some of the causes of our delight in music, and, first, of a musical sound. Any explanation must, of course, be on a naturalistic basis; if not, we must resort to the familiar practice, as old as science itself, of explaining our delight in music as due to a special interference of the Deity, which is only another way of saying that it is inexplicable. All sound is, as is well known, due to the agitation of the air, as light is due to the agitation of the ether, communicated by some vibrating body. Sound, in itself, evidently cannot have any æsthetic value; different qualities of sound possess for us

Google

different æsthetic values only by the manner in which we associate sound with its originating emotion or movement. We may say that the sounds of Nature are due to emotion, for it is less a poetic fancy than a scientific truth to say that Nature has emotion, that she is moved, and, to a certain degree, as we are moved. Emotion then—*i.e.*, a "moving"—with us a "moving of the mind or soul"—finds expression, among other ways, in sound.

In man and certain of the lower animals the same moods are expressed much in the same way; but in man we have a greater diversity of moods and a corresponding diversity of qualities of sound.

Of great importance to us is the fact that the mood, or mental state, determines the character of the sound produced. So true is this, that we often attach more importance to the tone in which words are uttered than we do to the words themselves. How often have we been convinced, from the tones employed, that a person does not mean what he says, or that he means exactly the opposite! To a coarse voice we instinctively attribute a coarse nature, to a gentle voice a gentle nature, and so on. If it is asked how we do this, the answer is that we associate the sound with the originating emotion. It is thus that we are accustomed to connect with each emotion its particular quality of sound, whether the emotion be of joy or grief, love or hate, sorrow or anger, ecstasy or despair; and it is thus that there is no surer indication of character than the tones of the voice. Now from the emotions we have mentioned let us take that of ecstasy and examine the quality of sound in which it finds expression. Such an emotion has, of course, never been experienced by many so-called matter-of-fact people, and this is why such people find no delight in music. Such an emotion is eminently peculiar to sensitive poetic natures, and such natures are notoriously the most responsive to music. For what is the vocal sound appropriate to such an emotion? It is a resonant musical tone varying in all degrees of quality and beauty,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

according to the varying phases of the emotion. Proofs of this are to be found everywhere. We find it in the great orator as he approaches his peroration; we have it in the accents of passionate love and of religious enthusiasm. The best poetry seldom fails to arouse in us such an emotion, and for this reason Longfellow asks his friend to "lend to the words of the poet the beauty of thy voice." For this reason also were the actors in Greek tragedies accustomed to declaim their parts in expressive musical tones, the voice rising and falling with the emotion. And it has become almost proverbial that when intensity of emotion is such that language is inadequate, it finds natural expression in music.

In listening to a great tragedian at the play, we find that as the emotion increases the vocal tones of the actor acquire a corresponding resonance and musical character, until at the climax, and in the most natural way, he sings out his words, with the result that we are intensely thrilled. To find how such an electric effect has been produced, and the close and subtle way in which we associate the varying shades of an emotion with particular qualities of sound, let us listen to a second-rate actor in the same part. Here there is something in the voice modulations which tells us at once that the actor is merely simulating an emotion he does not feel or that he is not expressing himself in a natural way, the result being that we are entirely unmoved. Why was it that the first actor succeeded where the second failed? Simply because the one was true to nature, and the other was not, and because we judged of the reality of the emotion by the timbre of the voice tones of which the emotion, real or perfectly simulated, was the origin. The peculiarly musical quality of tone employed by the first actor was nothing in itself, being only a particular kind of atmospherical vibration, but it was the medium by which the intense emotion was communicated, and thus we experienced the "æsthetic thrill." This is more clearly seen in sounds resulting from a less complex emotional and mental state, such as the moan of one in pain. Such an emotion will

Google

produce in us great mental distress, in some temperaments amounting even to anguish. So that the state of intense emotion or ecstasy, which is the primary cause of the vocal musical sound, reproduces, by a sort of reflex action, the emotion from which the sound primarily originated, and thereby occasions the "thrill" resulting from the emotion. This ought to be a satisfactory explanation of our delight in a musical sound, and there is no need that we should search for it with Mr. Balfour among prehistoric ants and spiders.

It is a matter of common observation that when one's temper has been ruffled and his inner harmony, as we say, disturbed, the voice reflects the man and becomes discordant. With the restoration of mental serenity, the voice tones are more harmonious. Increasing resonance will result from increasing pleasure, and when the pleasure amounts to ecstasy, the voice will be most musical. Now the actual meaning of the word *ecstasy* is "a state in which the mind is carried away, as it were, from the body." In such a state the jarring elements of earth are left behind and we are for the time being in a sort of perfect harmony and bliss. This is, no doubt, the origin of the conception of a future state in which the soul, no longer earthbound, shall for ever soar on angel's wings through infinite space, and to this must be ascribed the fact that Music has been called the Divine Art, and that so many representations of angelic figures are to be found on old musical instruments and manuscripts. The manner in which such an exalted spiritual state is reflected in the physical characteristics of a musical sound is remarkable. It has been proved by Helmholtz, first, that a musical sound is the result of periodic atmospherical vibrations as opposed to imperiodic irregular vibrations, which produce noise; and, second, that in every well-developed tone there exists not only the fundamental tone produced by the whole length of the vibrating body, but also a regular series of harmonics produced by the separate vibration of aliquot parts of the vibrating body. Noise, then, is the result of an irregular and disordered series of

Google

vibrations and harmonics; so that the noise of the tom-tom faithfully represents a state of disorder and chaos; while in musical sound, whether considered psychologically or physically, we have a symbol of a state of perfect harmony, a state which, from time immemorial, man has ever striven to attain. Music was at first, and continued to be for many centuries, entirely melodic; but such an art, though limited, was sufficient for the expression of a comparative simplicity of thought and feeling. The construction of old folk-songs and church melodies was simple and natural enough, the melody rising and falling in pitch with the emotion, according to the natural law, that increase of emotion is accompanied by increase of muscular tension, which in the vocal cords means an increase of musical pitch. The same thing is to be observed in Nature. As a storm increases in fury, the whistling of the wind becomes higher and higher in pitch; as the storm dies away, the sound of the wind sinks to a cadence. With the growth of thought and, consequently, of feeling, came the demand for a fuller means of expression; this was obtained by the discovery of Harmony, without which it is difficult to imagine how the Art of Music could have been developed to any appreciable extent. The manner in which Harmony was evolved is particularly interesting and noteworthy. In a well-developed musical tone there are, first, the fundamental tone, which gives its name to the sound; second, a tone an octave above the fundamental tone, produced by the resonance of half the column of air (or of piano-wire or fiddle-string) necessary for the production of the fundamental tone, and called its first partial tone; third, a tone a perfect fifth above the first partial tone; fourth, a tone a perfect fourth above the second partial tone; then a major third, then a minor third, and so on. So that in listening to a musical tone we really hear several tones, just as when, looking at what we imagine to be one colour, we really are looking at a combination of colours. On striking a note on the piano, sufficiently low on the musical scale, we are by a little attention able to distinguish the first partial tone,

Digitized by Google

an octave above the fundamental tone; a little more effort is necessary to distinguish the second partial tone, a perfect fifth above the first; greater difficulty will be found in picking out the third partial tone, a perfect fourth above the second; still greater difficulty in distinguishing the fourth and fifth partial tones, the major and minor thirds; while the upper series of partials can only be distinguished by the aid of resonators, instruments invented by Helmholtz, which resound powerfully to a particular tone. We have mentioned this so much in detail because it is remarkable that the old experimenters in harmony of the tenth century discovered, or thought they discovered, their harmonic combinations of two notes sounded simultaneously exactly in the order named. They had long been accustomed to the octave; then they ventured on the fifth, which must have sounded strangely familiar; regarding the fourth, they at first classed it as a dissonance, and it was not without many qualms of conscience and much learned discussion that it at last became accepted as a consonance; the major and minor thirds being first treated as discords and after as imperfect consonances. But all the above intervals, which form the entire basis of the modern system of harmony, *really existed in the first musical tone produced by the human voice.*

But it is not by sound alone, however wonderfully varied and beautiful the different qualities of sound at the command of the composer may be, that a work of art is produced; rhythm is quite as important a factor in musical expression as sound. The same emotional excitement which finds expression in sound finds also expression in muscular action and rhythmic gesture.

This accounts for the fact, which is confirmed by the literature and pictorial representations of all ancient peoples, that music was at first accompanied by dancing. To glance for a moment at a few of the outstanding rhythmic gestures produced by primitive races under the influence of different emotions, we may believe that grief would find rhythmic expres-

Google

sion in slow-measured dances; joy, in quick vigorous dances; rage and warlike feelings would be expressed by frantic and irregular rhythmic gestures. And it is the same in modern music; we can hardly imagine a funeral march being mistaken for a hymn of victory, nor can we imagine the broken, irregular rhythms of Wagner's overture to "The Flying Dutchman" being the expression of the same thoughts and feelings as the measured cadences of Mendelssohn's air, "O rest in the Lord." So that, just as in the case of different qualities of sound, different mental states produce different rhythmic figures, and conversely rhythmic figures produce the different mental states from which they primarily originated. Sound and rhythm, then, are the materials, and the only materials, which the musical composer has at command for the expression of his thoughts and feelings. To those who are acquainted with the vast musical structure which has taken so many centuries, and the labours of so much genius, to raise, it is almost incredible, but none the less worthy of belief, that from these two elements, sound and rhythm, the whole musical structure has been involved. For "evolution" is the only word by which such a process can be described. The laws which scientists have discovered as bearing on the evolution of the sentient organism have also borne on the art of music. And so it is that the works of a Mozart, of a Beethoven, would have been impossible had not the Greeks, centuries before, experimented in the formation of musical scales; had not the monks of mediæval times discovered the fundamental series of musical intervals which form the basis of harmony; if the Netherland school of musicians of the fifteenth century had not achieved such vast results in the domain of counterpoint, and from the chaos of sound taken the first steps towards the establishment of a cosmic system of intelligible musical form; and if the different instruments, without which the performance of modern musical works would be impossible, had not been invented, gradually improved, and brought to their present state of efficiency.

If, then, we find in the art of music all the evidences of an

Google

organic growth, if from the two elements of sound and rhythm there has been slowly evolved through the course of the centuries a musical creation bewildering in the variety and multiplicity of the forms in which full, rich life is pulsating, a parallel growth must also be looked for in the mental conditions from which such a variety of phenomena originated.

New and larger means of expression were the necessary outcome of a greater scope and complexity of thought and feeling. The old bottles no longer sufficed for the new wine, and technique grew, not because it was an end in itself, but because it was the means to an end. When, therefore, Mr. Balfour remarks that the literature of all ages shows that music, no matter in what state of development it might be, had always as great an effect on the human mind as it has at the present day, and that therefore music was as great in the first century as it is in the nineteenth, a very misleading impression is created. No doubt the effect of music has always been as great as it is at the present day, but the question is not so much one of effect, the question is rather, what is it that produces the effect? The revelations of science produce in us on the whole as genuine an æsthetic "thrill" as any we derive from music: is it to be said then, that because science, in whatever state of development it may be, has always been capable of producing such a "thrill," that therefore the science of the first century was as great as the science of the nineteenth?

Music, as Mr. Balfour points out, is merely a particular agitation of the air, but it is by this particular agitation of the air that the mind and soul of the composer are revealed to the mind and soul of the listener. The mental condition which finds expression in a simple folk-song is different from that which finds expression in a requiem or organ fugue; the ideas and feelings of Beethoven when he composed his Seventh Symphony were different from those under the influence of which he composed his Ninth: the mental state which found expression in a Scarlatti opera of the eighteenth century was entirely different from that which finds expression in a Wagner music-

Google

drama of the nineteenth; and conversely, the folk-song produces a different mental state from the requiem or organ fugue, and the psychological impression received from the Wagner music-drama is different from that received from the Scarlatti opera. The composer reflects his age and his environment. To say, therefore, that the music of the eighth century revealed in its time all the unpictured beauties of the music of the eighteenth, is to say that the ideas, the institutions, the social life of the eighth century were the same as those of the eighteenth; and as the history of the individual is to a great extent analogous to the history of the race, it is to say that the harmonious third or fifth which the child contrives to pick out on the piano reveals to him all the beauty, all the philosophic depth which, when education has done its work in the enlarging of his emotional and intellectual faculties, he will afterwards enjoy in listening to a Beethoven symphony. And it is difficult to imagine how any argument against a theory of progressive musical art should be found in the fact of a constantly varying standard of musical taste; surely this is the very *sine qud non* of such a theory. In the fact that we have left the past behind us, and that the present fails to satisfy our aspirations, lies the main incentive to the attainment of greater and higher things. And to say that, if music is to be accounted for on a naturalistic hypothesis, the creative artist is merely a kind of æsthetic cook, is only a somewhat *bizarre* way of expressing a great truth. Nature has so ordered that we should derive pleasure from the taking of food, but she leaves us to find out for ourselves why this should be so. The pleasure derived from eating is not there on its own account; it is there because the assimilation of food is necessary for the growth and maintenance of the vital powers of the body. But Nature does not demand that all these considerations should be carefully thought out before we sit down to dinner: we have only to indulge in the pleasure: she does the rest. Similarly the pleasure we derive from music is not primarily there on its own account. It is there because the influence it brings to bear on us is necessary for the main-

Google

tenance of that animating principle to which we give the name of "mind" or "soul." If any one, then, should forbear to eat because he had reasoned himself into the belief that the pleasure derived from eating was merely a deliberate fraud perpetrated by Nature for no well-defined end, he would not be doing a more ridiculous thing than if he were to refrain from the enjoyment of music because he believed that this was but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure. The Greeks seem to have realised this to a greater extent even than we, otherwise it is difficult to explain how two of their greatest philosophers, in the midst of the most serious debates on the laws of their country, could speak of the tonal art as one of the chief elements of education, and denounce the introduction of a certain musical scale as a national danger and misfortune.

In a sort of judicial summing up, Mr. Balfour remarks that all attempts to account for music on a naturalistic basis are as though we should trace back to its source some mighty river like the Amazon. The stream which arises farthest from its mouth has the honour of being called its source, but no account is taken of the numberless tributaries whose gathered waters sweep towards the sea two thousand miles across the plain. This is a good simile; but it is more. It is a really remarkable example of how truth will out, and the *naïve* and unexpected way in which it sometimes discovers itself. After attempting to prove that the true determining factor in the variation of the standard of musical taste is to be found in fashion; that there is more pleasure derived from a music-hall song in one night than from a composition of Palestrina in a decade; that as music has always been as capable of producing the æsthetic "thrill" as it is now, the efforts of so much genius and the work of so many centuries have been so much time and labour wasted, Mr. Balfour compares music in its psychological development to the ever increasing flood of the Amazon, and speaks of the "gathered waters" of numberless tributaries which have helped to swell "the tide of music's golden sea, setting towards eternity." This is the very simile we want.

Google

Let us apply it to the argument. Mr. Balfour makes clear in the context that by "gathered waters" he means new experiences, and asks where in music such experiences are to be found. The answer is, that the same forces, the same experiences which have borne and are bearing on the development of man, have also borne and are bearing on the development of music. From the time that man was first enabled to attach æsthetic value to sound, up to the latest creations of musical genius, there has been a constant growth in the technique of the art of music, because, with the growth of experience came a growth of thought and feeling, and the consequent necessity for a new and fuller means of expression. Not only in the history of the art but in the history of the individual composer may this be seen. Take Beethoven, for example. In his early period we find even his strong personality influenced by the technique of Mozart: with growing independence of thought there is a growing independence of style; until, after much suffering and much varied and bitter experience, we find that Beethoven has passed into another world, the music of his later period expressing things as dissimilar and differing as much from his early productions as Goethe's or Browning's conception of the universe differs from a South Sea Islander's.

It has been shown how we give different æsthetic values to different kinds and qualities of sound, whether musical or non-musical, and to different rhythmic figures, by the association of the sound or rhythm with the originating emotion. And if this accounts for the æsthetic effect of a simple rustic song and dance, it also accounts for the immeasurably more complex effect produced on us by the Ninth Symphony. As an illustration of this, a student in music will often tell his master that, although the later sonatas of Beethoven present to him no great technical difficulty as regards their performance, still he cannot understand what they *mean*, and to him they are not only quite devoid of beauty but are even disagreeable to listen to. On which the master has to explain that Beethoven, in these later sonatas, speaks of things

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which it is impossible for him as yet to understand, but that as he grows older and gains more experience, he will at length find in them a revelation of things unseen. The order of things is not from Shakespeare to the savage, but from the savage to Shakespeare, and for the same reason we do not begin the musical education of a child with the Ninth Symphony, and lead him gradually to the exalted mental and spiritual state necessary for the appreciation of the tom-tom; rather do we at first put into his hands the tom-tom or its equivalent, and cultivate his moral and spiritual nature until he is fit to enter and kneel in the temple of art, in which dwells the spirit of Beethoven. With growth of experience comes a change in our standard of the Beautiful. Experience implies sensation, emotion, moving of the mind or soul. And if experience brings knowledge, it also brings capacity to feel; if complexity of experience bring with it complexity of ideas, it must necessarily also bring with it complexity of feeling. We talk of the finer feelings of the cultured, as compared to the coarser feelings of the uncultured. And so it is that simplicity of thought and feeling is expressed in simplicity of musical structure; while complexity of emotion, resulting from complexity of thought, or, conversely, complexity of thought resulting from complexity of emotion, finds expression in complexity of musical structure. The experiences which the individual and the race are gaining day by day, these are the forces which are bearing on the mental, the emotional, even the physical development of man, and through him on society, literature, science and art. So that in tracing music to its origin we name as its source the little rivulet of sound, but we must take heed how it has drained from the great outside world of thought and action and gathered into its broad bosom the enormous influences which have borne and are bearing on the psychological development of mankind, the final result of which is beyond our sight in the distance where lies the unfathomable ocean of eternity.

MATTHEW SHIRLAW.

Google

A CHINESE FAIRY-TALE

TIKI-PU was a small grub of a thing; but he had a true love of Art down in his soul. There it hung mewing and complaining, struggling to work its way out through the raw exterior that possessed it.

Tiki-pu's master was an artist of sorts; he had artist-apprentices and students, who came daily to work under him; and a large studio littered around with the performance of himself and his pupils. On the walls hung also a few real works by the older men, all long since dead. This studio Tiki-pu swept: for those who worked in it he ground colours, and washed brushes, and ran errands, bringing them their dog-chops and bird's-nest soup from the nearest eating-house, when they were too busy to go out to it themselves. He himself had to feed mainly on the breadcrumbs which the students screwed into pellets for their drawings and then threw about upon the floor. It was on the floor, also, that he had to sleep at night.

Tiki-pu looked after the blinds, and mended the paper window-panes, which were often broken when the apprentices threw their brushes and mahl-sticks at him. Also he strained rice-paper over the linen-stretchers, ready for the painters to work on. For a treat, now and then, a lazy one would allow him to mix a colour for him: then it was that Tiki-pu's soul came down into his finger-tips, and his heart beat so that he gasped for joy. Oh, the yellows and the greens, and the lakes and the cobalts, and the purples which sprang from the

Google

blending of them! Sometimes it was all he could do to keep himself from crying out.

Tiki-pu, while he squatted and ground at the colour-powders, would listen to his master lecturing to the students. He knew by heart the names of all the painters and their schools, and the name of the great leader of them all who had lived and passed from their midst more than three hundred years ago; he knew that too, a name like the sound of the wind, Wio-wani: the big picture at the end of the studio was by him.

That picture! To Tiki-pu it seemed worth all the rest of the world put together. He knew, too, the story which attached to it, making it as holy to his eyes as the tombs of his own ancestors. The apprentices joked over it, calling it "Wio-wani's back-door," "Wio-wani's night-cap," and many other nicknames; but Tiki-pu was quite sure, since the picture was so beautiful, that the story must be true.

Wio-wani, at the end of a long life, had painted it; a garden full of trees and sunlight, with high standing flowers and green paths, and in their midst a palace. "The place where I would like to rest," said Wio-wani, when it was finished. So beautiful was it then, that the Emperor himself had come to look at it. And gazing enviously at those peaceful walks, and the palace nesting among the trees, he had sighed and owned that he too would be glad of such a resting-place. Then Wio-wani stepped into the picture, and walked away along a path till he came, looking quite small and far-off, to a low door in the palace-wall. Opening it, he turned and beckoned to the Emperor; but the Emperor did not follow, so Wio-wani went in by himself, and shut the door between himself and the world for ever.

That happened three hundred years ago, but for Tiki-pu the story was as fresh and true as if it had happened yesterday. When he was left to himself in the studio, all alone and locked up for the night, Tiki-pu used to go and stare at the picture till it was too dark to see, and at the little palace with the door in its wall, by which Wio-wani had disappeared out of life. Then his soul would go down into his finger-tips, and he

Google

would knock softly and fearfully at the beautifully painted door, saying, "Wio-wani, are you there?"

Little by little in the long-thinking nights, and the slow early mornings when light began to creep back through the papered windows of the studio, Tiki-pu's soul became too much for him. He who could strain paper and grind colours, and wash brushes, had everything within reach for becoming an artist, if it was the will of fate that he should be one.

Tiki-pu began timidly at first, but presently he grew bold. With the first wash of light he was up from his couch on the hard floor, and was daubing his soul out on scraps, and odds-and-ends, and stolen pieces of rice-paper.

Before long the short spell of daylight, which lay between dawn and the arrival of the apprentices to their work, did not suffice him. It took too long to hide all traces of his doings, to wash out the brushes, and rinse clean the paint-pots he had used, and on the top of that to get the studio swept and dusted, so that there was hardly time left him in which to indulge the itching appetite in his fingers.

Driven by necessity, he became a smuggler in candle-ends, picking them from their sockets in the lanterns which the students carried on dark nights. Now and then one of these would remember that when last used his lantern had a candle in it, and would accuse Tiki-pu of having stolen it. "It is true," he would confess, "I was hungry, I have eaten it." The lie was so probable, he was believed easily, and was well beaten accordingly. Down in the ragged linings of his coat, Tiki-pu could hear the candle-ends rattling as the buffeting and chastisement fell upon him, and trembled lest his hoard should be discovered. But the true inwardness of his theft never leaked out; and at night, when he guessed that all the world outside would be in bed, Tiki-pu would mount one of his candles on a wooden stand and paint by the light of it, blinding himself over his task till the dawn came and gave him a better and cheaper light to work by.

Tiki-pu hugged himself over the results; he believed he

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was doing very well. "If only Wio-wani were here to teach me," thought he, "I would be in the way of becoming a great painter!'

The resolution came to him one night that Wio-wani *should* teach him. He took a large piece of rice-paper and strained it, and sitting down opposite "Wio-wani's back door," began painting. He had never set himself so big a task as this; by the dim stumbling light of his candle he strained his eyes nearly blind over the difficulties of it; and at last was almost driven to despair. How the trees stood row behind row, with air and sunlight between, and how the path went in and out, winding its way up to the little door in the palace-wall were mysteries he could not fathom. He peered and peered and dropped tears into his paint-pots; but the secret of the mystery of such painting was far beyond him.

The door in the palace-wall opened; out came a little old man and began walking down the pathway towards him.

The soul of Tiki-pu gave a sharp leap in his grubby little body. "That must be Wio-wani himself and no other!" cried his soul.

Tiki-pu pulled off his cap and threw himself down on the floor with reverent grovellings. When he dared to look up again Wio-wani stood over him big and fine; just within the edge of his canvas he stood and reached out a hand.

"Come along with me, Tiki-pu!" said the great one. "If you want to know how to paint I will teach you." "Oh, Wio-wani, were you there all the while?" cried Tiki-pu ecstatically, leaping up and clutching with his smeary little puds the hand which the old man extended to him. "I was there," said Wio-wani, "looking at you out of my little window. Come along in!"

Tiki-pu took a heave, and swung himself into the picture, and fairly capered when he found his feet among the flowers of Wio-wani's beautiful garden. Wio-wani had turned, and was ambling gently back to the door of his palace, beckoning to the small one to follow him. Tiki-pu was opening his mouth like

Google

a fish to all the wonders that surrounded him. "Celestiality, may I speak?" he said suddenly. "Speak," replied Wio-wani; "what is it?" "The Emperor; was he not the very flower of fools not to follow when you told him?" "I cannot say," answered Wio-wani, "but he certainly was no artist."

Then he opened the door, that door which he had so beautifully painted, and led Tiki-pu in. And outside the little candle-end sat and guttered by itself, till the wick fell overboard; and the flame kicked itself out, leaving the studio in darkness and solitude to wait for the growings of another dawn.

It was full day before Tiki-pu reappeared; he came running down the green path in great haste, jumped out of the frame on to the studio-floor, and began tidying up his own messes of the night and the apprentices' of the previous day. Only just in time did he have things ready by the hour when his master and the others returned to their work.

All that day they kept scratching their left ears, and could not think why; but Tiki-pu knew, for he was saying over to himself all the things that Wio-wani, the great painter, had been saying about them and their precious productions. And as he ground their colours for them and washed their brushes, and filled his famished little body with the breadcrumbs they threw away, little they guessed from what an immeasurable distance he looked down upon them all, and had Wio-wani's word for it tickling his right ear all the day long.

Now before long Tiki-pu's master noticed a change in him; and though he bullied him, and thrashed him, and did all that a careful master should do, he could not get the change out of him. So in a short while he grew suspicious. "What is the boy up to?" he wondered. "I have my eye on him all day: it must be at night that he gets into mischief."

It did not take Tiki-pu's master a night's watching to find that something surreptitious was certainly going on. When it was dark he took up his post outside the studio, to see whether by any chance Tiki-pu had some way of getting out; and before long he saw a faint light showing through the window.

Google

So he came and thrust his finger softly through one of the panes and put his eye to the hole.

There inside was a candle burning on a stand, and Tiki-pu squatting with paint-pots and brush in front of Wio-Wani's last masterpiece.

"What fine piece of burglary is this?" thought he; "what serpent have I been harbouring in my bosom? Is this beast of a grub of a boy thinking to make himself a painter and cut me out of my reputation and prosperity?" For even at that distance he could perceive plainly that the work of this boy went head and shoulders beyond his, or that of any painter then living.

Presently Wio-wani opened his door and came down the path, as was his habit now each night, to call Tiki-pu to his lesson. He came to the front of his picture and beckoned for Tiki-pu to come in with him; and Tiki-pu's master grew clammy at the knees, as he beheld Tiki-pu catch hold of Wio-wani's hand and jump into the picture, and skip up the green path by Wio-wani's side, and in through the little door that Wio-wani had painted so beautifully in the end wall of his palace!

For a time Tiki-pu's master stood glued to the spot with grief and horror. "Oh, you deadly little underling! oh, you poisonous little caretaker, you parasite, you vampire, you fly in amber!" cried he, "is that where you get your training? Is it there that you dare to go trespassing; into a picture that I purchased for my own pleasure and profit and not at all for yours? Very soon we will see whom it really belongs to!"

He ripped out the paper of the largest window-pane and pushed his way through into the studio. Then in great haste he took up paint-pot and brush, and sacrilegiously set himself to work upon Wio-wani's last masterpiece. In the place of the doorway by which Tiki-pu had entered he painted a solid brick wall; twice over he painted it, making it two bricks thick; brick by brick he painted it, and mortared every brick to its place. And when he had quite finished he laughed, and called "Good-night, Tiki-pu!" and went home to bed quite happy.

All the students and apprentices wondered what had become

Google

of Tiki-pu; but as the master himself said nothing, and as another boy came to act as colour-grinder and brush-washer to the establishment, they very soon forgot all about him.

In the studio the master used to sit at work with his students all about him, and a mind full of ease and contentment. Now and then he would throw a glance across to the bricked-up doorway of Wio-wani's palace, and laugh to himself, thinking how well he had served out Tiki-pu for his treachery and presumption.

One day—it was five years after the disappearance of Tiki-pu—he was giving his apprentices a lecture on the glories and the beauties and the wonders of Wio-wani's painting—how nothing for colour could excel, or for mystery could equal it. To add point to his eloquence, he stood waving his hands before Wio-wani's last masterpiece, and all his students and apprentices sat round him and looked.

Suddenly he stopped at mid-word, and dropped in the full flight of his eloquence, as he saw something like a hand come and take down the top brick from the face of paint which he had laid over the little door in the palace-wall which Wio-wani had so beautifully painted. In another moment there was no doubt about it; brick by brick the wall was being pulled down, in spite of its double thickness.

The lecturer was altogether too dumbfounded and terrified to utter a word. He and all his apprentices stood and stared while the demolition of the wall proceeded. Before long he recognised Wio-wani with his flowing white beard; it was his handiwork, this pulling down of the wall! He still had a brick in his hand when he stepped through the opening that he had made, and close after him stepped Tiki-pu!

Tiki-pu was grown tall and strong, he was even handsome, but for all that his old master recognised him, and saw with an envious foreboding that under his arms he carried many rolls and stretchers and portfolios, and other belongings of his craft. Clearly Tiki-pu was coming back into the world, and was going to be a great painter.

Google

Down the garden-path came Wio-wani, and Tiki-pu walked after him; Tiki-pu was so tall, that his head stood well over Wio-wani's shoulders, old man and young man together made a handsome pair.

How big Wio-wani grew as he walked down the avenues of his garden and into the foreground of his picture! and how big the brick in his hand! and ah, how angry he seemed!

Wio-wani came right down to the edge of the picture-frame and held up the brick. "What did you do that for?" he asked.

"I . . . didn't!" Tiki-pu's old master was beginning to reply; and the lie was still rolling on his tongue when the weight of the brick-bat, hurled by the stout arm of Wio-wani, felled him. After that he never spoke again. That brick-bat, which he himself had reared, became his own tombstone.

Just inside the picture-frame stood Tiki-pu, kissing the wonderful hands of Wio-wani, which had taught him all their skill. "Good-bye, Tiki-pu!" said Wio-wani, embracing him tenderly. "Now I am sending my second self into the world. When you are tired and want rest come back to me: old Wio-wani will take you in."

Tiki-pu was sobbing, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he stepped out of Wio-wani's wonderfully-painted garden and stood once more upon earth. Turning, he saw the old man walking away along the path toward the little door under the palace-wall. At the door Wio-wani turned back and waved his hand for the last time. Tiki-pu still stood watching him. Then the door opened and shut, and Wio-wani was gone. Softly as a flower the picture seemed to have folded its leaves over him.

Tiki-pu leaned a wet face against the picture and kissed the door in the palace-wall which Wio-wani had painted so beautifully. "Oh! Wio-wani, dear master," he cried, "are you there?"

He waited and called again, but no voice answered him.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

by Google

AN EMPEROR'S SPORTING CHRONICLE

OUR knowledge of what the chase was like in the Middle Ages would be of a far more fragmentary nature than it actually is, had not three fine old sportsmen left us records that take foremost rank in the literature of venery. Of the two seniors of this triumvirate it is only necessary to recall to the reader's memory the names of their famous sporting chronicles. *Le Roi Modus*, or to give it its full title as found in the oldest of the thirty existing manuscripts: *Li livres du roi Modus et de la reine Racio qui parle des deduiz et de pestilence* is the name of the most ancient French prose work on the chase. Recent researches show that its author was probably the very same Count de Tancarville, at one time chamberlain of the Regent Philippe, whose famous judgment upon the respective merits of hunting *versus* hawking formed one of the most discussed topics among mediæval sportsmen. In the fashion of the time the author of this classic not only indulged in quaint mysticism of a religious nature, but tried to prove that the good sportsman had special facilities of reaching Paradise by the shortest cut, for no other man, he maintained, could so easily withstand the seven deadly sins, the *bête noir* of mediæval times. The first part of the work is devoted to the chase, hawking and the various forms of fowling to which sportsmen of the fourteenth century were so much

Google

addicted, but the latter portion is an unreadable discussion of the pestilence, full of absurd allegorical mysticism.

Very much more interesting is the work of the famous Gaston de Foix (nicknamed Phœbus), *Deduiz de la Chasse*, written more than half a century later, A.D. 1887, which without question is the most celebrated fountain-head of all lore connected with mediæval venery. About the personality of its author, the famous *veneur* Count de Foix, lord of those much bewarred "buffer-states" between France and Spain, the counties of Foix and Béarn, good old Froissart, as every one will remember, has left us a most romantic account.

In the terse chapters of the *Deduiz* we have model accounts not only of the chase, but also of the natural history, or as observant Gaston terms it, "the nature of the animal." These eighty-five chapters, while betraying the extraordinary ignorance still prevailing in matters appertaining to zoology, prove to one how infinitely more intimate was the old sportsmen's acquaintance with the habits of their game than that possessed by the average modern representative. The *Deduiz* is singularly free from all self-advertising accounts of personal adventure, and did we not know on good evidence what a great sportsman this modest old author was, his pages would leave us without the slightest indication of his prowess. Very different in this respect is the man with whose writings these pages have specially to deal: Maximilian, who for a quarter of a century of his adventurous career occupied the Imperial throne of the Holy Roman Empire. His span on earth, curiously enough, was exactly the same as that of his French brother author who predeceased him by more than a century, for when (in 1891) a bear-hunt ended the hunting days of Count Gaston, he was in his sixtieth year, at which age also the "Last Knight of Chivalry," as Maximilian has so often been called, took (in A.D. 1519) that short cut to paradise which we have heard was reserved to all good *veneurs*. Typical of the fact that in this ruler's lifetime fell the birth of the age we call the Modern, Maximilian's craving to see

Google

himself in print betrays the spirit of modern life. If he was the last knight of the mediæval age he was also the first author of modern times, eager to see his doughty deeds set forth in the quaint black-letters of Hans Schönsperger, the Augsburg printer, and elaborately illustrated by the diligent gravers of Hans Burgkmair and other famous pupils of Dürer.

Maximilian's restless activity in the field of battle and of sport, which has been the surprise of all historians, was equally great in the department of letters. Upwards of one hundred monographs dealing with the most diverse subjects, from religious disquisitions and family heraldry to treatises on artillery, the arts of war, theology, the occult sciences and sport were planned by him, and in most cases left in a more or less finished condition, at least in manuscript, by this versatile Hapsburg prince. As works of adventure in war and in sport the two that are best known are, of course, the sumptuously got-up *Theuerdank* and *Weisskunig*. Though the allegorical language in which Maximilian narrates his various adventures by sea and by land detracts from the directness of the tale, these two interesting works rank very high among the ancient chronicles of sport, for the best artists of their time bring before our eye in graphic pictures the methods employed by this great Nimrod in hunting the stag, the bear, the boar and the chamois. And however incompatible with strict accuracy of detail may seem to us a childlike ignorance of the laws of perspective, we have abundant proof that the Emperor laid great stress upon accurate delineation according to the somewhat primitive conception of art prevalent four hundred years ago.

Another sporting work by the hand of this "sportsman and emperor," as he called himself in his correspondence with his daughter, the Governess of the Netherlands, is a highly interesting treatise called "The Secret Book of Sport," the original manuscript of which was discovered only a few decades ago and immediately printed by a learned student of ancient

Google

venery.[1] We shall have to refer to it on more than one occasion while treating the contents of what is the real subject of these pages, viz., an hitherto unpublished hunting-book of Emperor Maximilian, of which it fell to the present writer's lot to discover the original manuscript adorned by two of the curious illustrations here reproduced.

This work is the *Gejaid Buch* written for Maximilian by his Master of the Game, Carl von Spaur, in the years 1499 and 1500.

That such a book had been written by the keen royal sportsman's orders was no secret to students, for I had myself read an unillustrated manuscript transcript preserved in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck, but the original of the work had disappeared from Austria, and its whereabouts, in spite of many inquiries, remained unknown. Three or four years ago, while on a round of visits to Continental archives, I happened to be examining some MSS. in the Burgundian Library, now forming part of the Royal Library in Brussels, and while so occupied came across a small folio, the plain vellum cover of which showed many traces of wear. A glance at its pages, and more particularly at the finely executed illuminations illustrative of sporting scenes, thrust upon me the pleasurable conviction that I was holding in my hands the long-lost original.

In France, Germany and Austria where, as every one knows, great attention is paid to the study of ancient venery, and where the literature on this attractive subject is incomparably richer than ours, it was not difficult to find a publisher for the manuscript which a happy chance had withdrawn from the dusty shelves of the Burgundian Library. By the time these lines reach the reader's eyes Maximilian's *Gejaid Buch* will be before the public, a patriotic publisher of Innsbruck[2] having undertaken the costly reproduction in facsimile of the illuminations. And not only is this

[1] "Kaiser Maximilian's Geheimes Jagdbuch," by Ch. G. von Karajan. Vienna, 1859 and 1881.

[2] Wagner's Univ. Buchhandlung, Innsbruck.

Google

work issued, but also a reproduction of a similar book of Maximilian's dealing with fishing, written four years later and illuminated even more profusely by the same artist who illustrated the *Gejaid Buch*.[1] This richly adorned manuscript had long been known as one of the treasures of the Court Library in Vienna, whither it had been taken a century ago from the famous Tyrolese castle of Ambras, which in the sixteenth century was the home of what undoubtedly was the most precious collection of art objects and natural history curiosities then existing. Several of the illuminations in the "Fishing-Book" really relate more to hunting than they do to Walton's art, and as they deal with precisely the same region, *i.e.*, North Tyrol, I have given three of the pictures dealing with hunting. Unfortunately it is impossible to reproduce in these pages the rich colouring of the plates; hence a great deal of the effect of these superb illuminations is lost. The originals are a good deal larger—viz., 12½ in. by 8½ in.

And now, after this somewhat lengthy introduction, let us proceed to examine this ancient hunting-book. It exclusively relates to mountain sport in the northern districts of Tyrol which were the favourite resorts of the sport-loving Maximilian. By a glance at its pages he could at once ascertain the head of chamois and red deer in any of the two hundred and odd localities described therein. In the short introduction Carl von Spaur and Wolfgang Hohenleyter, his "game secretary," state that they exercised the greatest diligence in collecting all available information, and personally visited and explored all the glens and fastnesses appertaining to their King's preserves, which in Maximilian's days practically included every glen and mountain range worth having for hunting purposes. When chamois or deer-drives were to be

[1] Messrs. S. Low, Marston & Co. are the London agents where both books can be seen and ordered. The hunting-book, which has prefaces by Count Wilczek and Dr. M. Mayr, Director of the Imperial Archives in Innsbruck, and an introduction by the writer, is dedicated by permission to H.M. the Emperor of Austria, as ardent a sportsman as was his great ancestor the author of the work.

Google

arranged, the book gave the fullest topographical information, with useful directions concerning the posting of the sportsmen and hints as to the localities where their royal master could find quarters for the night. With regard to the latter preference was of course given to any castle in the neighbourhood, though when in the more elevated regions, such as the famous *Hinter-Riss*, now the Duke of Coburg's celebrated preserve, Maximilian had *faute de mieux* to sleep in log alphuts of the most primitive description. On many occasions, to avoid sleeping in such uncomfortable places, he covered extraordinarily long distances on horseback, for in those days the remoter valleys were approachable only by miserably kept bridle-paths. On some occasions this indefatigable sportsman must have started from his headquarters in the middle of the night, getting back only after some thirty-six hours in the saddle.

This chronicle enables one to throw light upon a vexed question, viz., whether mountain game has increased or decreased, and what are the effects of close preserving. The writer, who has shot many score of chamois in about a dozen of the localities described by Maximilian as the scene of his own sport, can vouch for the fact that in many of these localities there are to-day three or four times the number mentioned in the *Gejaid Buch*. Needless to say, this is only the case where keepers are constantly on the watch to prevent poaching. In other districts, such as peasant communes, where the shooting has been open to the natives for generations, there is not a single chamois left to remind one of the hundreds that peopled the same mountains four hundred years ago. Of red deer, on the contrary, no such favourable report can be made. With the exception of one or two localities, principally in the Hinter-Riss and in the preserves of Princes Hohenlohe and Auersperg, they have completely disappeared.

Though the *Gejaid Buch* is principally occupied with stag and chamois-hunting, there are half a dozen highly interesting references to a yet rarer game, viz., the ibex, the chase of

Google

which was the object of Maximilian's highest ambition. These beasts were then still to be found in isolated bands in a few of the remotest districts of Tyrol, and Maximilian made strenuous efforts to prevent their complete extermination. Only those acquainted with the very voluminous correspondence of this keen sportsman can form any idea of the close attention paid by him to every detail connected with the chase. Engaged as he constantly was in wars that entailed weary campaigns in remote parts of Europe, or in the suppression of rebellions in distant provinces, or in the personal supervision of lengthy sieges, it is truly marvellous to discover with what minute care all matters relating to the sport he so dearly loved were attended to. In the thick of a bloody war in the Netherlands, we find him writing letters about a young ibex buck some peasant women in a remote little Tyrolese valley were keeping for him, or promising in an autograph letter a silk dress to each of certain peasants' wives in an isolated glen in the same country as a reward for preventing their husbands from poaching this rare game, or giving minute instructions where a particular couple of hunting hounds were to be kept, and what was to be done with their puppies.

To the general reader unacquainted with the localities referred to in the text of the *Gejaid Buch* the illustrations will be of far greater interest than the text. They betray with one exception the well-known disdain in which Maximilian held gunpowder, at least for sporting purposes. His field and siege artillery he was keenly eager to develop as much as lay in the power of the very primitive arsenals of those days. In neither of his great autobiographical works *Theuerdank* and *Weisskunig*, which were written later than the *Gejaid Buch*, does he refer to the use of fire-arms for big game-shooting on more than a single occasion, when he tells the well-known story of his feat of hitting at the first shot with his cross-bow a chamois standing more than 200 yards above him, at which one of his men, versed in fire-arms, had vainly let off his "fire-tube." As our reproductions and the

Google

Theuerdank pictures show, the method employed by Maximilian in the chase of the chamois was to approach them close enough to kill the beasts, either by throwing a short javelin-like spear, or to stick them by means of a long spear when they were cornered in some spot from which the animals could not escape. Either method with an animal of the chamois' sure-footedness and agility was necessarily of a most precarious nature. Not only had the men to be fearless cragsmen, as sure-footed, almost, as the game they wished to approach, but the nature of the ground had to be exceptionally favourable to this method of cornering wily and fleet-footed beasts. In the picture of the chamois-hunt (Plate 1) we see the beaters with immensely long *bergstöcke* in their hands and crampons on their feet, lining the snowy ridge, while dogs are driving the chamois towards the place where it was hoped to approach them spear in hand. Maximilian had a great love for hounds, and we know he possessed some 1500 of them. For his methods of hunting the chamois they were probably quite indispensable, and numbers no doubt were killed every year by tumbling from cliffs, or by avalanches of stone set loose by chamois above. Nowadays dogs are never used for chamois-hunting, for arms of precision make their assistance unnecessary, and they frighten the game much more than do the beaters.

On the other side of the picture we see the process of *ausfellen—i.e.*, sticking a cornered beast with the immensely long *Jagdschaft*, the hunter's position beneath the animal being, of course, a somewhat risky one, for the falling animal threatens to carry the hunter down the precipice. As he tells us, in his *Theuerdank*, Maximilian had several very narrow escapes from death in consequence of chamois or stones set loose by them falling upon him.

As to the length of these spears, the "Secret Hunting-Book" we have spoken of contains some details that are almost incredible. Thus we are told that the length was 4 *klafters*, or, according to our measure, thirty-five feet. How they handled

Google



PLATE I. A Chamois Drive. From Emperor Maximilian's Hunting Book made in 1498 and 1500.

Google
Original from

these unwieldy poles on narrow ledges, or when clinging to the face of giddy precipices, it is difficult to imagine. None of the pictures in Maximilian's works, or in other prints of the sixteenth century, such as Stradanus's and Bol's well-known series, contain representations of spears of anything like that length, the usual size being from nine to twelve feet. For chamois they seem to have remained in use much later than for any other game. For ibex hunting the hopelessness of pursuit with the *Jagdschaft* seemed to have impressed itself upon all from early days, for in all old pictures of this sport we see either the crossbow or the fire-tube in the hands of the ibex hunter. Indeed, we know from Maximilian's chronicles that ibex poachers made use of firearms much earlier than we have any trace of in any other form of chase: the Emperor's bitter complaint about the use of the "devilish hand-guns" by peasants, and the harsh regulations which he consequently passed, bearing eloquent testimony of his anger.

In the picture of the stag-hunt (Plate 2) we have more familiar surroundings before us. In the upper half of the print we see the making of the *Quête* or *Suche* by means of the limer or lyam hound, which had for its object the singling out or unharbouring of the best stag. Upon his slot the running hounds were laid much in the fashion still in use on Exmoor. Behind the man who had the limer in leash one sees the two *hardes*, each consisting of three hounds, which were presently slipped when the harbourer had done his work.[1]

In the centre of the picture we see a stag of fourteen dash across a stream making straight for a wood, where under the cover of trees we see a *jagdknecht* in red hose holding a coupled brace of greyhounds. The sport that would presently ensue when these fleet beasts were laid on—hunting by sight

[1] In the old days on Exmoor, when the hounds were taken to the meet, the coupling together was called "harling," a sporting term derived, no doubt, as most old English hunting terms were, from the French, which was the ruling tongue at the English Court well into the fourteenth century.

Google

and not by scent—was called the *Windhetz*, and to judge by the frequency with which it occurs in the *Gejaid Buch*, it must have been a favourite mode of chasing the hart. In the foreground a noble stag of great head, who has "soiled"—*i.e.*, taken to water—is being shot by Maximilian seated on his white hunting horse. Several of Maximilian's hunting weapons are still preserved in the Vienna Imperial collections, whither they were brought from Ambras, and amongst them are several of his crossbows and his hunting-sword. With the latter he used to tackle bear and wild boar when they had been brought to bay, or when, as these huge beasts often did, they charged their pursuers. The strength of the crossbows must have been prodigious, a powerful winch being required to bend the steel bow, which is almost two inches broad, and half an inch in thickness. In winter-time, when extreme cold makes steel brittle, a bow of horn replaced, according to the "Secret Hunting-Book," the metal one.

What the two men-at-arms, with huge halberts in their hands, had to do in a stag-hunt history does not relate; probably they formed the royal sportsman's bodyguard.

To the critical eye of a modern artist these quaint drawings, void as they are of all regard to perspective, present, of course, many features that are ludicrous. In those days it was the artist's desire to convey to the reader, in as compact form as possible, various incidents, which in later periods would have been represented in separate pictures. Hence we observe, crowded into one and the same canvas several scenes in which the central personage is shown occupied in different ways. In Plate 8 we see the Emperor, or rather King, as he then was, in no less than four different positions. In the immediate foreground we observe him mounted on a white horse, probably in the act of arriving at the hunting rendezvous. Behind him is some scribe reading a report or petition to him; in front are two receptacles with fish, to which one of his attendants is drawing his master's attention by pointing at them. Then we see him in the boat on the lake superintending

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

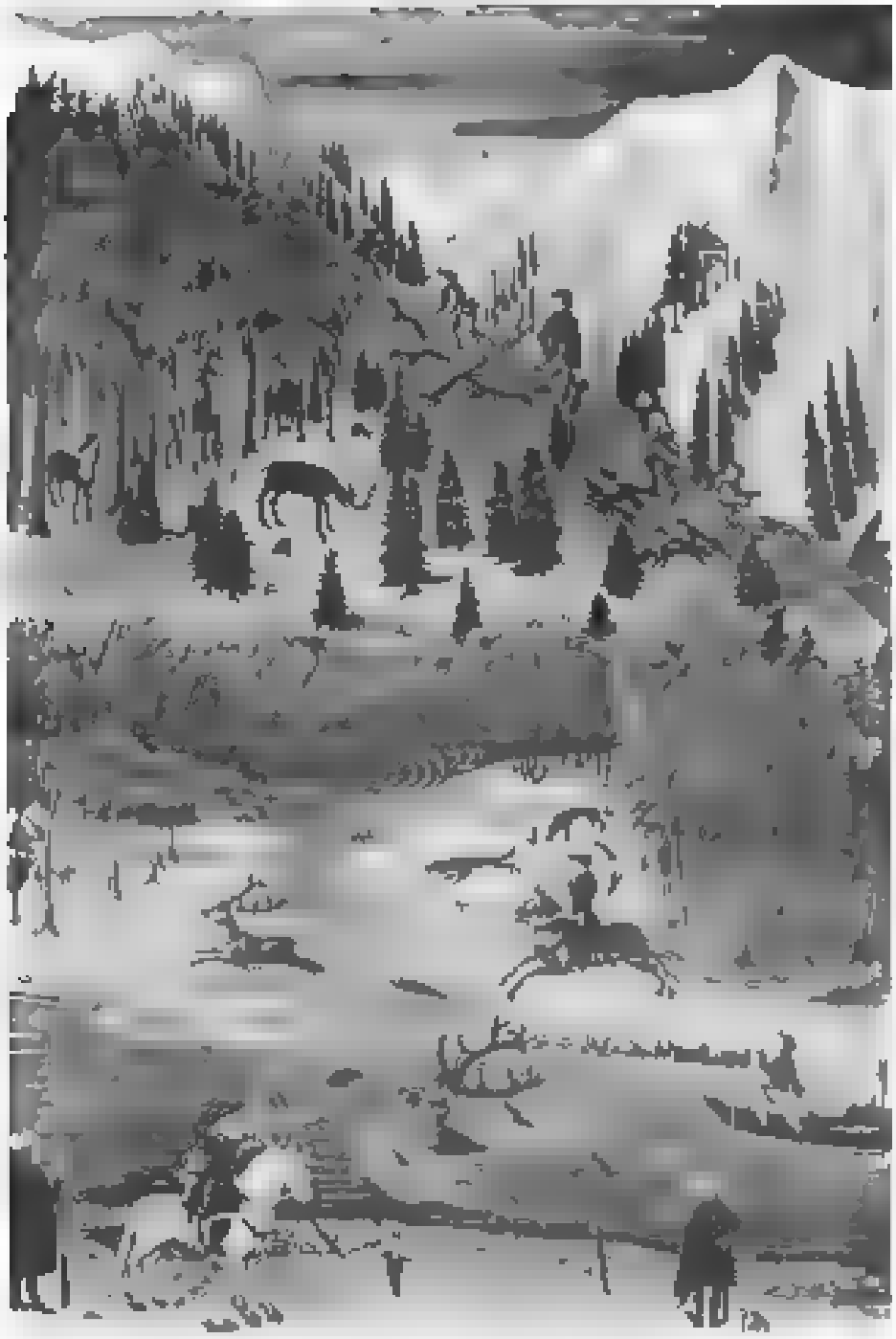


PLATE 2.—How the Stag was Hunted by Emperor Maximilian, who is represented on horseback shooting at the stag in the water. From his Hunting-Book made in 1499 and 1500.

Google

Google
Original from

Google
Original from



Plate 1 Emperor Maximilian Shooting and Fishing on the Achen See in Tyrol. The picture of the Emperor shooting with a gun at chamois is perhaps the earliest representation of the use of fire-arms for sporting purposes. From Emperor Maximilian's Fishing-Book made 1504.

Google

the working of a net, and holding in his hands a big trout, for which the lake in question—the Achen See, in North Tyrol—was at all times famous. A third time we recognise the King as, seated in the left-hand corner of the picture, he is being dressed for chamois hunting, a valet strapping crampons to his feet after having taking off his long fishing-boots. One of his councillors is in the act of reading to him some document, for we know that State business was constantly being transacted by this ever busy monarch while out on hunting expeditions, relays of messengers bringing him despatches and the latest news from the distant capital. In his "Secret Hunting-Book" which was avowedly written for his son's instruction, Maximilian is very particular about telling his successor that one of the advantages of sport for a ruler is the opportunity which it gives his subjects to come into closer touch with him, thus enabling them to present their petitions in person.

The fourth position in which we find the King on the picture before us is indicated by the purple hunting-cap, which is the only article of apparel that remains the same in the several pictures. Maximilian is now represented shooting with a "fire-tube" at a chamois, this being the detail to which reference has already been made, when alluding to the single exception to the rule that Maximilian killed his chamois with the javelin or with the long *Jagdschaft*. It is said by good judges that this scene is the earliest pictorial representation extant of the use of firearms in the chase of mountain game, and I am not aware of any earlier picture.

This spirited illumination has other points of interest about it. The Achen See, a fine sheet of mountain-enclosed water some four miles in length, was, for the last six centuries, a favourite resort of the rulers of Tyrol, and Maximilian, we know, frequented the scene here depicted on many occasions, passing his time in shooting chamois and stags from a boat, from which in the intervals between the drives he used to fish. He himself narrates that once a chamois, while attempting to swim across

Google

the lake, was caught in a net! The quaintly gabled shooting lodge we observe in the background is now, alas! the site of a huge ungainly summer hotel for tourists, whose presence in chattering shoals has spoilt the grand solitude that until recently reigned over a locality sacred to sport. Four centuries passed over the Achen See, leaving it in much the same pristine condition that attracted the great mediæval sportsman to its shores, when many a *Capital Bock* was laid low by the hand of Maximilian, armed not with an Express or Mannlicher, but with the spear! Then, sad to relate, the shrill whistle of railways and steamboats doomed for good and all the grand solitude of this beautiful spot.

But let us turn our backs upon the ugly modernity of to-day, and resume our attempt to picture to ourselves the quaint scenes portrayed by the clever pencil of Master Kölderer who, it is almost certain, was the originator of the pictures before us. One amusing detail must not be overlooked in this picture of sport on the Achen See. The figure of the man in a broad-brimmed wide-awake hat, with a sash and sword of Turkish pattern, who is standing in front of the shooting lodge engaged in earnest converse with a be-nightcapped individual is, we are told, nobody else but the Court Jew.[1] Maximilian's finances were occasionally in a sadly disorganised condition, so much so that on more than one occasion the citizens of his provincial capitals refused to open their gates to their King till he had settled long standing scores. This notorious failing is quaintly touched upon by the artist, for even for hunting expeditions ready cash had to be forthcoming, or sport would suffer; hence the presence of this "necessary evil." That the paper which the be-nightcapped personage is holding in his hand was probably a bill of exchange or other form of mediæval I.O.U. is a likely presumption, for we have evidence that the want of ready money obliged Maximilian to affix his sign-manual to such documents amid surroundings similar to those which we

[1] In many parts of South Germany the yellow sash was the distinguishing article of apparel which Jews were compelled to wear.

Google

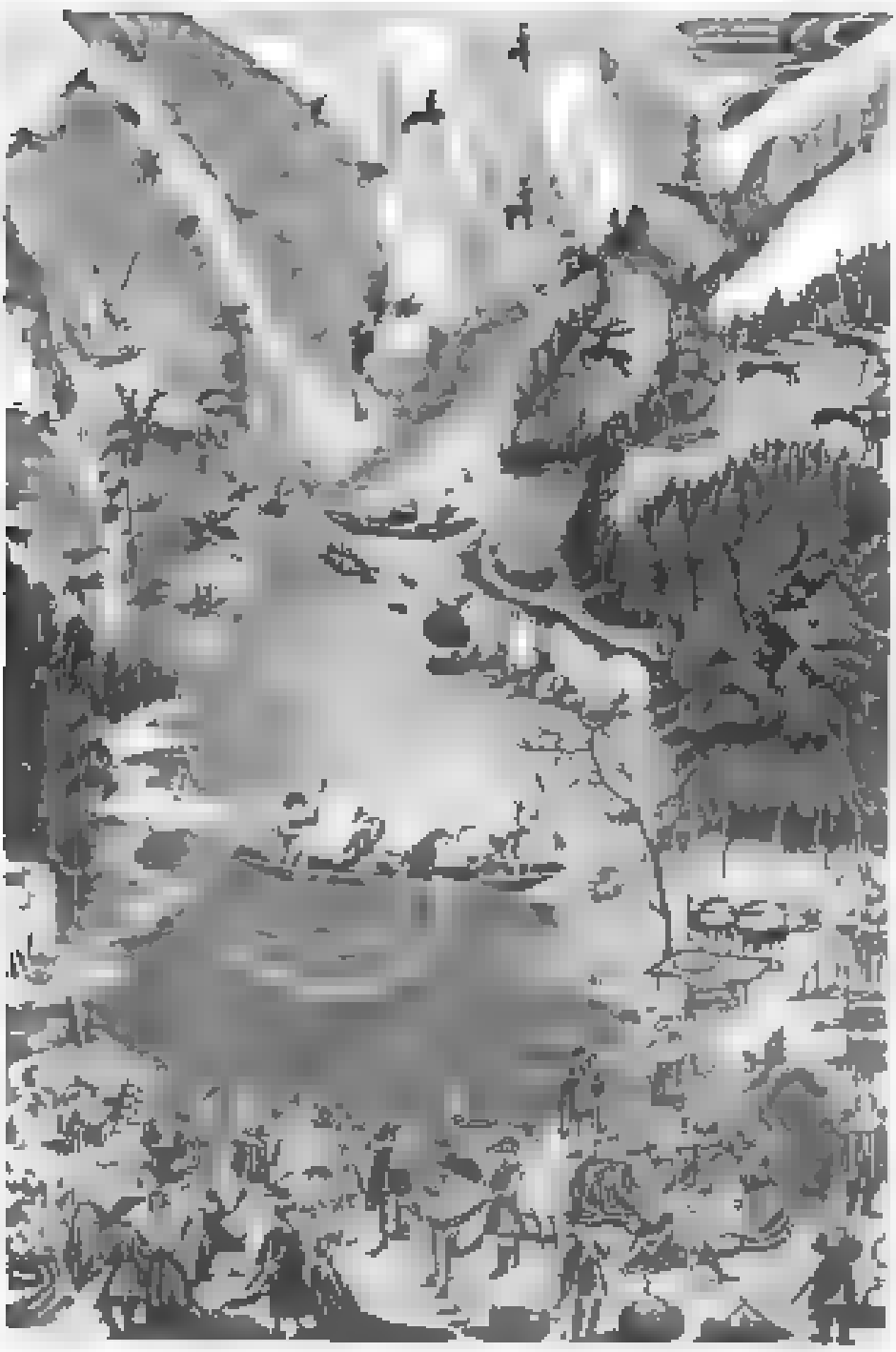


PLATE I. Emperor Maximilian Shooting, Fishing and Feasting on the Plon See. From his Fishing-Book made 1504.

Google
Original from

Google



PLATE 3.—Emperor Maximilian's Field Sports near Innsbruck. From his Fishing-Book made in 1504.

Google

see here depicted. Another historical personage the artist has introduced in the picture of the hawking scene (Plate 5), is the then Turkish ambassador, who about that time was paying a visit to Maximilian's court. The locality which this illumination represents is near Innsbruck, and is identified by the gallows in the background, which gave the spot the name that it still retains. In this picture, hunting and fishing seem again to be progressing simultaneously, the identity of Maximilian on horseback and in the boat being as usual indicated by the purple hunting dress.

In Plate 4 Master Kölderer did not forget to indicate the usual termination of the day's sport, viz., the *al fresco* banquet. Maximilian was in the habit of taking his queen — he was twice married, both consorts meeting with early deaths in consequence of their zeal for hunting—with some of the ladies of the court to witness his sport in easily reached localities. In *Theuerdank* we have a picture of an assembly of ladies demurely seated near the foot of a cliff, high up on which the royal sportsman is shown in the act of spearing a chamois with the javelin.[1] In the picture before us a square dance to the music of the fife and drum is progressing, the Turkish ambassador being among the audience, while Maximilian on horseback is watching the pastoral *fête*, his queen being seated opposite to him.

To the right we notice the royal couple engaged in sampling the famous lake trout, Maximilian helping himself from the dish placed in the centre of the party, while three bearers under the guidance of the Master of the Table, with his chain of office round his neck and "wand of control" in his hand, are bringing a fresh relay of dishes. Seated in the bottom of the boat on the lake we notice a third Maximilian, with his crossbow bent ready for a shot at a stag swimming across the lake.

In conclusion, it is of some antiquarian interest to know that in the *Stadthalterei Archiv* in Innsbruck are preserved the

[1] I give this picture in my "Sport in the Alps" (A. & C. Black: 1896).

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICH

original accounts relating to the writing of the *Gejaid Buch*, showing in detail what was paid for the lodgment of the game secretary, Wolfgang Hohenleyter, while he was writing the book, what payment was made for his candles, firewood, stabling of his horse; and even the item of the cost of binding the book is not forgotten. And though Master Wolfgang apparently remained unpaid for more than a year, so that Maximilian had repeatedly to command the officers of his exchequer in Innsbruck to settle the reckoning, he seems to have received his money all right in the end.

W. A. Baillie-Grohman.

Google

ON LANSDOWNE HILL

By the Writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters"

HERE Sir Bevil fell with his men,
The right hearts for the wrong cause;
Perished the pick of a county then
For Charles, breaker of laws.
In a wrong fight fell a good knight:
So a good-night to Sir Bevil,
Who gained his laurel in an ill quarrel,
And whose cause went to the Devil!

Many a cause has gone to him
That's better there left sleeping;
But the men who gave for it life and limb
Earth holds in holier keeping.
Wrong has its say, and folly its day,
And high blood holds its revel;
But good, I'll trust, has charge of the dust
Of the men who fell with Sir Bevil.

Gentle was he, and fair and free,
And a good knight when first knighted;
And a good knight still he rests on the hill
Now the rights that he wronged stand righted.

Digitized by Google

Under the sky that saw him die
The old road runs level;
And level laws have done for the cause
Which was held by the brave Sir Bevil.

I would rather, I vow, be with these that now
Have done with their noise and nonsense—
Good lives thrown down in the cause of a crown—
Than be keeper of *one* king's conscience!
In a wrong fight fell a good knight,
So a good-night to Sir Bevil,
Who won his laurel in an ill quarrel,
And whose cause went to the Devil!

Google

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XII

FIGHTERS AND DOUBTERS

"MISS S. wasn't so far wrong after all!" exclaimed Mina Zabriska, flinging down a letter on the table by her.

It was three days after Addie Tristram's funeral. Mina had attended that ceremony, or rather watched it from a little way off. She had seen Gainsborough's spare humble figure; she had seen too, with an acute interest, the tall slim girl all in black, heavily veiled, who walked beside him, just behind the new Lord Tristram. She had also, of course, seen all the neighbours who were looking on like herself, but who gave their best attention to Janie Iver and disappointed Miss S. by asking hardly any questions about the Gainsboroughs. Little indeed would have been said concerning them except for the fact that Gainsborough (true to his knack of the unlucky) caught a chill on the occasion, and was confined to his bed down at Blent. A most vexatious occurrence for Lord Tristram, said Miss S. But one that he ought to bear patiently, added Mrs. Trumbler. And after all, both ladies agreed, it would have been hardly decent to turn the Gainsboroughs out on Monday, as it was well known the new Lord had proposed.

*** Copyright 1900 by A. H. Hawkins in the U.S.A. All rights strictly reserved.

Google

But the Gainsboroughs were not in Mina's thoughts just now.

"Nothing is to be made public yet—please remember this. But I want you to know that I have just written to Harry Tristram to say I will marry him. I have had a great deal of trouble, dear Mina, but I think I have done right, looking at it all round. Except my own people, I am telling only one friend besides you ["Bob Broadley!" said Mina, with a nod, as she read the letter the second time]. But I want you to know; and please tell your uncle too. I hope you will both give me your good wishes. I do think I'm acting wisely; and I thought I had no right to keep him waiting and worrying about this when he has so much to think of besides. You must stay at Merrion after I come to Blent.—JANIE."

Barring the matter of the immediate announcement, then, Miss S. was justified. Janie had done the obviously right thing—and was obviously not quite sure that it was right. That mattered very little; it was done. It was for Mina Zabriska—and others concerned—to adapt themselves and conform their actions to the accomplished fact. But would Major Duplay take that view? To Mina was entrusted the delicate task of breaking the news to her uncle. It is the virtue of a soldier not to know when he is beaten; of a general not to let others know. To what standard of martial conduct would the Major adhere? This matter of the Major was in every way a nuisance to his niece. In the first place, she wanted to think about herself and her own feelings—the one luxury of the unhappy. Secondly, she was afraid again. For Harry suddenly seemed to be no protection now, and the horrors threatened by Duplay—the interrogation, the lawyer's office, and the like—recovered their dreadfulness. It had been easy—perhaps pleasant—to suffer for the confidential friend who had opened his heart to her on the hillside. It became less easy and certainly more unpleasant to be sacrificed for Janie Iver's *fiancé*. But Mina, though no longer exultant and no more fearless, would be loyal and constant all the same. Should

Google

she, after saving others, be herself a castaway? She experienced a longing for the sympathy and support of Mr. Jenkinson Neeld. Surely he would stand firm too? He was still at Fairholme. Was he included in Janie's "own people"? Had he been told the news?

The delicate task! The Imp's temper was far too bad for delicacy; she found a positive pleasure in outraging it. She took her letter, marched into the smoking-room, and threw it to (not to say at) her uncle.

"Read that!" she said, and strode off to the window to have a look at Blent. The letter had succeeded, it seemed, in taking away from her life all she wanted and introducing into it all she did not.

"This is very serious," declared the Major solemnly, "very serious indeed, Mina."

"Don't see how," snapped the Imp, presenting an unwavering back-view to her uncle. "If they like to get married, why is it serious?"

"Pray be reasonable," he urged. "You must perceive that the situation I have always contemplated——"

"Well, you can go on contemplating it, can't you, uncle? It won't do much good, but still——"

"The situation, I say, has arisen." She heard him get up, walk to the hearthrug, and strike a match. Of course he was going to have a cigarette! He would smoke it all through with exasperating slowness and then arrive at an odious conclusion. Mina had not been married for nothing; she knew men's ways. He justified her forecast; it was minutes before he spoke again.

"The terms of this letter," he resumed at last, "fortify me in my purpose. It is evident that Miss Iver is influenced —largely influenced—by—er—the supposed position of—er—Mr. Tristram."

"Of who?"

"Of the present possessor of Blent."

"If you want people to know who you mean, you'd better say Lord Tristram."

Google

"For the present, if you wish it. I say, she is——" Duplay's pompous formality suddenly broke down. "She's taking him for his title, that's all."

"Oh, if you choose to say things like that about your friends!"

"You know it's true. What becomes my duty then?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Only I hate people who talk about duty when they're going to——" Well, one must stop somewhere in describing one's relatives' conduct. The Imp stopped there. But the sentence really lost nothing; Duplay could guess pretty accurately what she had been going to say.

Fortunately, although he was very dependent on her help, he cared little about her opinion. She neither would nor could judge his position fairly; she would not perceive how he felt, how righteous was his anger, how his friends were being cheated and he was being jockeyed out of his chances by one and the same unscrupulous bit of imposture. He had brought himself round to a more settled state of mind and had got his conscience into better order. If he were acting unselfishly, he deserved commendation. But even if self-interest guided him he was free of blame. No man is bound to let himself be swindled. He doubted seriously of nothing now except his power to upset Harry Tristram's plans. He was resolved to try; Mina must speak—and if money were needed, it must come from somewhere. The mere assertion of what he meant to allege must at least delay this hateful marriage. It must be added—though the Major was careful not to add—that it would also give Harry Tristram a very unpleasant shock; the wrestling bout by the Pool and the loss of that shilling were not forgotten. It may further be observed—though the Major could not be expected to observe—that he had such an estimate of his own attractions as led him to seize very eagerly on any evidences of liking for Harry's position rather than of preference for Harry himself, which Janie's letter might be considered to afford. The Major, in fact, had a case; good argument made

Google

it seem a good case. It is something to have a case that can be argued at all; morality has a sad habit of leaving us without a leg to stand on. In the afternoon of that day Duplay went down to Fairholme. Miss Swinkerton passed him on the road and smiled sagaciously. Oh, if Miss S. had known the truth about his errand! A gossip in ignorance has pathos as a spectacle.

Mr. Neeld was still at Fairholme; he had been pressed to stay and needed little pressing; in fact in default of the pressure he would probably have taken lodgings in the town. He could not go away; he had seen Addie Tristram buried, and her son walking behind the coffin, clad in his new dignity. His mind was full of the situation. Yet he had shrunk from discussing it further with Mina Zabriska. The family anxiety about Janie's love affair had been all round him. Now he suspected strongly that some issue was being decided upon. He ought to speak, to break his word to Mina and speak—or he ought to go. From day to day he meant to go and cease to accept the hospitality which his silence seemed to abuse. But he did not go. These internal struggles were new in his placid and estimable life: this affair of Harry Tristram's had a way of putting people in strange and difficult positions.

"Mind you say nothing—nothing—nothing." That sentence had reached him on the reverse side of an invitation to take tea at Merrion—a vague some-day-when-you're-passing sort of invitation, in Neeld's eyes plainly and merely a pretext for writing and an opportunity of conveying the urgent little scrawl on the other side. It arrived at mid-day; in the afternoon Duplay had come and was now alone with Iver.

The outward calm of the grey-haired old gentleman who sat on the lawn at Fairholme holding a weekly review upside down, was no index to the alarming and disturbing questions which were agitating him within. At the end of a blameless life it is hard to discover that you must do one of two things and that, whichever you do, you will feel like a villain. The news that Josiah Cholderton's Journal was going off very

Google

fairly well with the trade had been unable to give its editor any consolation; he did not care about the Journal now.

Iver came out and sat down beside him without speaking. Neeld hastily restored his paper to a position more befitting its dignity and became apparently absorbed in an article on *Shyness in Elephants;* the subject was treated with a wealth of illustration and in a vein of introspective philosophy exceedingly instructive. But it was all wasted on Mr. Neeld. He was waiting for Iver; no man could be so silent unless he had something important to say or to leave unsaid. And Iver was not even smoking the cigar which he always smoked after tea. Neeld could bear it no longer; he got up and was about to move away.

"Stop, Neeld. Do you mind sitting down again for a moment?"

Neeld could do nothing but comply. The review fell on the ground by him and he ceased to struggle with the elephants.

"I want to ask your opinion——"

"My dear Iver, my opinion! Oh, I'm not a business man, and——"

"It's not business. You know Major Duplay? What do you think of him?"

"I—I've always found him very agreeable."

"Yes, so have I. And I've always thought him honest, haven't you?"

Neeld admitted that he had no reason to impugn the Major's character.

"And I suppose he's sane," Iver pursued. "But he's just been telling me the most extraordinary thing." He paused a moment. "I daresay you've noticed something between Janie and young Tristram? I may as well tell you that she has just consented to marry him. But I don't want to talk about that except so far as it comes into the other matter—which it does very considerably." He laid his hand on Neeld's knee. "Neeld, Duplay came and told me that Harry Tristram has

Google

no title to the peerage or to Blent. I'm not going to trouble you with the details now. It comes to this—Harry was born before, not after, the marriage of his parents. Duplay says Mina knows all about it and will give us information that will make the proof easy. That's a tolerably startling story, eh? One's prepared for something where Lady Tristram was involved, but this——!"

It was fortunate that he did not glance at Neeld; Neeld had tried to appear startled, but had succeeded only in looking supremely miserable. But Iver's eyes were gazing straight in front of him under brows that frowned heavily.

"Now what I want you to do," he resumed, "and I'm sure you won't refuse me, is this. I'm inclined to dismiss the whole thing as a blunder. I believe Duplay's honest, but I think certain facts in his own position have led him to be too ready to believe a mere yarn. But I've consented to see Mina and hear what she has to say. And I said I should bring you as a witness. I go to Merrion Lodge to-morrow for this purpose, and I shall rely on you to accompany me." With that the cigar made its appearance; Iver lit it and lay back in his chair, frowning still in perplexity and vexation. He had not asked his friend's opinion but his services. It was characteristic of him not to notice this fact. And the fact did nothing to relieve Neeld's piteous embarrassment.

"I knew it all along"; he might say that. "I know nothing about it"; he might act that. Or he might temporise for a little while. This was what he did.

"It would make a great difference if this were true?" His voice shook, but Iver was absorbed.

"An enormous difference," said Iver (Lady Tristram herself had once said the same). "I marry my daughter to Lord Tristram of Blent or to—to whom? You'll call that snobbishness, or some people would. I say it's not snobbish in us new men to consider that. It's the right thing for us to do, Neeld. Other things equal—if the man's a decent fellow and the girl likes him—I say it's the right thing for us to do.

Google

That's the way it always has happened, and the right way too."

Mr. Neeld nodded. He had sympathy with these opinions.

"But if it's true, why, who's Harry Tristram? Oh, I know it's all a fluke, a damned fluke, if you like, Neeld, and uncommonly hard on the boy. But the law's the law, and for my own part I'm not in favour of altering it. Now do you suppose I want my daughter to marry him, if it's true?"

"I suppose you wouldn't," murmured Neeld.

"And there's another thing. Duplay says Harry knows it —Duplay swears he knows it. Well then, what's he doing? In my opinion he's practising a fraud. He knows he isn't what he pretends to be. He deceives me, he deceives Janie. If the thing ever comes out, where is she? He's treated us very badly if it's true."

The man, ordinarily so calm and quiet in his reserved strength, broke out into vehemence as he talked of what Harry Tristram had done if the Major's tale were true. Neeld asked himself what his host would say of a friend who knew the story to be true and yet said nothing of it. He perceived, too, that although Iver would not have forced his daughter's inclination, yet the marriage was very good in his eyes, the proper end and the finest crown to his own career. This had never come home to Neeld with any special force before. Iver was English of the English in his repression, in his habit of meeting both good and bad luck with—well, with something of a grunt. But he was stirred now; the suddenness of the thing had done it. And in face of his feelings how stood Mr. Neeld? He saw nothing admirable in how and where he stood.

"Well, we'll see Mina and hear if she's got anything to say. Fancy that little monkey being drawn into a thing like this! Meanwhile we'll say nothing. I don't believe it and I shall want a lot of convincing. Until I am convinced everything stands as it did. I rely on you for that, Neeld—and I rely on you to come to Merrion to-morrow. Not a word to my

Google

wife—above all, not a word to Janie!" He got up, took possession of Neeld's review, and walked off into the house with his business-like quick stride.

Neeld sat there, slowly rubbing his hands against one another between his knees. He was realising what he had done, or rather what had happened to him. When his life, his years, and what he conceived to be his character were considered, it was a very surprising thing, this silence of his—the conspiracy he had entered into with Mina Zabriska, the view of duty which the Imp, or Harry, or the thought of beautiful Addie Tristram, or all of them together, had made him take. So strange a view for him! To run counter to law, to outrage good sense, to slight the claims of friendship, to suppress the truth, to aid what Iver so relentlessly called a fraud—all these were strange doings for him to be engaged in. And why had he done it? The explanation was as strange as the things that he invoked it to explain. Still rubbing his hands, palm against palm, to and fro, he said very slowly, with wonder and reluctance:

"I was carried away. I was carried away by—by romance."

The word made him feel a fool. Yet what other word was there for the overwhelming unreasoning feeling that, at the cost of everything, the Tristrams, mother and son, must keep Blent, the son living and the mother dead; that the son must dwell there and the spirit of the mother be about him she loved in the spot that she had graced? It was very rank romance indeed—no other word for it! And—wildest paradox!—it all came out of editing Josiah Cholderton's Journal.

Before he had made any progress in unravelling his skein of perplexities he saw Janie coming across the lawn. She took the chair her father had left, and seemed to take her father's mood with it; the same oppressive silence settled on her. Neeld broke it this time.

"You don't look very merry, Miss Janie," he said, smiling at her and achieving a plausible jocularity.

Google

"Why should I, Mr. Neeld?" She glanced at him. "Oh, has father told you anything?"

"Yes, that you're engaged. You know how truly I desire your happiness, my dear." With a pretty courtesy the old man took her hand and kissed it, baring his grey hair the while.

"You're very very kind. Yes, I've promised to marry Harry Tristram. Not yet, you know. And it isn't to be announced. But I've promised."

He stole a glance at her, and then another. She did not look merry indeed. Neeld knew his ignorance of feminine things, and made guesses with proper diffidence; but he certainly fancied she had been crying—or very near it—not so long ago. Yet the daughter of William Iver was sensible, and not given to silly tears.

"I think I've done right," she said—as she had said when she wrote to Mina. "Everybody will be pleased. Father's very pleased." Suddenly she put out her hand and took hold of his, giving it a tight grip. "Oh, but, Mr. Neeld, I've made somebody so unhappy."

"I daresay, my dear, I daresay. I was a young fellow once. I daresay."

"And he says nothing about it. He wished me joy—and he does wish me joy too. I've no right to talk to you, to tell you, or anything. I don't believe people think girls ever mind making men unhappy; but they do."

"If they like the men?" This suggestion at least was not too difficult for him.

"Yes, when they like them, when they're old friends, you know. I only spoke to him for a moment, I only just met him on the road. I don't suppose I shall ever talk to him about it, or about anything in particular, again." She squeezed Neeld's hand a second time, and then withdrew her own.

This was unknown country again for Mr. Neeld; his sense of being lost grew more acute. These were not the sort of problems which had occupied his life; but they seemed now to

Google

him no less real, hardly less important. It was only a girl wondering if she had done right. Yet he felt the importance of it.

"You can't help the unhappiness," he said. "You must go to the man you love, my dear."

With a little start she turned and looked at him for an instant. Then she murmured in a perfunctory fashion.

"Yes, I must make the best choice I can, of course." She added after a pause, "But I wish——"

Words or the inclination to speak failed her again, and she relapsed into silence.

As he sat there beside her, silent too, his mind travelled back to what her father had said; and slowly he began to understand. No doubt she liked Harry, even as her father did. No doubt she thought he would be a good husband, as Iver had thought him a good fellow. But it became plain to the searcher after truth that not to her any more than to her father was it nothing that Harry was Tristram of Blent. Her phrases about doing right and making the right choice included a reference to that, even if that were not their whole meaning. She had mentioned her father's pleasure—everybody's pleasure. That pleasure would be found largely in seeing her Lady Tristram. What then would she have to say on the question that so perplexed Mr. Neeld? Would she not echo Iver's accusation of fraud against Harry Tristram and (as a consequence) against those who aided and abetted him? Would she understand or accept as an excuse the plea that Neeld had been led away by romance or entrapped into a conspiracy by Mina Zabriska? No. She too would call out "Fraud, fraud!" and he did not blame her. He called himself a fool for having been led away by romance, by unreasoning feeling. Should he blame her because she was not led away? His disposition was to praise her for a choice so wise and to think that she had done very right in accepting Lord Tristram of Blent. Aye, Lord Tristram of Blent! Precisely! Deep despair settled on Mr. Neeld's baffled mind.

Google

Meanwhile Duplay walked home, the happier for having crossed his Rubicon. He had opened his campaign with all the success he could have expected. Like a wise man, Iver held nothing true till it was proved; but like a wise man also he dubbed nothing a lie merely because it was new or improbable. And on the whole he had done the Major justice. He had smiled for a moment when he hinted that Duplay and Harry were not very cordial; the Major met him by a straightforward recognition that this was true, and by an indirect admission of the reason. As to this latter Iver had dropped no word; but he would give Duplay a hearing. Now it remained only to bring Mina to reason. If she spoke, the case would be so strong as to demand inquiry. The relief in Duplay's mind was so great that he could not explain it until he realised that his niece's way of treating him had so stuck in his memory that he had been prepared to be turned from Iver's doors with contumely. Such an idea seemed absurd now, and the Major laughed.

Mina was strange, Duplay never ceased to think that. They had parted on impossible terms; but now, as soon as he appeared, she ran at him with apparent pleasure and with the utmost eagerness. She asked nothing about his expedition either, though she could easily have guessed where he had been and for what purpose. She almost danced as she cried,

"I've seen her! ve been talking to her! I met her in the meadow near Matson's cottage, and she asked me the way back to Blent. Uncle, she's wonderful!"

"Who are you talking about?"

"Why, Cecily Gainsborough, of course. I just remember how Lady Tristram spoke. She speaks the same way exactly! I can't describe it, but it's the sort of voice that makes you want to do anything in the world it asks. Don't you know! She told me a lot about herself; then she talked about Blent. She's full of it; she admires it most tremendously——"

"That's all right," interrupted Duplay with a malicious smile. "Because, so far as I can understand, she happens to own it."

Google

"What?" The Imp stood frozen into stillness.

"You've been talking to Lady Tristram of Blent," he added with a nod. "Though I suppose you didn't tell her so?"

"To Lady Tristram of Blent!" She had never once thought of that while they talked. The shock of the idea was great, so great that Mina forgot to repudiate it, or to show any indignation at Harry's claims being passed by in contemptuous silence. All the while they talked, she had thought of the girl as far removed from Blent, as even more of a visitor to the countryside than she herself was, a wonderful visitor indeed, but no part of their life. And she was—well, at the least she was heir to Blent! How had she forgotten that? The persistent triumph of Duplay's smile marked his sense of the success of his sally.

"Yes, and she'll be installed there before many months are out," he went on. "So I hope you made yourself pleasant, Mina?"

Mina gave him one scornful glance, as she passed by him and ran out on to her favourite terrace. There was a new thing to look and to wonder at in Blent. The interest, the sense of concern in Blent and its affairs, which the news of the engagement had blunted and almost destroyed, revived in her now. She forgot the prose of that marriage arrangement and turned eagerly to the poetry of Cecily Gainsborough, of the poor girl there in the house that was hers, unwitting guest of the man who was—— The Imp stopped herself with rude abruptness. What had she been about to say, what had she been about to think? The guest of the man who was robbing her? That had been it. But no, no, no! She did not think that. Confused in her mind by this new idea, none the less she found her sympathy going out to Harry again. He was not a robber; it was his own. The blood, she cried still, and not the law! But what was to be done about Cecily Gainsborough? Was she to go back to the little house in London, was she to go back to ugliness, to work, to short commons? There seemed no way out. Between the old and the new attraction, the old

Google

allegiance and the new claim to homage that Cecily made, Mina Zabriska stood bewildered. She had a taste now of the same perplexity that she had done so much to bring on poor Mr. Neeld at Fairholme. Yet not quite the same. He did not know what he ought to do; she did not feel sure of what she wanted. Both stood undecided. Mr. Cholderton's Journal was still at its work of disturbing people's minds.

But Major Duplay was well content with the day's work. If his niece had a divided mind she would be easier to bend to his will. He did not care who had Blent, if only it passed from Harry. But it was a point gained if Mina could think of its passing from Harry to somebody who would be welcome to her there. Then she would tell the story which she had received from her mother, and the first battle against Harry Tristram would be won. The excitement of fighting was on the Major now. He would neither pity the enemy nor distrust his own cause till the strife was done.

Amongst all the indecision there was about, Duplay had the merit of a clear vision of his own purpose and his own desires.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE LONG GALLERY

The man with whom the fighters and the doubters were concerned, in whose defence or attack efforts and hopes were enlisted, round whom hesitation and struggles gathered, was thinking very little about his champions or his enemies. No fresh whispers of danger had come to Harry Tristram's ears. He knew nothing of Neeld, and could not think of that quiet old gentleman as a possible menace to his secret. He trusted Mina Zabriska, and relied on the influence which he had proved himself to possess over her. He did not believe that Duplay would stick to his game, and was not afraid of him if he did. The engagement was accomplished; the big cheque, or the prospect of it, lay ready to his hand; his formal proofs,

Google

perfect so long as they were unassailed, awaited the hour when formal proofs would be required. To all appearance he was secure in his inheritance and buttressed against any peril. No voice was raised, no murmur was heard, to impugn the right of the new Lord Tristram of Blent. The object of all those long preparations which had occupied his mother and himself for so many years was achieved. He sat in Addie Tristram's place, and none said him nay.

His mind was not much on these matters at all. Even his engagement occupied him very little. Janie's letter had arrived and had been read. It came at midday, and the evening found it still unacknowledged. It had broken in from outside, as it were, intruding like something foreign into the life that he had begun to live on the evening before Addie Tristram was buried, the evening when for an instant he had thought he saw her phantom by the Pool; a life foreshadowed by the new mood which Mina had noticed in him while Lady Tristram still lived, but brought into reality by the presence of another. It seemed a new life coming to one who was almost a new man, so much of the unexpected in him did it reveal to himself. He had struggled against it, saying that the Monday morning would see an end of this unlooked-for episode of feeling and of companionship. Accident stepped in; Gainsborough lay in bed with a chill and could not move. Harry acquiesced in the necessity of his remaining, not exactly with pleasure, rather with a sense that something had begun to happen, not by his will, but affecting him deeply. What would come of it he did not know; that it would end in a day or two, that it would be only an episode and leave no permanent mark, seemed now almost impossible; it was fraught with something bigger than that.

But with what? He had no reasoned idea; he was unable to reason. He was passive in the hands of the feelings, the impressions, the fancies that laid hold of him. Addie Tristram's death had moved him strangely; then came that hardly natural, eerily fascinating reminiscence—no, it was more than that—that re-embodiment or resurrection of her in the girl who

Google

moved and talked and sat like her, who had her ways though not her face, her eyes set in another frame, her voice renewed in youthful richness, the very turns of her head, even her old trick of sticking out her foot. He scowled sometimes, he was surprised into laughter sometimes; at another moment he would rebel against the malicious power that seemed to be having a joke with him; for the most part he looked, and looked, and looked, unwilling to miss a single one of the characteristic touches which had been Addie Tristram's belongings, and which he had never expected to see again after her spirit had passed away. And the outcome of all his looking was still the same as the effect of his first impression on the evening before the funeral—a sort of despair. A thing was there which he did not know how to deal with.

And she was so happy, so absurdly happy. She had soon found that he expected no conventional solemnity; he laughed himself at the idea of Addie Tristram wanting people to pull long faces, and keep them long when pulled, because she had laid her burden down and was at peace. Cecily found she might be merry, and merry she was. A new life had come to her too, a life of river and trees and meadows; deeper than that, a life of beauty about her. She absorbed it with a native thirst. There was plenty of it, and she had been starved so long. She seized on Blent and enjoyed it to its full. She enjoyed Harry too, laughing now when he stared at her and making him laugh, yet herself noting all his ways, his pride, his little lordlinesses—these grew dear to her—his air of owning the countryside, and making no secret of her own pleasure in being part of the family and in living in the house that owned the countryside. It is to be feared that Mr. Gainsborough and his chill were rather neglected, but he got on very well with Addie Tristram's ancient maid; she had the nobility at her fingers' ends, and even knew something about their pedigrees. Cecily was free, or assumed the freedom, to spend her time with Harry, or, if he failed her, at least with and among the things that belonged to him and had belonged to beautiful Addie Tristram who had been like her—so Harry said, and

Google

Cecily treasured the thought, teasing him now sometimes, as they grew intimate, with a purposed repetition of a pose or trick that she had first displayed unconsciously, and found had power to make him frown or smile. She smiled herself in mischievous triumph when she hit her mark, or she would break into the rich gurgle of delight that he remembered hearing from his young mother when he himself was a child. The life was to her all pure delight; she had no share in the thoughts that often darkened his brow, no knowledge of the thing which again and again filled him with that wondering despair.

On the evening of the day when Major Duplay went to Fairholme, the two sat together in the garden after dinner. It was nine o'clock, a close still night, with dark clouds now and then slowly moving off and on to the face of a moon nearly full. They had been silent for some minutes, sipping coffee. Cecily pointed to the row of windows in the left wing of the house.

"I've never been there," she said. "What's that?"

"The Long Gallery—all one long room, you know," he answered.

"One room! All that! What's in it?"

"Well, everything mostly," he smiled. "All our treasures, and our pictures, and so on."

"Why haven't you taken me there?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "You never asked me," he said.

"Well, will you take me there now—when you've finished your cigar?"

There was a pause before he answered, "Yes, if you like." He turned to the servant who had come to take away the coffee. "Light up the Long Gallery at once."

"Yes, my lord." A slight surprise broke through the respectful acceptance of the order.

"It was lighted last for my mother, months ago," Harry said, as though he were explaining his servant's surprise. "She sat there the last evening before she took to her room."

"Is that why you haven't taken me there?"

"I expect it is." His tone was not very confident.

Google

"And you don't much want to now?"

"No, I don't know that I do." But his reluctance seemed vague and weak.

"Oh, I must go," Cecily decided, "but you needn't come unless you like, you know."

"All right, you go alone," he agreed.

Window after window sprang into light. "Ah!" murmured Cecily in satisfaction; and Mina Zabriska saw the illumination from the terrace of Merrion on the hill. Cecily rose, waved her hand to Harry, and ran off into the house with a laugh. The next moment he saw her figure in the first window; she threw it open, waved her hand again, and again laughed; the moon, clear for a moment, shone on her face and turned it pale.

He sat watching the lighted windows. From time to time she darted into sight: once he heard the big window at the end facing the river flung open, the next instant she was in sight at the other extremity of the Gallery. Evidently she was running about, examining all the things. She came to a window presently and cried, "I wish you'd come and tell me all about it." "I don't think I will," he called back. "Oh, well——!" she laughed impatiently, and disappeared. Minutes passed and he did not see her again; she must have settled down somewhere, he supposed; or perhaps her interest was exhausted and she had gone off to her father's room. No, there she was, flitting past a window again. His reluctance gave way before curiosity and attraction. Flinging away his cigar, he got up and walked slowly into the house.

The passage outside the Gallery was dimly lighted, and the door of the Gallery was open. Harry stood in the shadow unseen, watching intently every movement of the girl's. She was looking at a case of miniatures and medals, memorials of beauties and of warriors. She turned from them to the picture of an Elizabethan countess, splendid in ruff and rich in embroidery. She caught up a candle and held it over her head, up towards the picture. Then setting the candle down she ran to the end window and looked out on the night. Addie

Google

Tristram's tall arm-chair still stood by the window. Cecily threw herself into it, sighing and stretching her arms in a delighted weariness. Mina Zabriska could make out a figure in the Long Gallery now.

Slowly and irresolutely Harry Tristram came in; Cecily's face was not turned towards the door, and he stood unnoticed just within the threshold. His eyes ranged round the room but came back to Cecily. She was very quiet, but he saw her breast rise and fall in quick breathing. She was stirred and moved. A strange agitation, an intensity of feeling, came over him as he stood there motionless, everything seeming motionless around him, while his ancestors and hers looked down on them from the walls, down on their successors. The Lords of Blent were about him. Their trophies and their treasures decked the room. And she sat there in Addie Tristram's chair, in Addie Tristram's place, in Addie Tristram's attitude. Did the dead know the secret? Did the pictures share it? Who was to them the Lord of Blent?

He shook off these idle fancies—a man should not give way to them—and walked up the room with a steady assured tread. Even then she did not seem to hear him till he spoke.

"Well, do you like it?" he asked, leaning against a table in the middle of the upper part of the room, a few feet from the chair where she sat. Now Mina Zabriska made out two figures, cast up by the bright light against the darkness, and watched them with an eagerness that had no reason in it.

"Like it!" she cried, springing to her feet, running to him, holding out her hands. "Like it! Oh, Harry! Why, it's better than all the rest. Better, even better!"

"It's rather a jolly room," said Harry. "The pictures and all the things about make it look well."

"Oh, I'm not going to say anything if you talk like that. You don't feel like that!—'Rather a jolly room!' That's what one says if the inn parlour's comfortable. This isn't a room—It's—it's——"

"Shall we call it a temple?" he suggested, smiling.

Google

"I believe it's heaven—the private particular Tristram heaven. They're all here!" She waved towards the pictures. "Here in a heaven of their own."

"And we're allowed to visit it before we die?"

"Yes. At least I am. You let me visit it. It belongs to you—to the dead and you."

"Do you want to stay here any longer?" he asked with a sudden roughness.

"Yes, lots longer," she laughed defiantly, quite undismayed. "You needn't, though. You'll have it all your life. Perhaps I shall never have it again. Father's better! And I don't know if you'll ever ask us here again. You never did before, you know. So I mean to have all of it I can get." She darted away from him and ran back to the miniatures. A richly ornamented sword hung on the wall just above them. This caught her notice; she took it down and unsheathed it.

"*Henricus Baro Tristram de Blent*," she spelt out from the enamelled steel. "*Per Ensem Justitia.* What does that mean? No, I know. Rather a good motto, cousin Harry. 'That he shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can!' That was his justice, I expect!"

"Do you quarrel with it? If this was all yours, would you give it up?"

"Not without a fight!" she laughed. "'*Per Ensem Justitia!*'" She waved the blade.

Harry left her busy with the things that were so great a delight and walked to the window at the other end of the long room. Thence he watched, now her, now the clouds that lounged off and on to the moon's disc. More and more, though, his eyes were caught by her and glued to her; she was the centre of the room; it seemed all made and prepared for her even as it had seemed for Addie Tristram. The motto ran in his head—*Per Ensem Justitia.* What was the justice and what the sword? He awoke to the cause of the changed mood in him and of the agitation in which he had been living. It was nothing to defy the law, to make light of a dry abstraction, to find right against it in his blood. His opponent

Google

now was no more the law, it was no more even some tiresome, unknown, unrealised girl in London, with surroundings most unpicturesque and associations that had no power to touch his heart. Here was the enemy, this creature whose every movement claimed the blood that was hers, whose coming repaired the loss Blent had suffered in losing Addie Tristram, whose presence crowned its charms with a new glory. Nature that fashioned her in the Tristram image—had it not put in her hand the sword by which she should win Justice? The thought passed through his mind now without a shock; he seemed to see her mistress of Blent; for the moment he forgot himself as any one save an onlooker; he did not seem concerned.

Once more he roused himself. He had fallen into a fear of the fancies that threatened to carry him he did not know where. He wanted to get away from this room with its suggestions, and from the presence that gave them such force.

"Aren't you ready yet?" he called to her. "It's getting late."

"Are you still there?" she cried back in a gay affectation of surprise. "I'd forgotten all about you, I thought I had it to myself. I was trying to think it was all mine."

"Shall we go downstairs?" His voice was hard and constrained.

"No, I won't," she said, squarely. "I can't go. It's barely ten o'clock. Come, we'll talk here. You smoke—or is that high treason?—and I'll sit here." She threw herself into Addie Tristram's great chair. There was a triumphant gaiety in her air that spoke of her joy in all about her, of her sense of the boundless satisfaction that her surroundings gave. "I love it all so much," she murmured, half perhaps to herself, yet still as a plea to him that he would not seek to hurry her from the place.

Harry turned away, again with that despair on him. She gave him permission to go, but he could not leave her—neither her nor now the room. Yet he was afraid that he could not answer for himself if he stayed. It was too strange that every association, and every tradition, and every emotion which had through all the years seemed to justify and even to sanctify his

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

own position and the means he was taking to preserve it, should in two or three days begin to desert him, and should now in this hour openly range themselves against him and on her side; so that all he invoked to aid him pleaded for her, all that he had prayed to bless him and his enterprise blessed her and cursed the work to which he had put his hand.

Which of them could best face the world without Blent? Which of them could best look the world in the face having Blent? These were the questions that rose in his mind with tempestuous insistence.

"I could sit here for ever," she murmured, a lazy enjoyment succeeding to the agile movements of her body and the delighted agitation of her nerves. "It just suits me to sit here, cousin Harry. Looking like a great lady!" Her eyes challenged him to deny that she looked the part to perfection. She glanced through the window. "I met that funny little Madame Zabriska who lives up at Merrion Lodge to-day. She seems very anxious to know all about us."

"Madame Zabriska has a healthy—or unhealthy—curiosity." The mention of Mina was a new prick. Mina knew; suddenly he hated that she should know.

"Is she in love with you?" asked Cecily, mockingly, yet languidly, indeed as a great lady might inquire about the less exalted, condescending to be amused.

"Nobody's in love with me, not even the girl who's going to marry me."

"To marry you?" She sat up, looking at him. "Are you engaged?"

"Yes, to Janie Iver. You know who I mean?"

"Yes, I know. You're going to be married to her?"

"I asked her a week ago. To-day she wrote to say she'd have me." He was on his feet even as he spoke. "To marry me and to marry all this, you know."

She was too sympathetic to waste breath on civil pretences.

"To be mistress here? To own this? To be Lady Tristram of Blent?"

"Yes. To have what—what I'm supposed to have," said he.

Google

Cecily regarded him intently for another moment. Then she sank back into Addie Tristram's great armchair, asking, "Will she do it well?"

"No," said Harry. "She's a good sort, but she won't do it well."

Cecily sighed and turned her head towards the window.

"Why do you do it? Do you care for her?"

"I like her. And I want money. She's very rich. Money might be useful to me."

"You seem very rich. Why do you want money?"

"I might want it."

There was silence for a moment. "Well, I hope you'll be happy," she said presently.

She herself was the reason—the embodied reason (was reason ever more fairly embodied?), why he was going to marry Janie Iver. The monstrousness of it rose before his mind. When he told of his engagement, there had been for an instant a look in her eyes. Wonder it was at least. Was it disappointment? Was it at all near to consternation? She sat very still now; her gaiety was gone. She was like Addie Tristram still, but like Addie when the hard world used her ill, when there were aches to be borne and sins to be reckoned with. As he watched her, yet another new thing came upon him, or a thing that seemed to be as new as the last quarter chimed by the old French clock on the mantel-piece, and yet might date back so long as three days ago. Even now it hardly reached consciousness, certainly did not attain explicitness. It was still rather that Janie was no mistress for Blent and that this girl was the ideal. It was Blent still rather than himself, Blent's mistress rather than his. But it was enough to set a new edge on his questioning. Was he to be the man—he who looked on her now and saw how fair she was—was he to be the man to deny her her own, to rob her of her right, to parade before the world in the trappings which were hers? It was all so strange, so overwhelming. He dropped into a chair by him and pressed his hand across his brow. A low murmur, almost a groan, escaped him in the tumult of his soul.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M... IN...A

"My God!" he whispered, in a whisper that seemed to echo through the room.

"Harry! Are you unhappy?" In an instant she was by him. "What is it? I don't understand. You tell me you're engaged, and you look so unhappy. Why do you marry her if you don't love her? Are you giving her all this—and yourself—you yourself—without loving her? Dear Harry—yes, you've been very good to me—dear Harry, why?"

"Go back," he said. "Go back to your chair. Go and sit there."

With wonder in her eyes, and a smile fresh-born on her lips, she obeyed him.

"Well?" she said. "You're very odd. But—why?"

"I'm marrying her for Blent's sake—and I think she's marrying me for Blent's sake."

"I call that horrible."

"No." He sprang to his feet. "If Blent was yours, what would you do to keep it."

"Everything," she answered. "Everything—except sell myself, Harry."

She was superb. By a natural instinct, all affectation forgotten, she had thrown herself into Addie Tristram's attitude. There was the head on the bend of the arm, there was the dainty foot stuck out. There was all the defiance of a world insensate to love, greedy to find sin, dull to see grace and beauty, blind to a woman's self while it cavilled at a woman's deeds.

"Everything except sell yourself?" he repeated, his eyes set on her face.

"Yes—'*Per Ensem Justitia!*'" she laughed. "But not lies, and not buying and selling, Harry."

"My word is given. I must marry her now."

"Better fling Blent away!" she flashed out in a brilliant indignation.

"And if I did that?"

"A woman would love you for yourself," she cried, leaning forward to him with hands clasped.

Google

Again he rose and paced the length of the Long Gallery. The moment was come. There was a great alliance against him. He fought still. At every step he took he came to something that still was his, that he prized, that he loved, that meant much to him, that typified his position as Tristram of Blent. A separate pang waited on every step, a great agony rose in him with the thought that he might be walking this room as its master for the last time. Yes, it had come to that. For against all, threatening to conquer all, was the girl who sat in his mother's chair, her very body asserting the claim that her thoughts did not know and her mouth could not utter. And yet his mood had affected her. The upturned eyes were full of excitement, the parted lips waited for a word from him. Mina Zabriska had left her terrace and gone to bed, declaring that she was still on Harry's side; but she was not with him in this fight.

He returned to Cecily and stood by her. The sympathy between them kept her still; she watched, she waited. For minutes he was silent; all thought of time was gone. Now she knew that he had something great to say. Was it that he would and could have no more to do with Janie Iver, that another had come, that his word must go, and that he loved her? She could hardly believe that. It was so short a time since he had seen her. Yet why could it not be true of him, if it were true of her? And was it not? Else why did she hang on his words and keep her eyes on his? Else why was it so still in the room, as though the world too waited for speech from his lips?

"I can't do it!" burst from him suddenly. "By God! I can't do it."

"What, Harry?" The words were no more than breathed. He came right up to her and caught her by the arm.

"You see all that—everything here? You love it?"

"Yes."

"As much as I do? As much as I do?" His self-control was gone. She made no answer; she could not understand.

With an effort he mastered himself.

Digitized by Google

"Yes, you love it," he said, and a smile came on his face. "I'm glad you love it. As God lives, unless you'd loved it I'd have spoken not a word of this. But you're one of us, you're a Tristram. I don't know the real rights of it, but I'll run no risk of cheating a Tristram. You love it all?"

"Yes, yes, Harry. But why, dear Harry, why?"

"Why? Because it's yours."

He let go her hand and reeled back a step.

"Mine? What do you mean?" she cried. Still the idea, the wild idea, that he offered it with himself was in her mind.

"It's yours, not mine—it's never been mine. You're the owner of it. You're Tristram of Blent."

"I—I Tristram of Blent?" She was utterly bewildered. For he was not a lover—no lover ever spoke like that.

"Yes, I say, yes." His voice rose imperiously as it pronounced the words that threw away his rule. "You're Lady Tristram of Blent."

She did not understand; yet she believed. He spoke so that he must be believed.

"This is all yours—yours—yours. You're Tristram of Blent."

She rose to her height, and stood facing him.

"And you? And you?"

"I? I'm—Harry."

"Harry? Harry? Harry what?"

He smiled as he looked at her; as his eyes met hers he smiled.

"Harry what? Harry nothing," he said. "Harry Nothing at all."

He turned and left her alone in the room. She sank back into the great arm-chair where Addie Tristram had been wont to sit.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

MARCH 1901

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

	Page
Loyalty	1
On the Line	10
ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR EDMUND FREMANTLE, G.C.B. ——TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS	20
MRS. PHILLIMORE——THE OVERCROWDING OF LONDON	44
ALEXANDER KINLOCH——TRADE AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY (*With Map*)	60
CAPTAIN H. V. HART-DAVIS——LONDON: A SEAPORT	72
POULTNEY BIGELOW——THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOER	79
R. A. STREATFEILD——TWO POETS OF THE NEW CENTURY	93
ARTHUR J. EVANS——THE PALACE OF MINOS (*Illustrated*)	115
J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND——GIUSEPPE VERDI	133
ARTHUR SYMONS——A STUDY AT TOLEDO	144
GEORGE MEREDITH——A READING OF LIFE	155
ANTHONY HOPE——TRISTRAM OF BLENT, XIV-XV	165

Google

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS. and to give them his consideration. They should be typewritten or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for their return in case of non-acceptance. It must be understood that neither the Editor nor the Publisher of this Review can be responsible for the loss of any MS. submitted to them, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 30A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

zed by Google

LOYALTY

TO an old and great nation scarcely anything can happen which is entirely new. If England has, on the whole, enjoyed an unmatched prosperity, she has also known in her long history many defeats, some disgrace, and every kind of sorrow; and her life is to-day the richer for all that she has suffered and redeemed. Among her sorrows she has mourned more than once the death of a great queen. Five hundred years ago it was recorded "how Queen Philippa of England passed out of this mortal life," and the words have appealed to no generation more deeply than they do to us to-day. "There fell in England a heavy case and a common; howbeit it was right piteous for the king, his children, and all his realm; for the good Queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damosels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, she fell sick in the castle of Windsor; the which sickness continued on her so long that there was no remedy but death."

Of that queen, too, as of her descendant, it was possible to speak such words by no mere courtesy, but in simple truth. Of her character we are told that she was "wise, humble, pious, liberal and courteous, decked and adorned in her time with all noble virtues, beloved of God and of mankind; and so long as she lived the kingdom of England had favour, prosperity, honour, and every sort of good fortune." And the

Google

chapter which records her death has yet more that sounds sadly familiar to our ears, for it tells how, eight years afterwards, the king, her husband, died, and "then was there great sorrow made in England, and the body of King Edward III., with great processions, weepings, and lamentations, was brought along the City of London to Westminster: and there he was buried beside the queen his wife."

Time and a thousand changes have taken nothing from the words of this chronicle: they speak of love, honour, and devotion freely given; in brief, of loyalty; and since loyalty is as imperishable as any other human feeling, such words will continue, while the world is peopled, to touch the heart and call forth the sympathy of many among those who read them. In some they may even "awake an echo" in a truer sense than that in which the phrase is commonly used; for it is only natural to suppose that feelings are made more permanent by immemorial habit, and that men who have inherited from a past so rich as ours may at times be surprised by the reverberation, as in some disused chamber of memory, of emotions to which they had not believed themselves liable; the upheaving of elemental fires unknown to individual experience but buried in the rocky foundations of the race. If any one should think this a fanciful suggestion, let him reflect how often we have lately heard people saying, "I had no idea I should feel this so much: I did not know I was so loyal," or let him question any of those to whom it fell on January 23 to read the prayers for King Edward VII. on the strange and overwhelming sense of splendour and familiarity with which they heard themselves speak that name for the first time in their lives. A few days afterwards, one of the most sympathetic of the German newspapers remarked in all kindliness that "the English nation are now passing through the same emotions as those felt by the German peoples on the death of the Emperor William." However well intended, the saying is far from true. The material fabric of an Empire may be built up in a generation, but association and tradition are living plants and of slow growth; slower still, we

Google

believe, is the germination and increase, in the organism which we call a nation, of such vital cells as the instinct of loyalty. Perhaps after a thousand years more, when for the tenth time in their history an Emperor William has come to the throne of his ancestors, the Germans may be able to realise something of what we felt when we saw the descendant of Edward the Elder following in the funeral train of a Queen of England who was the fifty-second monarch of her lineage and title.

And now, after all these centuries of an allegiance upon which we look back with a just and honourable pride, we find ourselves standing in more ways than one upon the threshold of a new age. In the long reign which has just ended, successive generations of men were born and came to maturity under a freedom which was still rather expanding than contracting; and not only the thoughts of mankind, but their very modes of thought were widely changed. There is not one of all our beliefs and feelings which has not been subjected to the test of criticism as well as of experience; they have been tried by fire, by acids, and by solvents. Opinions differ strangely as to the result. According to some, it is to be the passing away of Christianity as a motive force in the world's progress—a theory which may safely be left to time for an answer; others have proclaimed the extinction of all those ideas which have lasted from mediæval times into our own day, but which we are told must now disappear, with their greatest exponents, Shakespeare and Scott, into the limbo where the fragments of feudalism rust. "From first to last," Walt Whitman says of these two typical poets, "they exhale that spirit of caste which we Americans have come on earth to destroy." And he finds in another typical poet of our own time "the flavour, the conviction, the lush-ripening culmination and last honey of decay of that feudalism which the mighty English dramatist painted in all the splendours of its noon and afternoon."

In the essays from which these words are quoted there is much that is true or prophetic, and little that is not admirable at least in spirit. But the argument seems to us to be

Google

continually warped by the fallacy that runs through the theorising of so many of our modern reformers. They look for the introduction into human affairs of new elements of character and life, instead of keeping their attention fixed on the possibility of new and desirable combinations of those already present.

The New Man, when he comes—and he is coming every day, though some of us are looking too far ahead to see him—will assuredly have the same body parts and passions as ourselves. But being set free from many errors and terrors, and accustomed to think for himself, he will, we may hope, develop that natural innocence and courage which have been stunted by the unscientific education of the past. Among the weaknesses and superstitions that will perish in this process we do not believe it possible to number loyalty. It is more than possible that under the examination by microscope and forceps which modern criticism, modern literature, and the modern drama are bringing to bear on every part of our life, our nerves of impulse would all tend to shrink and suffer atrophy if they were not reinforced by other elements of strength. But the arteries which feed the nerve of loyalty are many, and some of them flow directly from the heart.

Let us go back again to the days of Queen Philippa, and compare the loyalty of that time and ours. We shall find that, so far from having perished or lost force, this feeling is stronger and woven of more strands now than it was then. In the year 1873 the Duke of Anjou desired to have the castle of Lourdes, and failing to take it by force he offered money to the captain, a countryman of Béarn, but an English subject. "The knight, who was of great valiantness, excused himself and said how the garrison was not his, but it pertained to the heritage of the King of England, and said how he could not sell it, nor give it, nor put it away, without he should be a traitor, which in no wise he would be, but true to his natural lord during his life; and moreover said that when the castle was delivered him, it was on a condition, which he swore solemnly by his faith,

Digitized by Google

putting his hands in the Prince of Wales's hand, that he should keep the castle of Lourdes against all men during his life, except it were against the King of England."

The latter part of this speech, though picturesque in form, frankly puts the matter on a prosaic quasi-legal basis: contracts for good consideration are binding; if a man makes a bargain of his own free will and seals it with an oath, he must keep to it. Soldiers at this day, and others holding office of any kind under the Crown, are bound to serve according to their oath, and except perhaps by a few reckless Irish Members of Parliament, the obligation would never be questioned. But it is noticeable that the first and best argument put forward by the captain of Lourdes is that he wished to be "true to his natural lord." This is an entirely different feeling, a far higher form of obligation. It may be in accordance with the nature of feudal tenancy, or with any other system of caste, but it is absolutely independent, derived from no one state of society, but equally binding on all. The time is long past when we could be suspected of confusing patriotism with the Divine Right of Kings; if any proof were needed of our coolness and right judgment in these matters it may be found in the treatment which we award to the technically rebellious or treasonable. In Germany it is *lèse-majesté* to utter a word in criticism of the Emperor; in Russia no form of Opposition is tolerated; in France allegiance has been transferred to the Army, which reigns by a superstition even more deadly in its effects. The English alone among great nations go to the verge of the impossible in acknowledging the natural right of protest and revolution: under no other rule could the Irish Nationalists exist, or the rebels of Cape Colony escape with a penalty of simple disfranchisement. There are also among us a number of superior persons, artists, poets, litterateurs, and "advanced thinkers," whose culture has taught them the duty of being unpatriotic. But these are morbid and sterile growths, failures of nature such as are observed from time to time by one generation and forgotten by the next. The great mass of

Google

sane and right-thinking men, without in any way denying the wider claims of humanity, acknowledge that, as Mr. Leslie Stephen told us lately, "to preach a purely cosmopolitan instead of a patriotic principle is idle; first, because nobody will listen; and, secondly, because the nation which did listen would be suppressed and would deserve suppression." They hold, in fact, that, setting aside the case of the conquered and especially of the half-conquered, those who inherit and accept the great benefits of English nationality owe not only conformity to the Government as such, but a more cordial support, a deeper interest and sympathy, to the Sovereign who is the centre and symbol of that nationality. We have long been accustomed to speak of "God save the Queen" as "the National Anthem," but the fact that in singing it we were moved by a strong feeling of personal admiration and affection has obscured our perception of a more permanently important fact. The Sovereign, whether personally acceptable to us or not, is always the representative of our national life, and the most convinced anti-monarchist in England is perfectly right in resenting any discourtesy offered to one who stands visibly for a whole people. It is equally true, but more often forgotten, that to speak openly and unrestrainedly against the Sovereign, under any temptation whatever, is dangerously near attempting an injury to the public weal. We are few of us great in any sense, but, if only because we are Englishmen, we all have by inheritance an element of greatness; we cannot, perhaps, be expected to reverence it in each other, but to slight it when we see it concentrated and embodied in the head of our Commonwealth is treason in no technical sense of the word.

It is right that we should clearly recognise at this moment of new departure the logical separation which exists between the human and the symbolical personality of the Sovereign; but we hope and believe that the day is far out of sight when we shall be forced to act upon it. Among "the many good deeds" that "the good Queen of England" has done in her time, not

Google

the least is that she has so raised the standard and dignity of the kingly life that we cannot conceive the possibility of any backsliding towards the selfishness of the Restoration or the Regency. She has achieved, we believe once for all, the great work of founding a tradition of the English Crown more loyal even than the tradition of the English people. To do this was to be a queen indeed, and the greatest of conquerors, for vast as was the material increase of her Empire, she extended in a still more wonderful manner the dominion of the ideas and emotions which gathered about her. The inter-action of her own feeling and that of her people concerning the duty and destiny of the English race kindled into flame the passion which will henceforth answer to the name of loyalty. It is new rather in degree than in kind, but it is none the less a noble and permanent part of national life. It has nothing to do with caste or the worship of rank, little with self-interest; reverence is part of it; but beyond this it is sympathy in a great cause, a right pride, a splendid hope. It can be said of the English as it can be said of no other nation in history, that they have been for eleven centuries, and are to-day more than ever, a society in the true sense of the term, a society with a personality of its own; and the development of that personality with all its faults and set-backs has been, on the whole, and is to-day more than ever, making for the happiness of mankind. Freedom of faith, freedom of speech, freedom of trade, equality of race, of law, and of opportunity: outside the Civitas Britannica these are to be found less commonly and less completely: all together they exist nowhere else. So long as we preserve these and continue to develop the masculine gentleness from which they spring as from a natural soil, we shall still be able to say in face of all our detractors, within and without, that when the sun sets upon our Empire the night will be black indeed.

Of all her contemporaries none had a clearer or loftier view of the position of England in the world than Queen Victoria. Probably we are not even yet aware of the extent to which our

Google

own conception of our duty towards our fellow subjects, white, black, and yellow, has been formed insensibly upon the pattern she gave us. But we have felt something of the truth, and when we shouted and sang at her two Jubilees it was for a better reason than the mere admiration of power and splendour.

> Not all the glories of her birth,
> Her armed renown and ancient throne,
> Could make her less the child of earth
> Or give her hopes beyond our own:
>
> But stayed on faith more sternly proved,
> And pride than ours more pure and deep,
> She loved the land our fathers loved
> And kept the fame our sons shall keep.

She knew, and we are more and more coming to believe, that the true fame of a nation has little concern with the temporary fluctuations of opinion around it. We shall in the end be judged by our acts and their results, not by the applause or hissing of contemporaries, who are in no position to judge us impartially or with knowledge. There are, no doubt, among us too many who admire and covet wealth and dominion for their own sake, but the conscience of the nation knows well that power of any kind, if not used for great and unselfish ends and in accordance with the Divine Will, is both the disgrace and the destruction of those who wield it. If we have become, as we have, a great corporation or company, with almost unlimited capital, vast estates, and armies of servants, all over the world, it is not that the shareholders may nourish a vain and insolent self-satisfaction, nor even that they may devote their whole energy to the making of lawful gain; it is that they may help more than others to make straight the paths of mankind, and in so doing forget the meaner part of themselves. If this great company has received, as we believe it has, a privileged charter from the only Power in whom it lies to make such grants, it is no fee simple, but a gift in trust, with penalties for maladministration, the least of which is forfeiture.

Google

That we have not completely failed in the past we owe in a great degree to her who has been for sixty years our better self, and whom we rightly now call "Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory." The fellowship which she gathered round her will not pass away with her presence; her successor has shown beyond doubt that he possesses the secret of our loyalty. In the direct and sincere words which were the first that he addressed to his people, the King has told us that his whole thought and strength for the remainder of his life will be devoted to the welfare and amelioration of others. He has named unerringly the cause that makes us one: for the word *service* expresses the passion destined to be the most universal of all, the desire to which all nations must come. If he, too, will have the proud homage and devotion of this people, he has but to keep continually before them the motto of his name-sake Edward the Black Prince, as it still shows clearly to-day upon his tomb under the rusted and moth-eaten relics of his outward splendour—the motto which is both a creed and a vow in one—*Hochmuth / Ich Dien.*

Google

ON THE LINE

THE following is the list of books which, in accordance with the promise made in our last number, we have selected to hang "on the line" this month. It must be remembered that we are endeavouring to act, not as critics, but as showmen. Among the large number of books which have come under our notice during the month, we have found a few which ought not to have been written, some which need not have been written, and many which should have been written otherwise. But these are no concern of ours; we commend to our readers a group of eleven, which we think worth buying and reading; of the rest we say nothing. There are also, no doubt, many valuable and interesting books which we have not had the opportunity of examining; but probably the following will be found to be a sufficiently representative exhibition of current literature in the general sense.

Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. (Blackwood. 6*s.*)—The title-page describes this book as "a tale," and rightly; for though the subject is one fit for an epic, a drama, or a Stevensonian novel, it is presented to us more realistically as a "yarn," told by an English ship's captain: he takes a long time over it, and he is often hard to follow, but the story—a life's voyage, as romantic as the Odyssey, and haunted by a mystery as deep as the seas over which it floats—would have lost something in any other form. Apart from the romance

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

—the career of Jim, from his English rectory home to his royalty and death in Patusan—the fascination of the book lies in the continual effort to sound "the abysmal deeps of Personality." Jim's sad little Eastern bride speaks for all who read:

> There is something he can never forget. What is it? What is it? He says he had been afraid. How can I believe this? Am I a mad woman to believe this? You all remember something. You all go back to it. What is this thing? Is it alive?—is it dead? I hate it! It is cruel! Has it got a face and voice—this calamity?

Quality Corner: a Study of Remorse. By C. L. Antrobus. (Chatto & Windus. 6*s.*)—Here, as in the last book, we have a tragedy following upon a mysterious crime, which is legally unpunishable, and which, morally and scientifically, lies upon the borderland between the voluntary and the involuntary. The coincidence of subject is striking, but the divergence of setting and treatment even more so. Mrs. Antrobus, though her plot is more sensational and less probable than Mr. Conrad's, takes us no further afield than her beloved Lancashire, and shows us none but the most familiar types. She is in no doubt as to the responsibility of every man for his own acts; she works out her drama by coincidences and stage-like conventions; in short, her story is as the poles apart from "Lord Jim." But this defiance of modern canons does not diminish in the least the essential charm of her characters, and the country in which they live, and the manner in which their tale is told: it is delicate, unaffected, and refreshing.

Every one that loves flowers, fairy tales, or a child must love the first seven chapters of Arthur Henry's **Princess of Arcady.** (Murray. 6*s.*)—Arcady has crossed the seas, and lies now in America, where "four o'clocks" blow, and babies "climb in bed," and wear "waists." The Arcadians are Hilda, a little girl; Pierre, a little boy; Mr. Alexander, a rich, business-like, old bachelor; Christopher Mott, a poor, unbusiness-like, old gardener; and Christopher Mott's daughter, Primrose.

Google

As long as the children remain children we could wander with them for ever, half-remembering, half-dreaming. It is, indeed, "such stuff as dreams are made on"; we should not be surprised to hear that it had been dreamt straight through from cover to cover. Unluckily, in chapter eight, Hilda goes to school in a convent, and the convent is neither quite a memory nor quite a dream. Later still she commits the unpardonable sin of growing up. We can forgive her even this for the sake of the day when, "as she sat upon her throne in the midst of the fields, her short gown of patched cambric was changed into a trailing robe of silk, as green as the fresh grass at her feet."

In Birdland with Field Glass and Camera. By Oliver G. Pike. (Fisher Unwin. 6*s*.)—This is a modest little book, but one which deserves many friends. The author sets out to describe the bird-life around his own home in North Middlesex and South Hertfordshire. This he does in thirteen chapters, illustrated by eighty-three photographs taken direct from nature, and for any one who knows and loves birds he has succeeded in laying up a little store of beautiful and sympathetic impressions. Of the patience expended in gaining this pleasure for us we get some idea when we find that it took three evenings' stalking to photograph the Wheatear near its nest, and success was only due in the end to an hour's drizzling rain, which drove home the birds but not the sportsman. The pictures show a skill and artistic sense in the "composition" which is rare in such books: the "Redbreast," on p. 101, and the "Reed-bunting" on p. 257, are not only perfectly characteristic but might have been conceived for decorative purposes by a good Japanese artist. The anecdotes are new and good.

The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore. By the Rev. G. Goodenough, R.N. (Fisher Unwin. 6*s*.)—Another book crammed with information that is hardly to be got elsewhere. We have lived too long on old scraps gathered under the table

Google

of Marryat and Captain Basil Hall. Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Bullen, and Mr. Kipling certainly are up to date, but their purpose is artistic not practical, and we cannot cross-examine them on details. Mr. Goodenough gives his own *raison d'être* thus:

As a popular song says "We all love Jack." He appeals to our imagination as the representative of the old English spirit of joyous adventure and reckless daring; the mystery of the sea is upon him, his life is a thing apart from all our ordinary experience, his language is strange to us. We make songs about him and cheer him. But as a man what is known about him? . . . and yet he is well worth knowing.

"What do you sailors do?" said a landsman. "Well," responded the sailor, "we does about what we please until we are told to do something else, and then we does that pretty quick."

What both parts of this humorous definition may include is admirably told by Mr. Goodenough. We only wish some of his chapters—especially that on "the Handy Man's vocabulary"—were four times as long.

In the Ranks of the C.I.V. By Erskine Childers. (Smith Elder. 6*s*.)—Seldom does any book tell the reader so many things he wants to know as this small volume of 300 pages. What does war look like to the man in the ranks? What does he do, what does he think about, what does he get to eat, and how does he like it; above all, what does he *feel*, when he is marching, fighting, shooting, being shot at, bivouacking, guarding prisoners, or lying on his back in hospital? We will quote one or two of the answers.

An odd discovery is that one has so much leisure, as a driver, when in action. There is plenty of time to write one's diary when waiting with the teams. One pleasant thing is the change felt in the relaxation of the hard-and-fast regulations . . . all needless *minutiæ* of routine disappear naturally. It is business now, and everything is judged by the standard of common sense. . . . The harness is much simplified now, and takes half the time to put on. The mystery is why it is ever considered necessary to have so much . . . unless to keep drivers from getting too much leisure.

There are a lot of cavalry, yeomanry, infantry, &c., about somewhere, but

Digitized by Google

here (in action at Bultfontein) we seem alone with a small infantry escort, and no sound but the opposing guns. It shows how little a single Tommy sees or knows of a fight.

I feel (in a fight) no animosity to any one. . . . One feels one is taking part in a game of skill at a dignified distance, and any feeling of hostility is very impersonal and detached.

The book has all through it the unobtrusive distinction of gentleness and good manners. It ends with a single page on the march through London on October 27, which is a little masterpiece of modesty and deep feeling.

The "Times" History of the War in South Africa. Vol. I. Edited by L. S. Amery. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.*)—It seems almost superfluous to have put forth this book in so handsome a form, for its contents are of absorbing interest, and will even gain in importance when the war is really over. It deals shortly with the history of the Boers in seventy-two preliminary pages, and then begins with chapter iv.—on President Kruger's Policy—what may be described as "the case for the British Government." When we say this we do not mean to imply that the statement is an unfair one, but that it presents the case throughout from one point of view, and leaves it to the other side to bring any evidence they may have in support of an alternative theory. We have certainly not yet seen anything of the kind which could be reasonably held to weigh in the balance against the facts here put forward and proved. Some people in England, and many on the Continent, have maintained that the attitude of the gold-owners in general, and the Jameson Raid in particular, have been the causes of the present quarrel. A glance at pp. 95–101 will show, on the unanswerable evidence of their own speeches at secret conferences between the two Dutch States in May 1887, that the policy of the Transvaal was then aiming at the boycotting of Cape Colony and the possession of Delagoa Bay, "with a view to future complications." "We will and must shake ourselves free and become independent." Freedom and independence

Google

are in themselves laudable aims, but how completely in this case their attainment was incompatible with existing conventions, and with the just and peaceful administration of all South Africa, is shown by the history of the Uitlanders' grievances, the Internal Struggle in the Transvaal, and the Second Reform Movement, as told by Mr. Amery. The policy of the Africander leaders is an even more "actual" point, and in view of Mr. Merriman's visit to this country, it is important to note that in March 1898 he was writing to Mr. Steyn:

> The greatest danger to the future lies in the attitude of President Kruger, and his vain hope of building up a State on a foundation of a narrow unenlightened minority, and his obstinate rejection of all prospect of using the materials which lie ready to hand to establish a true Republic on a broad liberal basis.

The Women of the Renaissance. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. (Swan Sonnenschein. Second Edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*)—It is not suprising that M. de Maulde's book should already have reached a second edition. Social metaphysics have been so little attended to that his volume almost counts as a new enterprise. He gives us an exhaustive survey of the women—French, Italian, Spanish—of the last years of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century, and shows us these ladies as girls, as wives, as mothers, as lovers, as beauties, as philosophers, as talkers. He discusses their intellectual position and their relation to morals and religion. Sometimes he indulges in a personal portrait (Anne of France and Marguerite d'Angoulême are his most striking ventures); more often he gives us a general picture. All his details are, however, subordinate to the central purpose of his work. "The moral of our book," he says, "is that good women should love the beautiful, and that virtue can neither be troublesome nor torpid." The Renaissance, he tells us, brought a new and softening element into life—the love of beauty—of which women were the fullest

Google

apostles. In the sixteenth century they found—by the aid of man—a practical philosophy which enabled them to apply this love of the beautiful to daily life and intercourse. This philosophy was the Neo-Platonism of the Renaissance—a creed half mystic, half æsthetic, more suited to the romantic Italians than to the practical French. It began with an exalted ideal, and ended in cold affectation—or, worse still, in the elusive casuistry that all was well so long as the heart was pure.

The author's intricate study of this Renaissance Platonism is the most interesting, as well as the most informing, part of his book. But every chapter shows an immense amount of research—thrown off with so much brilliance and feeling that we forget his learning while we profit by his knowledge. The light reader will know how to skip artistically, and yet reap a harvest of anecdote; the serious student, whether he agrees or disagrees with M. de Maulde's conclusions, will, at all events, find himself on a new and promising road. It may be added that neither kind of reader should include the young, for whom these pages were not intended. The fact that those who take up the book are left in undisturbed possession of the author's ideas is the best compliment we can pay to the translator.

The Story of Rome. By Norwood Young. (Dent. 3*s.* 6*d.*)—This is not a guide-book, nor is it intended to compete with guide-books, though it contains a small Appendix of Practical Suggestions. It is the outline, the suggestion or reflection, of all that distinguishes travel from sightseeing. Many towns offer a more perfect and concentrated beauty to the eye, but Rome alone forces upon the intellect and imagination the whole range of great ideas which have moved the world. Mr. Young has, with great skill, managed to string upon the thread of his "story" a complete series of the events, buildings, personalities, and ideas which will most interest the better kind of traveller. The enormous width of view and power of condensation required may be gauged by the mere list of

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

names of those who have, in one age or another, passed by the still standing monument of Caius Sestius.

> St. Paul, as he passed on his way to execution . . . Augustus and Horace, Nero and St. Peter, Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, Constantine and Alaric, Theodoric and Belisarius, our own King Alfred, and Charlemagne, Benedict and Gregory, Dominic and Francis, Godfrey de Bouillon and Frederick Barbarossa, Dante and Petrarch, Giotto and Perugino, Raphael and Michelangelo, Cæsar Borgia and Macchiavelli, Luther and Galileo, Goethe and Napoleon—and now it looks down upon the graves of Keats and Shelley.

Mr. Young has used all the best authorities, but he has seen everything for himself: he is a thorough modern; his views are fresh and interesting, and in our belief those which will prevail. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and will go into the pocket.

Gierke's Political Theories of the Middle Age. Translated and edited by F. W. Maitland. (Cambridge University Press. 10*s*.) When we say that no more interesting book than this has been published lately, we must add a word of warning. It is not light reading, and Dr. Gierke's own part of it is the less easy to grasp, because it is only a fraction of a large work. But this is amply compensated by Professor Maitland's brilliant introduction, which is beyond the criticism of any but a few experts. To all who care for the study of Political Philosophy and History we recommend the reading of this book as a rare and stimulating pleasure. To the general reader we can only suggest that such ideas as those of Unity of Church and State, of Organisation, of Monarchy, of Popular Sovereignty, of Representation, of Personality, are, at least, as interesting a part of our inheritance as our more material possessions.

A History of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. Vol. I. (Constable.) (The first volume of the Victoria History of the Counties of England, issued to subscribers only.)—This is the age of Empires and Encyclopædias. It seems only

Google

natural that while states are being grouped into vast federations, books should be more and more often produced in the form of libraries complete in themselves. So much the more important does it become that the books should be good ones. The failure of a great series of County Histories would be a national misfortune. No shelves are sought more diligently or with more disappointing results, even in our public libraries, than those which contain the incomplete, inadequate, and largely obsolete books that deal with the local history of our own country. The work has never yet been attempted on the right method and scale; the smallest and least interesting county of England is too large and of too varied interest for any one man to deal with it. Geology and natural history; prehistoric, Roman, Anglo-Saxon remains; dialect and folk-lore; history and architecture; heraldry and genealogy; agriculture and industries; social history and sport—no one was ever an expert in all of these. And to deal under these heads with all the Counties of England is beyond the powers even of a committee; it is now to be done by a series of committees under an advisory council. The County Committee for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight numbers eighty-eight members, but they seem to have taken a small share in the actual work of writing, which has been done by the special committees on architecture, records, &c. If the standard reached on this first occasion is to be maintained throughout, there is no room for doubt as to the success of this gigantic project.

Hampshire has been wisely chosen as a test or sample of the work: it is rich in nearly all the possible wealth of an English county; in Roman remains and in natural history it is unsurpassed by any other single district; its capital was once the capital of England; and its great forest is unique both in beauty and in remote historical interest. The present volume is only the first of four dealing with the county, but it covers three most important heads. In the natural history section, Mr. E. G. B. Meade-Waldo gives a list of the 280

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

species of birds observed in Hampshire. He has added very greatly to the value of this as a bird-census by stating in many cases his opinion upon the recent increase or decrease of each species. We are much interested to note that the bird-population appears to be decidedly increasing on the whole, and that the cases of decrease are due to explainable and partly remediable causes. The goldfinch and the Dartford warbler are the only two sufferers among the small birds. The moths and butterflies, for which the New Forest is famous, are well done by Messrs. Goss and Fletcher and Captain Reed. The Roman-British section, by Mr. F. Haverfield; and a separate chapter on the Silchester excavations by Messrs. George Fox and St. John Hope, are both admirably written and magnificently illustrated. But, perhaps, the advance marked by the appearance of this volume is most strikingly seen in the pages on the Domesday survey by Mr. J. H. Round. After wandering in the twilight of his own incomplete knowledge, and over the quicksands formed by the unsound opinions of others, the student here feels his feet, and sees his way at last with relief and gratitude. He may also enjoy in the good old fashion the massacre of less judicious antiquaries by Mr. Round; among these Dean Kitchin's case, on p. 586, is the most pitiable.

Briefly, this volume fulfils high expectations. No public library will be able to dispense with such a series as this; no country house can do without, at any rate, the history of its own county, and those which border on it. The next volume will apparently be one containing the feudal and family history and heraldry of Hampshire. That, too, will be a test volume, but after seeing this one we look forward to it with complete confidence.

Google

TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS

MR. CARLYON BELLAIRS in his two articles in the October and February numbers of the MONTHLY REVIEW states that he writes in the interest of the renown of our navy, and his contention is that naval officers are not trained for war.

The human element he truly says is the discriminating factor in every war, and he quotes history and poetry to prove that only those who go down to the sea in ships are capable of learning "the secrets of the sea," and of ruling on the main.

These are somewhat elementary propositions, though it is true that they are often forgotten, as was shown by a writer in the *Revue des deux mondes* a few months ago who proposed to invade England with an army of sea-sick soldiers who were to cross the Channel in numerous small steamboats! Mr. Bellairs complains that we are drifting in the wrong direction, that our teaching is too "academic," that naval training has been handed over to "the schoolmasters and arm-chair strategists," and that the gulf is widening between the traditions and practice of Nelson and what is inculcated at the present time.

These are grave charges, and the first question which presents itself is whether Mr. Bellairs is a competent judge of what our training should be, and what his claims are to pose as our naval mentor.

Google

> Let such teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well.

Now Lieutenant Bellairs is what is called a torpedo-lieutenant, that is, he has passed through the special course laid down to qualify a lieutenant to be an expert in submarine mining and the management of the torpedo, which course it is his aim to depreciate, and to abolish as unnecessary. So far, then, he should be a competent critic, but his experience of the service is small, and for this all his literary ability and historical references cannot compensate. I cannot therefore bow to his authority, and while I consider his proposal practically to abolish the present gunnery and torpedo schools to be dangerously reactionary, I have no hesitation as to the impracticable and unpractical nature of the substitutes which he suggests. That we may agree with many of his premisses goes without saying, and I give him full credit for having hit certain blots and deficiencies, but it is easy to destroy and far less easy to rebuild as many a reformer has found before him.

So far as I can see Mr. Bellairs has given no proof whatever of the deterioration of the practical naval officer, due, according to him, to academic training, and divorce from life at sea.

As I have had somewhat longer experience than Mr. Bellairs I can only place my opinion against his, and I can confidently say that I have not observed this tendency, as, except in rare instances, the naval officer, like the "handy man," is ready and practical, and I fail to recognise the picture drawn by Mr. Bellairs of the naval officer who has ruined his sight, and lost his naval character by "poring over miserable books."

It is with no wish to be personal or paradoxical that I make use of the following argument, but I must honestly confess that Mr. Bellairs has in his own person done his best to prove his case, as I cannot conceive how any practical officer who knows what ship-life is, can suppose that the lectures on which he mainly depends as substitutes for the gunnery and torpedo courses on board the *Excellent* and *Vernon* can be

Google

possible at all on board a sea-going ship, while surely the last state of the service would be much worse than the first if the service afloat for which the navy in commission exists were sacrificed to school and class work.

To this I propose to allude more fully later, but before doing so I will turn to the more pleasant part of reviewing the many points on which we may agree with Mr. Bellairs, where he deserves credit for calling attention to defects in our naval system of training.

What is good in Lieutenant Bellairs' remarks is his criticism as to the navy being "run," to use the modern slang term, too much on specialised lines. It is true that the tendency of having the lieutenants appointed specially for gunnery, torpedo, and navigation is to make other lieutenants look upon these subjects as to some extent "outside their sphere," but the remedy lies with the Admiralty, with commanders-in-chief, and captains, and in levelling up so that all lieutenants should be better instructed and more capable of performing these duties themselves and of teaching those under them. It is often far from creditable that on any slight failure of the hydraulic machinery or electricity the chief engineer, gunnery, or torpedo lieutenant must be at once sent for, but in these cases it is not the specialist who knows too much, but the ordinary lieutenant who knows too little. Mr. Bellairs' remedy, with which I cannot agree, is to pull down the level of the former officers to that of the latter!

In certain cases, too, I admit that clever specialised officers of the gunnery and torpedo schools are too little at sea as lieutenants, a fault which will no doubt be rectified in later stages of their career, but which should be arrested by an Admiralty order making five years real sea time in that rank necessary for the promotion of lieutenants to the rank of commander.

Then again Mr. Bellairs is quite right in pointing out that "the custom of the service" has so specialised the duties of the commander second in command, or first lieutenant where there

Google

is no commander borne, that his *rôle* is too exclusively discipline and cleanliness, possibly he affects "frippery and gimcrack," to use Lord St. Vincent's definition, and as he is divorced from the "fighting and handling of the ship" he frequently becomes practically antagonistic to her fighting efficiency. But I may remark parenthetically that this is seldom the case where the commander has been a gunnery or torpedo lieutenant. This, however, is a matter which should be rectified by a more enlightened public opinion in the service, and many good captains bear this constantly in view in the position allotted to the commander at "general quarters."

I quite concur, too, with the quotation which Mr. Bellairs gives from Admiral Moore as to the midshipmen being sent to sea to be half-schoolboy, half-officer, a system which every committee on naval training has condemned root and branch, and which is peculiar to the British service, but I cannot agree with his remedy, which is to send boys to sea at sixteen as at present, and to abolish the naval instructors, thus reducing what he terms "scholastic training" verily to a minimum.

We have had numerous committees on this important point, and they are practically unanimous in recommending a later entry, that youngsters should join a training college at an average age of seventeen, that their purely scholastic training should cease on entry, and that after eighteen months or two years practical instruction at the college with sea-going training-ships attached, they should go to sea, the naval instructors afloat being abolished. This, of course, is a much later entry than at present, and many of our naval officers are violently opposed to any raising of the age. I propose to refer to this again, but it is certain that so long as we insist on sending boys of sixteen to sea, the naval instructor will remain a necessity.

Another strong point made by Mr. Bellairs is the omission of any study of naval history from our naval curriculum. I concur with him in attaching the greatest importance to historical training, though this is not always appreciated by naval officers, and will be still less appreciated if we are to

Google

whittle down their theoretical knowledge and training to a minimum as he proposes.

With the substitution of languages and history for purely mathematical instruction I will not now deal, but it is probably the case that we have been inclined to look too much to proficiency in what is commonly known in the service as "*x* chasing"; this, however, is only a slang term and is generally used in a complimentary sense.

The question of naval education being more under the direction of naval officers is one in calling attention to which Mr. Bellairs has done good service. The Admiralty are, he says, taking this far more into their own hands, and he rejoices in the prospect of our being emancipated from the professors.

But why has our naval education been so much more professorial and unprofessional than it is in other countries—America for instance? The reason is clear, it is that the general education of our officers was seldom such as to entitle them to regulate a course of studies. A brilliant exception was the late Sir Cooper Key, and if his view was too much biased in favour of mathematics, there was no one to check him. If Mr. Bellairs should succeed in materially reducing the general educational standard, assuredly the same cause will produce a similar effect in future years.

The following facts are significant as bearing on this very important subject. At our Naval College at Greenwich there are thirty-five instructors, of whom nineteen are civilians, five naval instructors R.N., five engineers R.N., four marine officers, and two are naval officers, one of whom belongs to the old navigating branch. If we refer to the *Britannia* we shall find much the same system, the primary business of the commander and lieutenants being to maintain discipline, though recently under the *régime* introduced by Captain, now Rear-Admiral Moore, the executive officers have taken much more part in the seamanship and practical instruction of the cadets; but nearly all the teaching is given by sixteen civilians or naval instructors, with one assistant engineer for steam.

Google

Let us compare this with the German and American Naval Colleges. At the German Naval College at Kiel, which is under a captain, there are eleven officers of commander's or lieutenant's rank for disciplinarian duties, while the instruction is given by nine commanders or lieutenants, five marine officers and six civilians. In the American Naval Academy at Annapolis, there are forty officers and instructors in all, thirty-six of whom are naval officers, though probably we should call some of them engineers, and four professors, three of whom were appointed from "the line of the navy" or, as we should say, were formerly naval executives. The contrast could not be greater than that between Greenwich and Annapolis. While in our college practically the whole teaching is in civilian hands, at Annapolis all but one are or have been naval officers!

Which country is right? In my view we are wrong in entrusting our naval education so entirely to those outside the service, but I do not know whether I am here in agreement with Mr. Bellairs or not, for he appears to me to wish to make bricks without straw. On the one hand he praises the tendency recently shown by the Admiralty to place education to some extent more directly under naval officers, but on the other hand he wishes to reduce the theoretical education of the latter to a minimum, and he holds that any time spent by naval officers on instructional duties on shore is a waste of power. Indeed I am understating his objection, for an instructor at Greenwich certainly would be on shore, but when Mr. Bellairs speaks of a gunnery lieutenant spending one year on "the instructional staff on shore," and his possible appointment to a "shore billet" subsequently, he knows well that these appointments involve constant boat work, and going to sea frequently in gunboats and cruisers for gunnery trials, not to mention that one month in each year is spent at sea for the manœuvres. If he so strongly objects to this amount of "shore service" he must, on the same principle, object far more to any instruction at Greenwich or in the *Britannia*

Google

being given by naval officers; however, according to his last article, he only proposes to retain the College at Greenwich "for a few years longer" so that no instructors will be needed!

Let me turn now to his amusing story as to the influence of the Treasury, and the correspondence which took place between the Treasury and the Admiralty on the question of the expenditure of £22 on the East Indian Station in payment to a French teacher for the midshipmen of the flagship. I am indebted to him for informing me of my delinquencies in having authorised this expenditure as Commander-in-Chief at the time referred to, and while it is probably reasonable that explanation should be asked of any unauthorised expenditure, I concur with him in thinking that the "nagging policy" of Treasury officials worrying over these details after the Admiralty sanction has been given is detrimental to efficiency.

The influence of the Treasury on the two great spending departments undoubtedly too often means economy at the expense of efficiency, for which we have the high authority of the Prime Minister, and it seems to me that it should be restricted to an audit so as to check unauthorised expenditure, and to see that the pay and retirement of officers and men is in conformity with orders in Council. Special requirements involving large sums would of course require Treasury sanction beforehand, but this should be decided upon by the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not by the permanent Treasury Officials who are those to whom Mr. Bellairs refers as "eating like rats" into the efficiency of the navy.

There is one more point of great importance to which Mr. Bellairs has called attention, namely, the increasing tendency to rely on fortified harbours, defensive works, mines and booms, rather than on an efficient navy acting on the offensive; and he rightly refers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at the Colston banquet a short time ago, showing our enormous expenditure on harbour works of recent years. Much of this was clearly necessary; as a nation we are

Google

apt not to look forward, and though ships had increased to nearly double their former size we were reluctant to improve our dock accommodation till it proved to be quite insufficient, so arrears had to be made up, and under Lord Spencer and Lord Goschen we have undoubtedly entered upon an era of stone and cement. In some respects the demand for defensive works against torpedo attack may have been overdone, the result undoubtedly of military ideas, and a long immunity from the realities of maritime warfare. It is remarkable that Lord St. Vincent who had been an eye-witness of the retreat of the British fleet in the Channel before the Franco-Spanish fleet under M. d'Orvilliers in 1779 which he states left him "in the most humbled state of mind he ever experienced," nevertheless, six years later, as a member of a Royal Commission, successfully defeated Pitt's scheme for spending a large sum of money in permanent fortifications for Plymouth and Portsmouth.

This is a large question, but it appears clear, to sailors at least, that much money has been uselessly expended on the defences of naval ports in the last forty years to which it would be unpatriotic to direct special attention, but in illustration of this general statement I cannot resist referring to one instance, namely, the Zalinsky gun at Pembroke, which had only a range of 2000 yards, yet which was assumed capable of preventing our shipbuilding yard at Pembroke Dock from being bombarded. This wonderful invention was fortunately condemned as a failure after several trials at which the late Commander-in-Chief and Staff assisted, but it was intended to provide against an eventuality which was about as probable as the destruction of our naval arsenals by bombs from Count Zeppelin's aerial ship.

I have now touched on the more important of Mr. Bellairs' suggestions, and the deficiencies in our training as to which I concur partly or fully, but his conclusion that what he calls the "academic" instruction of our officers should be relaxed, is, I submit, simply retrograde and dangerous to the best

Google

interests of the service. It is not necessary to approve of the present system in detail, or even of the way in which our education is distributed at present, that is partly on board the *Britannia* to youngsters, partly at Greenwich on passing for a lieutenant, and many of the criticisms of Mr. Bellairs have much force, but surely with the national cry sounding in our ears for more technical training in all branches of labour, to prevent the loss of our industrial pre-eminence, it is at least curious if the navy is to be an exception, and that all that is requisite is a very incomplete preparation and plenty of routine work. Technical education, as I understand it, means a more intelligent instruction in the principles and theories of the trades or arts, so that our young men will be more prepared for new developments, and will not be distanced by the better education of their foreign competitors. Mr. Bellairs seems to believe that routine practice at sea is all or nearly all that is necessary, and not satisfied with disestablishing Greenwich, and getting rid of the one year's course for the specialised lieutenants, he rather prefers the "rule of thumb" navigator to whom a knowledge of fractions is not in his opinion necessary! Mere routine work and custom at sea appears to be his shibboleth, he does not agree with Shakespeare that "custom stales," nor with that fine seaman "Paddy" Boyd, who used to say that "routine was made for fools."

Put in this way it seems impossible that a clever man like Mr. Bellairs should have advocated such a policy, yet I do not think that I misrepresent the general tenor of his argument, which is that naval officers should go to sea young, be always at sea, and all will be well. This he thinks was the way in which our naval supremacy was won, and we ought to return to it.

I admit that he has some idea that instruction can be given in all practical subjects on board ships in commission, though he includes "mechanical drawings and heat"! Languages he says "should be a special instruction"—whatever that may mean. But the point is that not only would it be almost as

Google

reasonable to attempt to instruct "in a crowded street" (as a naval instructor recently remarked in a letter to the *Times*) as on board ship, not only is there no space where classes of any size could be taught, but there would be no one to instruct. The instructors should be the commander, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants and midshipmen, according to Mr. Bellairs, but with the scanty and inferior equipment which they would possess themselves one may well ask "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" The instruction would in fact be various and chaotic, and perhaps heretical, while in many cases it would be a mere farce.

Space does not allow of my dwelling on this subject, but as regards gunnery, for instance, I may refer to Sir Howard Douglas' admirable work on naval gunnery, printed in 1829, before the establishment of our school of gunnery, to show the curious and melancholy results of our unsystematic training in our actions with the Americans.

Lest it should be thought that I have exaggerated Mr. Bellairs' proposals I am tempted to refer to them more directly.

In his second article he tells us that some royal naval reserve officers "could not clear fractions," yet that they were "capable navigators," and this led him "to speculate as to how far the mathematical courses of midshipmen, sub-lieutenants and lieutenants could be cut down without loss." Then we have his proposal to get rid of naval instructors afloat, and to abolish the Greenwich College, which he candidly admits is his King Charles's head.

Evidently he holds that whether a boy forgets all his mathematics after he goes to sea at sixteen matters nothing so long as he is a "rule of thumb" navigator, nor does he require any knowledge of theories of gunnery or ballistics if he can work a gun, nor of chemistry, physics or electricity if he has some knowledge of practical torpedo work.

As to the specialist in gunnery or torpedo, he will have none of him. He tells us that the instruction is useless, and he

Google

quotes from the letter of one who has recently been through the course as follows :

> That year at Greenwich is to my mind absolutely waste time ; the officers, unless of exceptional ability, having to work so hard at their *books* that they probably impair their health. They then find out, if they did not know it before, that except to enable them to pass an examination set by schoolmasters, all that they have learnt will never be of any practical use to them ; or speaking more correctly, the chance of any of it being of use to them is so small that it certainly cannot be held to justify the waste of a whole year's practical experience at sea at their best age for appreciating it.

This is, as Mr. Bellairs says in his next paragraph, "true conservatism," but the opinion given above is fortunately far from general. I thought it as well to write to a friend of mine, a naval specialist of far more sea experience than Mr. Bellairs, asking him simply if he concurred in the above, and here is his reply :

> I most emphatically do not agree with Bellairs. In the first place the year at Greenwich is eight months. I think that it is absolutely necessary for all specialist lieutenants if they are not to degenerate into mere drill sergeants, and it is specially necessary for the shining lights among them, unless we are prepared to hand over all improvements and alterations in material to outsiders, soldiers, manufacturers, &c. The specialist officer is called upon to deal with unforeseen accidents connected with the material, to make intelligible reports and suggestions on it, and how he is to do that without some theoretical knowledge I fail to see. Apart from the mathematics taught at Greenwich, the physics and chemistry are most important for people who have to deal with electricity and explosives. . . . As to the series of lectures with, I presume, no examination at the end of them, the man who advocates them betrays ignorance of human nature, &c.

This appears to me conclusive, and a reduction of specialist training will unquestionably result in accidents, such as that which occurred recently on board the *Diadem* when testing fuses, through the ignorance of the men employed.

How far prejudice can go, if we are to put the hands of the clock back, is seen by the following story told by the late Sir John Briggs in his book on Naval Administration. The circumstance occurred in 1835, not many years after the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

establishment of the *Excellent* as a gunnery depôt. The First Sea Lord was Sir John Poo Beresford, the Second Sea Lord was Sir Charles Rowley, Lord de Grey being First Lord. Sir J. Briggs says:

> Sir Charles superintended the *Excellent* and gunnery, and upon my presenting to him one evening the gunnery examination papers of a lieutenant, he said, "Do you know, it is very strange but I don't understand all this. Pray, sir, what is the meaning of the word 'impact?'" I replied, "I rather think it means the force of a blow." He then said to Sir John Beresford: "What in the name of good fortune is meant by 'initial velocity?'" Sir John replied, "I'll be hanged if I know, but I suppose it is some of Tom Hastings' (the captain of the *Excellent*, Sir Thomas Hastings) bosh; but I'll tell you what I think we had better do—we'll just go at once to Lord de Grey and get that *Excellent* paid off. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is very anxious to get a reduction in the Navy Estimates."

The story goes on to say that they did go to the First Lord and recited their naval exploits in action before the day of this scientific bosh; the First Lord appearing to agree with them that the reduction would be very gratifying to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "but," he concluded, "I am afraid, my dear Beresford, I cannot sanction it, for you have no idea how d—— scientific that House of Commons has become."

Mr. Bellairs, however, cares nothing for fractions, let alone Euclid or Algebra, so perhaps he considers it of little consequence whether a naval officer is acquainted with such terms as "impact," or "initial velocity" as it is certain that many seamen can make good shots without making use of this unnecessary terminology.

Let us turn now to Mr. Bellairs' quotations in his endeavour to prove that "academic" education is useless, and that practice is all that is necessary. His reference on this point to Admiral Melville, the head of the engineering branch of the United States Navy, is singularly inappropriate, for if it proves anything it shows how the thorough grounding in theoretical studies at the "academy," prepares officers to take up any practical duties. No officers are more thoroughly taught on

Google

shore than American naval officers; they join the college at any age between fifteen and twenty, and remain there six years, four years at the academy and two years at sea, after which they return to the academy for "final gradation." Whether this is a good plan or not is not now in question, but I would point out that Admiral Melville was dealing with these *fully instructed* officers,[1] and as he stated, practical experience was all that they required. Mr. Bellairs says that he did not suggest "a mathematical course" which would have been "adding the sum of more to him that hath too much," and would of course have been superfluous.

Now let us turn to his quotations from history which appear to me to be entirely beside the mark. His real complaint is that our officers of the junior ranks are too much ashore at the college, and that our most scientific officers have too little "sea time," and too much time at the Admiralty, or "harbour time," and he endeavours to illustrate this by referring to an entirely different state of things.

Villeneuve's complaint of his officers referred to the impossibility of getting practice at sea owing to the vigilant blockade of the British fleet. "Ils n'étaient pas exercés aux tempêtes," he pathetically remarks, and this applied not to officers only, but to the men, who were entirely without experience of life at sea.

The statement of Mr. Goschen, again, when at the Admiralty in 1873, that there was "a want of efficiency among naval officers owing to want of employment," was true then for the reason stated, but he did not repeat, and he could not have repeated this statement in 1900. Officers of all ranks up to that of admiral at all events are now constantly employed, some no doubt on duties on shore at the Admiralty, others on harbour service, but all doing good work in and closely connected with the navy. This is a very different thing from

[1] In the third year the course at the academy includes steam engineering, principles of mechanism, &c., as well as the differential and integral calculus.

Google

spending years on shore on half-pay, possibly far removed from even a sight of the sea.

When Mr. Goschen spoke captains were often six to seven years on half-pay, but in the first half of the century after the great Revolutionary war officers might be sixteen, twenty, or even thirty years on shore; several of them did good work afterwards notwithstanding.

Of this many instances could be given. My first admiral, Sir William Parker, who did such brilliant service in the first China war, and was for many years "our only admiral," holding the Mediterranean for six consecutive years, '46–'52, was himself sixteen years on shore as a captain, and Lord Lyons was eighteen years in the diplomatic service before hoisting his flag as second in command on the outbreak of war with Russia. But these were men of exceptional ability, and there is no doubt that most of our senior officers employed during the Crimean war were inefficient from having lost touch, not only with a sea life, but with the service.

It is interesting to look back and show how nearly all our naval officers were perforce divorced from the sea during a long peace: of this I select the following instances.

I was in China when our new admiral, the Honourable Sir Fleetwood Pellew, came out in 1858 to take command of the station after twenty-eight years on half-pay, and some of his ways were so peculiar that he did not long retain the command. A distinguished member of the Upper House who commenced his career in the navy told me that when he first went to sea in the *Albion*, a line of battleship in the Mediterranean in 1845, his captain, Nicholas Lockyer, had been just thirty years a captain, and there were two captains in command of line of battleships on the station senior to him!

This is correct, as a Navy List of 1845 shows, the senior captain on the list at that time, John Clavell, having been "posted" in 1808, so that he had been thirty-seven years on the captain's list. Yet there was so little employment that many of our senior men in command of line-of-battleships

Google

during the Russian war never "served their time" (five years "peace and war") as captains, and consequently never became admirals on the active list.

It is ludicrous to go back to the battle of Toulon in 1744, to quote St. Vincent in 1796, or Mr. Goschen in 1873, as having any bearing on the facts of the present day, except that as we all agree, an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, and that a sailor cannot be made by dry nursing ashore.

But surely we must admit that the navy has much changed since steam and electricity have superseded sails and hand power, and quick-firing breech-loaders, cordite, high explosives and torpedoes have replaced smooth bores and black powder. Even Mr. Bellairs would scarcely send naval officers to sea in entire ignorance of these matters, nor is it easy to see how much theoretical information connected with them is relevant or useful. I can only say that personally I should be in favour of increasing rather than restricting such knowledge throughout the service, even at the expense of time spent at sea. Captain Percy Scott, for instance, who did such good service in mounting heavy guns in South Africa, had undoubtedly a sound knowledge of mechanics and ballistics, yet we know that he is no mere theorist, and that both in the *Scylla* and *Terrible* he has established a record for good shooting. The fact of the navy having changed so much calls for a more scientific training than formerly. It was formerly a handicraft, it is now a science, and—it may be added—most of the sciences connected with the profession can be best studied ashore.

I hold then that the argument against naval officers being too little at sea, or too much on shore under training, or too much employed upon other duties than those of being at sea in a sea-going ship is founded upon a misapprehension. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and it is no more reasonable to carp at the shorter sea cruises of our modern ships, and to compare them with the long, tedious passages of our sailing ships fifty years ago, than to complain that fewer

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hours are now spent on the road say between London and Edinburgh than days were spent a century ago.

It sounds plausible no doubt to say that a naval officer should be always at sea, but I hold that this theory has had its day to the detriment of the naval service, and that it still militates against its efficiency.

It was this theory which nearly placed our gunnery establishment in the hands of marine instead of naval officers, which for many years obstructed the formation of a naval intelligence department, and prevented the navy from having any naval representatives of gunnery and torpedo at the Admiralty, and which still places the supply of warlike stores to our fleet in the hands of military officials, who, whatever their professional capacity may be as experts, have little knowledge of or sympathy with naval requirements.

It is evident that either the navy must overflow as it were, and do its own work of adminstration, intelligence, and supply, or these duties must be entrusted to civil or military officers, who cannot be expected to take the same intelligent interest in naval wants that a naval officer would naturally show. I am strongly in favour of utilising naval officers in these ways in the intervals between sea service, and also of making use of competent retired officers in positions for which they are suitable, and in recent years this has generally been our policy.

But if this is to be done, special studies must be encouraged, and our naval officers must be prepared by their education to occupy the positions to which I have referred.

Does this however militate against their efficiency as "sea officers," which after all is the important point? Are our officers being turned into theorists and bookworms at present, or have not South Africa and China conspicuously shown that they have lost nothing of their readiness of resource and practical ability to carry out any service entrusted to them?

What then is the meaning of this Cassandra-like cry that we are over-educating our officers, and has it any foundation in fact? Mr. Bellairs is fond of appealing to naval history, but a

Digitized by Google

study of naval history shows that our most distinguished naval officers have been among the best educated of their day.

Against tough old Admiral Benbow, who after all was more gallant than successful, we have men like Hawke, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Collingwood, all of whom were well educated men, and though Nelson's early training was defective, he did his best in later years to compensate for his deficiencies in that respect. He recommended young officers to learn French and dancing! He went abroad to learn French himself, and throughout his career he was always studying the methods in which he could keep his fleet efficient and attack his enemy. Professor Laughton speaks of his "untiring attention to detail," and the "thoroughness of his life-long study" as to the proper way of "going at them." His conduct in the West Indies as a captain, his diplomacy at Copenhagen, his speeches in the House of Lords, and above all, his admirable and far seeing despatches, show how far removed he was from the gallant though somewhat ignorant sailor which many believe him to have been when they call upon us to admire and copy our national hero. The special references made by Mr. Bellairs to Lord St. Vincent, who is represented to us as a man who looked upon sea service as the one thing needful for a naval officer, tempt me to complete the picture and show his real character. No doubt St. Vincent was a good sailor, and he expected seamanship and strict discipline from those under his command, but he had spent periods of eight and six years ashore on half-pay, during which time he had gone abroad to learn French, and he was an accomplished man. I do not know that he was a mathematician, and the sciences were not as necessary to a naval officer a hundred and twenty years ago as they are now, but he was First Lord of the Admiralty, a Member of Parliament, a statesman, a politician, and a reformer. His biographer, speaking of Keppel's defence in the court-martial which followed the indecisive battle off Ushant in 1778, says that it was much admired, but he adds:

Google

Few are aware that the excellences of its rhetoric and style were due to the intellectual powers and literary acquirements of Captain Jervis . . . for these advantages he was indebted to his officer, and the officer by this important assistance to his Commander-in-Chief reaped the advantage of early and habitual study.

Turning to more modern days, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, under whom I had the honour to serve, and of whom Mr. Bellairs rightly speaks as "a great admiral," was a good mathematician, and as superior to most of his contemporaries in general education as in professional ability.

This indeed is usually the case with regard to successful men, and numerous examples of it could be given. Mr. Bellairs speaks in high terms of Rear-Admiral Moore and Captain the Honourable A. G. Curzon-Howe as recent captains of the *Britannia*. Both these officers have served directly under me, and there is no doubt about their abilities and capacity. The Admiralty were well advised in appointing them as captains of the *Britannia*, and they fully justified the selection; but their influence with the cadets, and the success of their term of command was due to their high character, general knowledge, and intelligence, more than to strictly seamanlike qualities, which the appointment afforded little opportunity of demonstrating.

I think then that the cry against over education and the time spent ashore by naval officers is overdone, and although both should be made strictly subservient to sea experience, I see no evidence that this is usually lost sight of in our navy, though special instances might be given in the case of certain favoured officers whose experience has been too much of the "beach combing" order.

Mr. Bellairs, in his second article, admits that the Admiralty are quite alive to possible dangers of mere "academic" training, as some recent orders show: but this is no new departure, for, since 1870 at least, periods of real service at sea have rigorously been insisted upon, and it was only three years ago that the Admiralty reduced the time at college for sub-lieutenants

Google

passing who did not show any ability to profit by further instruction.

General education has its value in its proper place, as most officers know when it becomes a question between employing a lieutenant or a warrant-officer to perform anything outside ordinary routine duty, and that our future admirals should be provided with a suitable equipment to enable them to hold their own with other officials with credit to themselves and to the service goes without saying. I think this is the case at present, at all events I was gratified a short time since by being told by a very high official, that he had been much struck by the intelligence and general knowledge of the senior naval officers he had had to deal with.

From what I have said above I think I have made it clear that my view is in favour of a thorough preparation on shore followed by a practical training at sea. I do not think that our present system is satisfactory, though there is much to be said for it, and Mr. Bellairs' remedies appear to me to be much worse than the disease.

It is scarcely necessary to requote the scathing opinions of various committees which have been unanimous in condemning what the American Commission of 1880 called "a combination of makeshifts, resulting from a series of tentative and spasmodic efforts in almost every form which naval education is capable of taking."

The fact is that we have been halting between two opinions; a large number of officers holding strongly to the view that naval officers must go to sea young, as they themselves did, while the necessities of the times in which we live have plainly pointed to higher theoretical attainments than could be expected from boys of thirteen.

As the result the age for entry in the *Britannia* was raised by Lord Goschen recently to fifteen (fourteen and a half to fifteen and a half, Mr. Bellairs is wrong in stating it as over sixteen, as no youngster can be over fifteen and a half when he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

joins, and the majority are under fifteen), and naturally the examination is more stringent accordingly.

In most foreign navies young gentlemen are taken at from fourteen to seventeen years of age into a naval academy or college with training ships attached, where they remain four to six years before being drafted to a sea-going ship; but it must be remembered that good public schools are peculiar to this country. In Germany the age for entering the college which has training ships attached is sixteen years and ten months to seventeen years and ten months, and they join the navy soon after nineteen.

Our committees have generally recommended that cadets should enter the navy at seventeen, that theoretical training should cease on entry, and the training under lieutenants be of a practical and professional character. This seems to be a reasonable proposal, the cadets being instructed in a college, with sea-going training ships attached, for eighteen months or two years. This is almost exactly the German system.

If this plan were adopted, naturally fresh arrangements with regard to uniform and pay would have to be made, and the poetical figure of the schoolboy officer, straining his "shrill pipe," as Byron says, would have to go, as many picturesque objects have gone before him in this utilitarian age, but a young man joining the college at seventeen, well grounded in all the requisite branches of study, and devoting himself to the practical part of his profession, would at the age of twenty or twenty-one be quite as capable and efficient in naval duties as under the present system. It is probable that were some such system as the above to be adopted the courses on passing for a lieutenant might be made purely practical, Greenwich being reserved for specialists and voluntary instruction of senior officers.

The objection is that previously referred to. That we must send boys to sea young is the general view of the senior officers. There is a touch of "We must catch 'em young or they won't go" in this notion, but it is difficult to see why our boys in

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

this island home of ours should be less willing to face the discomforts and risks of a life at sea, than other European or American youngsters. We may disregard this weak argument then, and let us see whether the early entry was so absolutely essential even in former days.

Nelson, it is true, first went to sea at the age of twelve, but for some years he made only occasional trips in merchant ships, so that his naval career did not regularly commence till he was fifteen. Lord Cochrane was eighteen when he first went afloat, and in more recent years the late Sir George Tryon was over sixteen when he went to sea, yet he was among our smartest and ablest seamen; the late Admiral P. H. Colomb was little younger, and other instances might be given. To enter late in those days was to "lose time"; yet owing, there is little doubt, to their better grounding and greater self-reliance, in the majority of cases those who entered late rose to be admirals.

That our system of entry and training then is not satisfactory appears clear, but it has been changed so recently, and there has been so much heat and feeling imported into the question, that it is improbable that any alteration will be made at present, and meanwhile I am somewhat apprehensive of our being left behind in the race for naval supremacy. However, we must be content in accordance with the Italian proverb, "chi va piano va lontano," and I hope that we shall continue to advance in the direction of the higher training of our future officers, and not take the backward steps recommended by Mr. Bellairs.

The demand for ships to be much at sea is at least a healthy one, and undoubtedly that fleet which keeps the sea most should be the most efficient. Are we in this behind other nations? Certainly not so far as my experience goes, and I have had special opportunities of observing foreign navies on distant stations, the conclusion I have come to being that our ships in commission are at sea two days for every one of those of the French or United States for instance, while as Kiel showed,

Google

our ships are navigated and piloted far more reliantly and skilfully than those of foreign nations.

On more than one occasion I have heard foreign officers express their admiration and astonishment at the bold way in which our ships went in and out of harbour.

All this is as it should be, and the Admiralty and Commanders-in-Chief on foreign stations are quite alive to the importance of sea-cruising. True, the cruises are shorter than of yore, "salt junk" and ship's biscuit has given place to fresh or preserved meats and "soft tack," and many think that our sailors are getting soft and effeminate. But this is an old story. Other nations give their men at least as good food as we do, bread being regularly baked and wine issued on board French ships, for instance, and we do not want to go back to the days Roderick Random refers to of "Lobscouse" and "Salmagundy," nor even to the weevilly biscuit which many of us can remember.

This is a digression which has little to do with naval officer's training, to which I will now return.

So far as there is any truth in the complaint made by Mr. Bellairs of the present system of training in the gunnery and torpedo ships, the Admiralty have been recently rectifying it by attaching sea-going ships to the harbour school-ships, so as to make the training as real and complete as possible.

The cry against theoretical or academic training is not, I think, justified; there are no doubt many important qualifications which no examination can test, but, as a rule, the best educated and most intelligent man will be the best officer, and the theoretical teaching which we should endeavour to give our officers should be such as to enable them to appreciate the problems with which they will have to deal in the days in which we live, when our ships are a mass of machinery with which they should be familiar.

I cannot but regret in concluding this article that, in differing from Mr. Bellairs, I have too often had to play the part of critic; but even now some of his allegations must, I

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fear, remain unanswered, as they are sheltered by their vagueness. His last solemn warning as to our "precarious position in a war with a well organised maritime power," for instance, is a case in point, as it is followed oracularly by a caution that "Germany is preparing"—apparently to be the well organised maritime power referred to in the previous sentence. But Germany, as we have seen, aims at having scientifically instructed young officers, who go to sea after a sound preliminary training at nineteen—and neither the instruction nor the late entry meet with Mr. Bellairs' approval. In my opinion the German system is far more logical, scientific, and complete than ours. They wish to educate fully first, and no doubt their practical course is equally thorough.

Yet—criticisms and defects of training notwithstanding—the British navy still remains the first service in the world; the traditions are good, the *esprit de corps* is as high as it was in Nelson's time, when he spoke of his captains as "a band of brothers," and we have fortunately in high situations, at the Admiralty, in the Mediterranean, at the Reserves, as Controller, and in other positions, highly skilled and instructed admirals who zealously watch over the well-being of the navy, and are well aware that our peace training should be a preparation for war. The times are past when, as Sir J. Briggs tells us, a man-of-war would pay off after a three-years commission without having ever fired a shot from her guns, and, after all, the qualification of "the man behind the gun" depends mainly on the officer in high command who organises and directs.

> For forms of Government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

No doubt there are further questions connected with this subject on which I have scarcely touched, as they only bear indirectly on war training.

Our officers are bad linguists, and there is insufficient inducement given them to qualify as interpreters; but, above

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

all, there is the question as to whether steps should not be taken to facilitate the amalgamation between the executive and engineering branches, which has already taken place in the American navy, and which appears for us too to be looming in the near future.

E. R. FREMANTLE.

Google

THE OVERCROWDING OF LONDON

I. STATISTICS

IN the following paper I have only dealt with the question of overcrowding in London, ignoring the large towns and the smaller problem of house accommodation in the country proper. The causes of overcrowding may be the same in the large towns as in London, and similar remedies may be necessary, but it is, nevertheless, advisable to treat London as a separate problem, demanding more stringent treatment. The large towns are the centres of districts only, and, roughly speaking, draw their increase of population from those districts. London is the centre of the British Empire and draws its increase from the whole world. The London population again is so much larger than that of the largest of the great towns (Glasgow 731,000), that its actual bulk almost puts it into a class apart. The unity of the government of the great towns makes their problem an easier one to face. London, with its numerous municipalities, its City and County Council, all with housing powers, has a problem so complicated that it is difficult to discuss it as forming a part of the general question of the Housing of the Poor.

Since the beginning of last century the population of London has gone on steadily increasing. The rate of increase has varied, being greatest from 1801 to 1851, and decreasing

Google

from 1851 to the last census, taken in 1896 for the purposes of the Equalisation of Rates Act. But though the rate is apparently decreasing, there is still an enormous yearly increase. In 1801 the total population was under a million (958,788); in 1896, it is 4½ millions (4,483,018).

In the ten years from 1881 to 1891, though the rate of increase was only 10·38 per cent., London added to its population 397,924 people; that is, a population which would make a town bigger than any English towns except Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester, and with nearly 40,000 more inhabitants than Sheffield. In other words, London adds to its size every decennium a town bigger than Sheffield. The rate of increase from 1891 to 1896 is 4·75 per cent., and the total increase of 200,900 would fill a town almost as big as Newcastle-on-Tyne.

This increase of population would not be a matter of great concern if the increase of house accommodation had kept pace with it, if supply had adjusted itself to demand. But this is not the case. The 1896 census shows that inhabited houses are not increasing rapidly enough to house the increased population. From 1881 to 1891, the number of new dwelling houses built was 60,857, or an increase of 11·57 per cent. on the total houses, but from 1891 to 1896 the number built was only 9028, an increase of only 1·10 per cent. This, compared with the figures of increase of population, shows that while population has increased at the rate of 4·75 per cent., houses have only increased one quarter as fast; in other words *population has increased four times as fast as house accommodation.* The result is that the 1891 average of 7·74 persons to a house has increased to 8·01 in 1896, and the average population per acre, which in 1891 was 56·10, to 58·76 in 1896. This seems mild. The first impulse on reading these figures is to say that 8 persons to a house, or 58 to an acre, is not overcrowding. But of course the figures for all London are no guide to the truth for individual districts. The following table will form a better guide as to the overcrowding in central London:

Google

Parishes in Central London having more than **150** *Persons per Acre.*

Name.	Area in Acres.	Population.	Inhabited Houses.	Persons per Acre.	Persons per House.	Inhabited Houses per Acre.
Old Artillery Ground	5	2,143	139	428·60	15·41	27·08
Christ Church, Spitalfields	73	23,055	1,532	315·92	15·04	20·98
Mile End New Town	42	12,816	1,176	305·14	10·89	20·00
St. Anne, Soho	53	12,048	877	227·32	13·73	16·54
St. Andrew and St. George, Holborn	111	24,991	1,896	225·12	13·18	17·08
St. George the Martyr	284	60,278	5,512	212·24	10·93	19·40
Whitechapel	174	35,111	2,795	201·78	12·56	16·06
St. George in the East	244	47,506	5,210	194·69	9·11	21·35
Newington	631	120,939	13,276	191·12	9·10	21·03
St. Giles in the Fields	122	22,127	1,669	179·89	13·25	13·56
Clerkenwell	380	66,202	5,910	174·21	11·20	15·55
St. Luke	237	41,527	3,498	171·42	11·87	14·75
Bethnal Green	755	129,162	14,922	171·07	8·65	19·76
Christ Church, Southwark	77	13,064	1,265	169·66	10·32	16·42
Mile End Old Town	677	111,060	14,097	154·00	7·80	20·82
London	77,442	4,433,470	553,119	58·76	8·01	7·33

Population in Parishes having (1) over 300 per acre	. . .	38,014
(2) „ 200 „	. . .	132,428
(3) „ 150 „	. . .	551,587
Total over 150 „	. . .	722,029

If the table could have been compiled from Ward figures, the totals of the districts with over 150 per acre, would have been considerably higher. But this table shows a condition of things which is gradually growing worse, as the following analysis of the figures of increase and decrease of inhabited houses will show.

I cannot give the figures for each parish or extra parochial place, as the details take up too much space; but I have grouped the areas, and give the figures for each group. By central parishes I mean, roughly, parishes within two miles of Charing Cross—the other parishes lie outside this ring. I have given the City of London separately, as it is the bull's eye of the inner ring of parishes.

(*a*) In 15 areas in Central London the population has *increased* by 20,000, and the inhabited houses have *decreased* by 8071. If for these parishes the mean for all London of 8 persons per house is allowed, the decrease of over 8000 houses ought to have displaced a population of 64,568.

(*b*) In 21 areas in Central London the population has decreased 17,689, and the houses have decreased 5675. In these parishes, both houses and population have decreased; but, if the average for London of 8 per house is kept, there ought to have been a decrease of 45,400 in population.

(*c*) In 32 areas, 5 of which are central, the population has increased 245,757, and the houses have increased 20,487. Still keeping the average of 8 per house, the houses provided in these districts would re-house 163,896 persons.

(*d*) In 8 areas in Central London population has decreased by 473, and houses have increased by 49. These are the only places which have improved their condition; but, as their total area is 51 acres, they are unimportant.

(*e*) City of London population has decreased by 6552, and houses have decreased by 762. Here the decrease of inhabited houses is balanced by the decrease of population which has, of course, overflowed into other districts.

Google

These figures show that the growth of inhabited houses is almost altogether in the outer ring of London; the inner ring has only five areas where the houses have increased, and in these five the total number of new inhabited houses is only 2584. Taken for all London, the result is, as I stated at the beginning of my article, an increase of 1·10 per cent. inhabited houses to accommodate an increase of 4·75 in population.

The number per acre will only show the district over-crowding in London. The extent of overcrowding can only be correctly estimated by an examination of the actual number of people who are living in over-crowded conditions. The figures for this are not later than the 1891 Census Return, which gives the number of tenements and the number of persons inhabiting them.

This return shows that 2,331,252 persons (more than half the total London population) are living in tenements of from 1 to 4 rooms. Analysing this population, I find

				Living three and more persons per room.
Out of	386,489	inhabitants of	172,502 1-room tenements,	214,843
„	688,942	„	189,707 2-room „	210,173
„	662,443	„	153,189 3-room „	53,154
„	593,378	„	115,171 4-room „	6,828
„	2,331,252	„	630,569 „	485,298

Thus out of a total population of nearly 4½ millions, there are almost half a million living 3 persons or more per room. A further analysis shows the gradation of overcrowding amongst these 2,331,252 dwellers in tenements of from 1 to 4 rooms.

1,076,537	living	two	. . . .		per room.
759,417	„	two	and less than	three	„
300,094	„	three	„ „	four	„
114,714	„	four	„ „	five	„
43,443	„	five	„ „	six	„
17,934	„	six	„ „	seven	„
6,153	„	seven	„ „	eight	„
1,848	„	eight	„ „	nine	„

Google

648	living	nine	and less than	ten	per	room.
270	„	ten	„ „	eleven	„	
110	„	eleven	„ „	twelve	„	
84	„	twelve and more				

2,321,252 of whom 1,244,715 live two and more per room.

It is probable that the number of those living, say, over 7 to a room is understated, as it is generally difficult to get exact returns of severe overcrowding, because of the fear of eviction if the facts become known. However that may be, the analysis is sufficiently depressing, for it shows more than one-fourth of the total population of London living 2 or more to a room.

There is one more table which I wish to add to show the result on health of the overcrowding in some of the worst districts. I have had to give the figures for the large local government areas (Parish or District Board), as those for the wards do not exist.

Local Government Areas; Population per Acre; Death-rate, &c.

Name.	Population per Acre.	Death-rate per 1000 living 1886–1895.	Death-rate under 1 Yr. per 1000 births 1886-1895.	Open Space Area in Acres.
Bethnal Green	171·07	24·1	161	90 3/8
Clerkenwell	174·21	25·5	173	7 1/4
Islington	108·38	19·3	147	39 1/8
Mile End Old Town	154·00	22·1	151	10 1/16
Newington	191·12	23·5	170	4 3/8
St. George in the East	194·69	29·9	193	6 1/4
St. George the Martyr	212·21	28·5	188	1
St. James, Westminster	141·41	21·0	162	—
St. Luke	171·42	29·3	150	7
St. Martin in the Fields	49·22	25·5	199	120
St. Pancras	90·10	21·08	159	291
Strand District	143·26	30·0	202	5
Holborn District	186·20	27·7	205	1 1/2
Limehouse District	125·38	28·0	189	11 1/2
St. Olave District	93·84	25·4	175	2 1/4
Whitechapel District	217·19	24·9	164	10 7/8
St. Giles District	157·11	26·2	152	8 1/4
St. George, Hanover Sq.	70·48	18·1	139	281 11/12
London	58·76	21·0	155	6050 11/12

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It will be seen that the death rate follows the population per acre in most of the areas, except St. Martin, St. Pancras, and St. Olave, where with a small comparative number per acre there is a high death-rate.

In these areas the inhabited houses are comparatively less per acre, St. Martin's having 4·27, St. Pancras 9·01, and St. Olave 8·30; but, if the ward acreage were available, it would be found that the number per acre in several of the wards of these parishes was very considerably higher than the average for the parish.

The proportion of children who die before reaching one year is of great importance, seeing that out of the total births for the kingdom a large proportion are born in London: thus for one year (1896) out of 915,309 for England and Wales, the number born in London was 136,223. With a falling birth-rate for the United Kingdom, the figures just quoted are worth considering.

If the statistics are taken for smaller areas, the results of overcrowding on the infantile death-rate are more significant still. Thus for the year 1892, the infantile death-rate under one year for 1000 births for London was 154·8, for St. Pancras 173·5, for the Somers Town registration sub-district of St. Pancras 193·3; while for the part of the Somers Town insanitary area in St. Pancras called York Buildings the rate was 256·4.

II. REMEDIES

Any discussion of remedies for the relief of overcrowding must necessarily begin with an analysis of the causes which lead to the existence of the problem. I need not say much as to the causes of the actual increase of population in London. There has been discussion from time to time on the flocking of the country population into the towns, and suggestions have been made with a view to checking the immigration. But of course it is not the British country population alone which

Google

recruits London. The increase is partly due to births inside London, partly to foreign immigration, partly to migration from British towns, and is caused not by agricultural distress in our own or in other countries, but by our industrial prosperity, and the immense growth of our towns as a consequent effect. Country people, provincial and foreign artisans think they will better themselves by coming to London. If they did not come of their own accord attractions would be held out by employers to induce them to come; London must have the pick of the workers for those trades which are carried on in it or whose centre of exchange it is.

It is obvious, therefore, that no panaceas for dealing with agricultural distress in the United Kingdom or with returning the labourer to the land will solve a problem which is at bottom an industrial one. As long as our industrial prosperity continues we must recognise that there is no very great likelihood of the problem solving itself by the inflow ceasing and the present population adjusting itself to the accommodation in London, and we must deal with the causes of the actual overcrowding inside London.

Here the chief causes are the high rents and the lack of adequate means of communication to and from the centre.

High rents are, of course, due to the fact that London is the centre of the commercial world, and as the quantity of land is limited there is necessarily a keen competition for it. It is perfectly impossible for the artisan or labourer, and in many cases even for the professional man, to compete for house room in Central London against the merchant or shopkeeper whose economic existence depends on his central situation.

The maximum of rent which the working-class tenant can pay is so soon reached that it no longer pays the private capitalist to build for such tenants in Central London and speculative building of this sort has entirely ceased. It is a tendency of modern industrial progress to squeeze not only the superfluous inhabitants, but also the superfluous manufacturing processes, out of the centre of the great towns, and to fill their

Google

places with premises used for exchange purposes. It is this tendency which is the cause of the decrease of inhabited houses in the centre of London, and which is causing an ever-widening ring of the London parishes to approximate to the position of the City proper, which, with a large day, has a small night population.

Unfortunately, though this economic development has been pointed out by economists, it has never been sufficiently recognised by either the makers of the law or its administrators.

When the first Housing Acts were passed, public attention was almost entirely turned to the uninhabitable condition of working-class dwellings, and therefore the clearance of insanitary areas occupied a foremost place in the Acts, and the questions of transit and municipal building fell into the background.

This is scarcely to be wondered at, for the framers of these Acts based their legislation on a belief that it was necessary to provide accommodation in the centre for as many workmen as possible; and as they did not foresee the transformation of the great towns into workshops they naturally did not provide efficient means for a large daily exodus of workmen, or make any provision for new houses to be provided outside the workshops. Following this legislative lead, housing administration up to the last few years has pursued a policy of clearing insanitary areas and rehousing as many of the displaced population as possible on or near the cleared site.

We are only now beginning to see that the Consolidated Act as it stands was based on a principle which disregards a later economic development, and that the magnitude of the present problem is partly due to the concentration of administrative energy on carrying out provisions which (however necessary from a health point of view) cannot do anything to cure overcrowding.

A momentary consideration will show that this is the case.

Insanitary areas are plague spots which have grown up in certain districts, generally because the land in those districts

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

has become so valuable for other purposes that it no longer pays to house the working classes on it except under unhealthy conditions.

Public health considerations demand the removal of the plague spot, but the law insists that, if the area is cleared, part or the whole of the displaced population shall be rehoused on the original site or in its vicinity. This provision was intended to do away with the hardship inflicted in clearing, but as a matter of fact it has now been proved that few, if any, of the displaced population moves into the new buildings. These buildings are therefore providing for wealthier tenants who are either drawn in from adjoining districts or encouraged to remain in the centre from which they would otherwise have gone out. The displaced population cannot afford the necessarily higher rents of the new buildings, and therefore crowd into the old houses in the neighbourhood, and thus not only tend to raise rents by competition, but help to hurry the old houses into slumdom.

The whole case for rehousing in the insanitary district disappears if the displaced population is not accommodated. It is absurd to build houses to tempt the outsider in to the overcrowded district where the business development is like a tide which is constantly encroaching upon the inhabited houses, and which if resisted in one place by the houses of the municipality will only encroach upon another part of the district and sweep the inhabitants out of that. Of course, insanitary areas ought to be removed, but there is no need to re-erect them or to continue a policy which will tend to create others. The area must be cleared, but the clearance and the provision of new buildings ought to be considered as separate questions. There can be no debate as to clearing—it is a sanitary measure as necessary as notification of an infectious disease—but the local authority ought not to be hampered by restrictions which complicate its administration. The law ought to ensure that no clearance adds to the general overcrowding in London, but the local authority ought to be free to exercise its judgment as to the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wisdom of housing on the original site, or building in any place it thinks desirable.

I have dwelt at some length on the clearance of insanitary areas, because the municipal experience gained in this administration is of the utmost value when discussing municipal housing as a cure for overcrowding, and because of the confusion in the public mind which results in clearance schemes being considered as part of a cure for over-crowding.

This experience shows plainly that housing in the central ring cannot be made to pay because the value of the land for housing is the lowest value, and it has naturally to be bought at its highest commercial value. Therefore the advocates of municipal housing in the centre as a cure for overcrowding must mean the community to pay the loss on the housing.

The problem is so big that many people are being driven to the conclusion that this is the only solution, and the new municipalities are expected to use their powers under Part 3 of the Housing Act, the cost of building to be met by rating ground values.

That this solution is a fallacious one can easily be shown.

The advocacy of building by any *central* municipality must involve an argument in a circle thus: the limited quantity of land causes competition for it, competition for land causes high rents, high rents cause overcrowding, therefore it is advisable to further limit the land by erecting dwellings on it to cure overcrowding; this erection of dwellings will cause still more competition, and the increased competition will lead to higher rents.

Some form of taxation of ground values will undoubtedly have to be adopted to meet the increasing necessary local expenditure of London, but an increased rate is not likely to make the land in the centre of London so valueless for commercial purposes that it can be used for housing. It might result in more building upon unoccupied sites, but there are very few of these in Central London. And the buildings erected on them would not necessarily be dwelling-houses.

Google

There is a strong presumption that an increased charge would make the land still more costly, and even though the authorities may hope to obtain large additional revenue by the rate, this increase will do nothing to make housing in the central ring pay; and would probably lead to land owners and builders pulling down inhabited houses to make room for more paying commercial premises, and thus increasing overcrowding. To propose, therefore, that any revenue, new or old, should be applied to provide municipal buildings at artificially lowered rents is, I think, to propose a remedy which, with a large expenditure of public money, would considerably aggravate the disease.

I think it would be a perfectly safe rule that no municipality should build under Part 3 unless it could show a clear profit at a fair rate of interest. This would simplify administration by making it clear that it is impossible to house any large proportion of the population inside Central London, and that the bulk of Londoners must live in the suburbs or outside the county. If this is admitted it will be seen that the administrative problem which faces us is really one of drainage of human beings. If it is inevitable that the inhabitants of the centre shall be squeezed, how are we to ensure that they shall be squeezed out, and not squeezed up?

Allowing that only the absolutely necessary minimum must form the night population of the centre, how is the weeding to be done, how are we to ensure that only the necessary inhabitants remain behind, and how are the superfluous to be removed and accommodated?

There are undoubtedly thousands of persons now living in Central London whose occupations would permit of their living in the suburbs or even in the country near London. The popularity of places like Walthamstow and Leyton, and their rapid growth, shows that thousands have already realised this. Roughly speaking, it may be said that it is the more intelligent workmen who try to transport their families from Central London to better surroundings, where, if there is little beauty, there is, at any rate, enough air to breathe.

Google

These people do not need pressure to move out, but they need means of communication and houses to move to, and in order to assist them the first amendment to the Housing Act which is necessary is a new Cheap Trains Act. I am afraid space will not allow me to give more than a rough outline of the necessary transit improvements, as it would require another article to deal exhaustively with this remedy.

The railway companies ought to be made to run a sufficient number of workmen's trains to and from all stations to within, say, ten miles of London, *without any regard to the number of workmen already living in the locality*, and in addition to this to issue workmen's tickets for all trains arriving in London up to 8 A.M. The fares ought to be adjusted by law and be as low as possible.

It would be advisable to insert a clause giving builders or landowners, who are anxious to develop a district, power to make representation to the Board of Trade that they are proposing to build a certain number of workmen's houses, and that train accommodation will be necessary in order to gain access to such houses. As the law stands at present the population must be provided before a cheap train is run, and as it is impossible to provide the population without a train to carry it, builders and landowners find themselves in a vicious circle. They must build for tenants who cannot get to their houses. Any guarantee that trains would be provided would lead to great development in districts within a few miles of London.

All the tramway companies also ought to issue workmen's return tickets up to 8 A.M. at a low price.

These provisions, joined with the energetic policy of tramway extension which the County Council is now following, and with the future development of electric railways, ought to do much to make up for lost time, and supply London with communication more adequate to the population.

These improvements will drain out those who wish to go. The bulk of the superfluous who will remain are those who have not much initiative, and who will in most cases follow the

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

line of least resistance. They are not very highly paid, they are ignorant of where to go, and they object to breaking up old associations and starting afresh. And so they prefer to crowd up rather than move out. And this not in the least because they like crowding, but because it is the easiest way out of the difficulty.

In dealing with this part of the superfluous population there are three great administrative difficulties:

(1) How to make them move.
(2) Where to put them.
(3) How to transport them.

If the law were amended as suggested I should say the answer to the first is that the only way to make them move is by a rigid administration of the overcrowding provisions of the Public Health Act, 1891. Under this Act every sanitary authority in London can make and enforce by-laws for registering tenement houses, defining overcrowding, inspecting, enforcing decent drainage, and promoting cleanliness. The penalties are imposed upon landlord or tenant, and are inflicted at the discretion of the Justices up to the sum of £5.

Practically these regulations have been a dead letter with regard to overcrowding. By-laws have been made in every district in London, but have been either not enforced or so inefficiently enforced as to be no manner of use in the prevention of overcrowding.

The reason of this was the parsimonious and sentimental administration of the vestries and district boards. Few of these bodies employed a sufficient number of sanitary inspectors and any consideration as to the advisability of inspecting tenement houses was generally stopped by the prevailing false economy, while apart from economy the kind-hearted authorities always argued with a certain amount of truth that the poor people have nowhere to go if they are moved.

The London County Council now has power to build outside London, and, by an energetic policy of building under Part 3,

Google

will largely add to the number of houses both directly by its own buildings, and indirectly by forming the centre of a movement which private enterprise will extend.

Given such development outside London and in the suburbs there would not be a great deal of hardship inflicted upon the unwilling superfluous if pressure were put upon them to show them that the line of least resistance is to go. And the improved communication would provide the way.

Even if the hardship were great it would be necessary. There is no other way of weeding the population, and the evil caused by inaction is many times worse than the evil caused by interference with those who could live out, but won't.

The hardship might be mitigated by the establishment of a central information bureau, where a register was kept of new or empty houses in the suburbs. Lists should be forwarded to all sanitary authorities of empty houses near their districts, and in districts served by railways whose termini are convenient, and the sanitary authority in serving overcrowding notices should call the attention of the overcrowded to these lists. The sanitary authority could be empowered, at its discretion, to pay part or the whole of the removal expenses.

These two classes of the superfluous dealt with there will then remain two classes of the necessary:

(1) Those whose work demands that they should live near it.

(2) Those whose chances of work depend on their central position.

With the first class it is a question of demand and supply. Any person who can succeed in getting high enough wages to enable him to live under stipulated healthy conditions in the centre can of course do so. In other words, if the employers of labour find it necessary to have their workmen close to their work they must pay accordingly.

The sanitary authorities' business is to insist on the carrying out of the stipulated healthy conditions. The question of rent is one to be settled between employer and employed, and any

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

municipal housing at a loss would merely be a bounty in aid of wages paid out of the rates, which, by tending to depress wages, would make it more difficult to pay high rents.

With regard to the second class it is to be hoped that improved trade organisation will gradually eliminate casual labour, but of course this will be a matter of time, and in the meantime they will have to remain in the centre. Room for both these necessary classes must be found by squeezing out the superfluous in the way I have suggested.

I have tried to indicate the lines on which any policy aiming at the cure of overcrowding must go if it is to succeed. The main point which I have wished to show is that overcrowding is due to competition between business premises and inhabited houses, and that housing schemes, promoted in districts where this competition is keen, must add to overcrowding. I may now sum up the remedies of which I have given an outline. These are:

(1) Improvements in transit (extension of Cheap Trains Act, more electric railways and tramway extension).
(2) Municipal building in any place where it can be made to show a fair profit, taking the land at its commercial value.
(3) Rigid administration to prevent overcrowding inside London.
(4) Registry of houses.
(5) Higher wages for those in the centre, and elimination as far as possible of casual labour.

This last change is an economic one which must be effected gradually by voluntary action. Once the necessary amendments to the law are passed the other suggestions can be carried into effect; but only by a slow and sympathetic administration by the local government bodies.

L. PHILLIMORE.

Google

TRADE AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY

THE two largest dominions in the world are Great Britain and Russia. No two Empires were ever more radically opposite in disposition of territory: Great Britain with her colonies and dependencies scattered in every quarter of the globe; Russia lying massed together in one gigantic compact area of over 8,000,000 square miles, undivided by ocean or sea. The history of the rise and fall of nations can show that the most highly developed civilisations, the most enlightened and expansive peoples, have invariably originated in sea-girt lands, blessed with ample water communications. Hence we may naturally infer that "the land divides the peoples of the earth, the sea unites them." In our own day of swift railway progression, this axiom may at first sight appear a bold proposition unwarranted by facts. Railways and telegraphs, it may be claimed, have completely revolutionised the former methods of men, and water as a medium of intercommunication has lost its former supremacy. Nevertheless, we have only to contrast the existing conditions of Russia and Great Britain, China and Japan, Austria and Germany, and we are at once confronted with three eloquent object lessons, applicable to our own times, upon the transcendent superiority of water *versus* land in the political and commercial development of a nation. It was her watershed exploitation and judicious use of waterways which made England the world's pioneer in civilisation and commerce;

Google

it is her naval enterprise and development of inland waterways which have won for Japan the proud title of the "England of Asia"; and that Germany has left Austria far behind commercially is undoubtedly due in a great measure to the open seaboard advantage of the former country, put to excellent use. And if we turn again to Russia, we note that the far-seeing genius who first conceived the thought of making his country a Western Power was fully alive to the restrictive influence of her geographical position. Peter the Great realised the paramount importance of uniting Russia's mighty rivers with the open sea as the best means of developing her natural resources and promoting intercourse with foreign nations.

At the present moment Siberia is the part of Russia towards which the commercial as well as the political world is looking with eager anticipation. Could the great Peter but return to the world for awhile, one would be curious to view his attitude towards the methods being actually adopted for the long-awaited development of that huge land of promise. A Russo-Siberian railway right across the Tsar's dominions from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur is on the way to speedy completion. When accomplished, we are informed that this railway, connecting the Baltic with the Pacific, will be the largest enterprise of its kind hitherto undertaken, also that it will make Russia, geographically, politically and—most important of all—commercially mistress of Northern Asia. Such a grand ring of eloquence resounds in this imposing statement that three-fourths of its hearers will doubtless accept it at once without further inquiry. In order to gauge, however, the real sphere of influence which this great railway is destined to embrace (for, at any rate, a very considerable period of time) it will be well to take a survey of the country which it traverses.

It is, perhaps, mainly through the pages of fiction that the general public outside Russia has acquired its knowledge of Siberia, which consists, in truth, of a great deal more, and also of a great deal less, than the Arctic Sahara created by the

Google

imagination of fluent novelists, and teeming, despite its supposed freezing aridity, with a villainous population of political exiles. Viewed seriously, as a whole it is a region of such enormous extent that even the fabulous number of Nihilists and Government suspects banished within its borders by the novelists would scarcely be more than the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay. As a matter of fact, it would be almost as reasonable and as correct to associate our latter-day Australia with penal punishment as to connect convict prisoners with the present generation of Siberian inhabitants. And although the population has more than doubled within the last fifty years, the latest census places it at only about 8,000,000, and this is spread over an expanse of more than 4,823,000 square miles, or, in other words, over a territory one and a half times the size of Europe.

We began by remarking upon the points of extreme contrast between Great Britain and Russia geographically. We may further note (as a natural sequel to this divergence) that no two countries were ever more essentially dissimilar in the nature and character of their peoples. Had Siberia been an English acquisition, one can hardly conceive the possibility of its capacities having been allowed to lie dormant as they have done for centuries. For it must be remembered that it is no recent Russian conquest. Russia has been gradually absorbing this immense territory since the reign of Ivan IV., a monarch contemporary with our Elizabeth. Thus Russia may be said to have obtained a foothold in Siberia at the time when England first planted her steps in North America; and where, we may ask, is Siberia as a factor in modern civilisation beside either the United States or Canada? And yet this Siberia has within its bowels sources of apparently exhaustless wealth. Whichever way we turn, be it to its mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdoms, we meet with evidence of an abundance of Nature's richest gifts.

With regard to her minerals, Siberia has coal existing in abundance in almost every direction. The Ekibastuz beds particularly are estimated to contain a yielding capacity of

Google

some 8,500,000,000 tons. Although in the aggregate this immense quantity is not equalled by its quality, there are still several districts in which Siberian coal has been found to rise above the average quality. Iron, like coal, is distributed over almost the whole country, the two often lying in close proximity, and whereas Siberian coal has been pronounced inferior, its iron-ore, on the contrary, contains from sixty to eighty per cent. of pure metal, and may therefore be reckoned to be among the best that is known. Among precious metals, gold, both alluvial and quartz, is being discovered extensively in nearly every Siberian government; and in the Altai region, in the Steppe districts, in the Trans-Baikal, and the ranges of Eastern Siberia, silver, lead, copper, graphite, and other metals, as well as different varieties of valuable stones, are met with. Owing to its superior quality, Siberian graphite is capable of commanding an exclusive monopoly; it has already on several occasions been successfully exported to England. Many of the Siberian rivers are thickly impregnated with large deposits of rock-salt, and amongst other buried treasures of this somnolent land are amber, mica, naphtha, mammoth-bone, and alabaster, the latter in pretty well inexhaustible supplies. So much for Siberia's minerals; let us next examine its timber. It has virgin forests, reaching from the extreme south to the Arctic Tundras, and consisting of resinous woods of yellow and white pine, cedar and larch, or of birch, poplars, willows, or aspens. We are glad to note that the Russian Government is stepping in to restrict the devastations made for agricultural clearings on the more accessible fringes. Should these great timber reserves one day reach our British market, they must undoubtedly open a wide field of enterprise.

As a corn-growing country, Western Siberia, with its fertile black earth, may rank amongst the world's foremost granaries, for in it the finest wheat is grown, notwithstanding indifferent tillage and the most primitive implements. In the Minousinky region alone the grain may be measured by hundreds and thousands of bushels, and often the harvest is so plentiful that

Digitized by Google

in some districts it is left unreaped in the fields for want of means of conveyance to a market. Flax, hemp, and other fibres of excellent quality all thrive freely. The hop is indigenous in many parts, and to British growers would certainly suggest ample possibilities of cultivation; whilst a very moderate capital with a little enterprise would open an expanding trade in tallow, hides and dairy produce.

There is, of course, the noted Siberian fur industry, so abusively exploited by the reckless, wholesale slaughter of valuable fur animals. The present annual supply from the Yenissey province alone to the Nizhny-Novgorod and Irkutsk fairs, chiefly for export abroad, averages 1,500,000 squirrel skins, 10,000 sable, 1000 bear, 2000 fox, and 10,000 skunk.

Another source of a prospective industry is the fish supply of the rivers of Eastern Siberia, which might eventually become a possible article for export. These rivers abound in pike, bream, carp, perch, and several kinds not known in British waters. Salmon are so plentiful that even dogs have learned to catch them. It is no uncommon sight to observe a canine fisher making a meal off a large salmon which he has dragged from the water head first. Up to now, the only channel for the disposal of the fish is its limited consumption by natives as their chief staple of food. On the occasion of large catches, the dead fish are frequently left wasting in unsavoury heaps on the river banks. From the north comes the sturgeon with its famous caviar and isinglass; the seal, walrus, and porpoise catches are also worth noting.

Besides a rich fauna, Siberia can boast of a beautiful and varied flora, and if we except the rigours of the extreme Arctic Circle, its climate is healthy and agreeable, not unlike that of British America, with a clear, dry atmosphere and regularly recurring periods of steady heat or cold.

This is no optimistic, exaggerated account, but a plain enumeration of facts, corroborated by the *Industrial and Board of Trade Gazette*. As far as material and commercial significance is concerned, these natural riches are still of slight account,

Google

whether locally or abroad. But we are assured that Siberia's treasures are to waste no longer. Out of the blank silence of an untilled past the Trans-Siberian Railway is to evolve a richly cultivated future. A single line of railroad nearly 5000 miles long is to accomplish this feat. A glance at the map shows that this railway cuts Western Siberia into two equal parts, and on entering Eastern Siberia deviates towards the south, leaving the entire northern and central regions out of its radius, albeit with an allowance of, say, 100 miles on each side of its track as a margin for its influence. Therefore it is obvious that Eastern Siberia, with an area of 62,000 square geographical miles, or more than twice the extent of Germany, Austria, and France taken together, must continue to remain, at least for an indefinite period, almost entirely dependent upon its own resources of locomotion.

The following table, derived from "The Industries of Russia," published by the Department of Trade and Manufactures of the Ministry of Finance, St. Petersburg, 1897, shows the distances from the nearest points of contact with the railway to some of the chief centres of industry, and serves as a further illustration of the extent of country which this railway is not likely to benefit in its projected form.

From "The Industries of Russia," published by the Department of Trade and Industries, 1897.

Town.	Approximate Number of Inhabitants last Census.	Nature of Industry.	Approximate Distance from nearest Railway point, in miles, converted from versts.
Tobolsk . .	20,000	Commerce and Manufacture	400
Tumen . .	25,000	Commerce and Manufacture	200
Barnaoul . .	17,000	Silver Mines	200
Biysk . .	17,000	Gold do.	300
Kohetinsk .	15,000	do. do.	700
Olekminsk .	10,000	do. do.	800

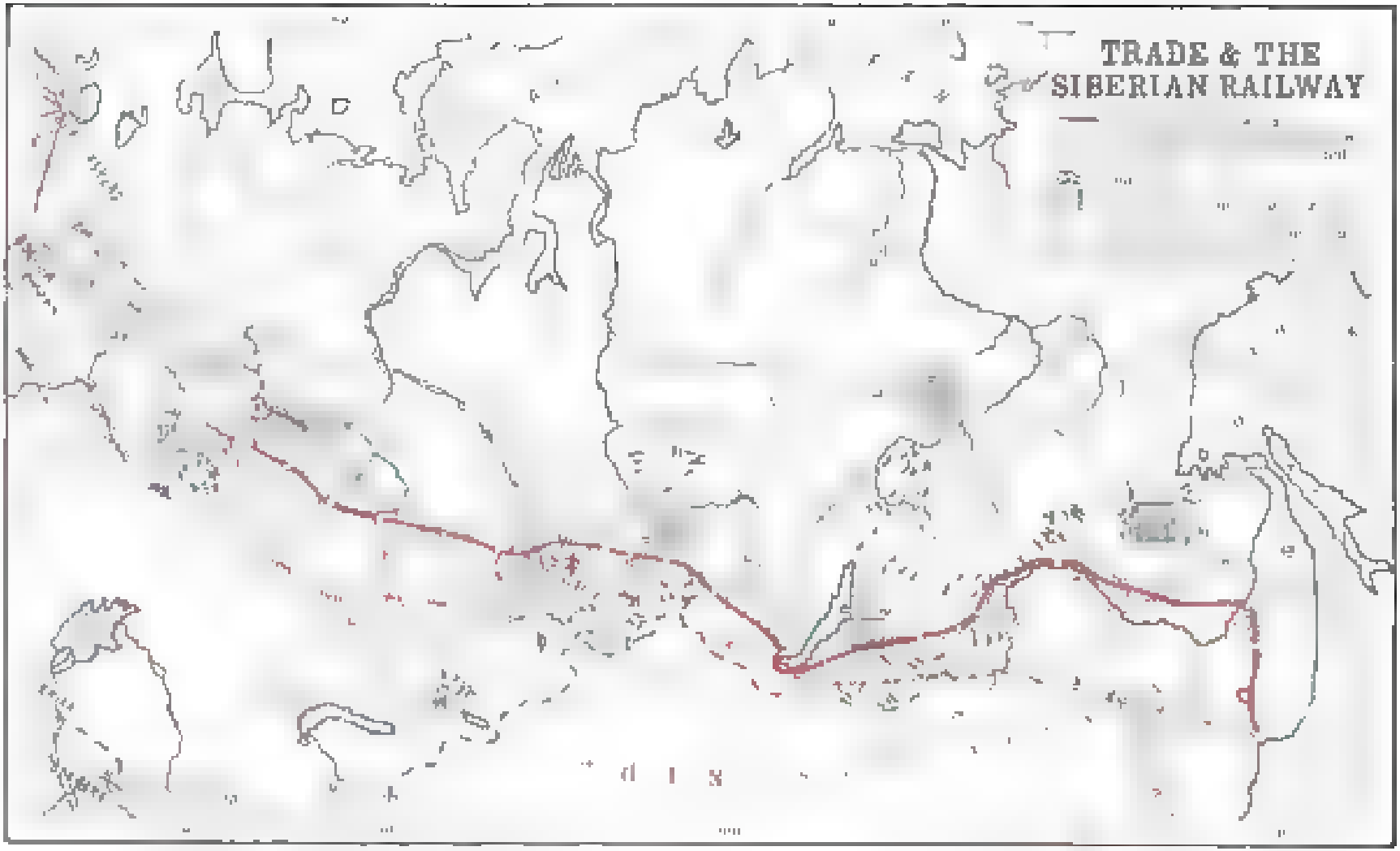
Google

We need only, as an instance, apply such a proposition to our own little island. Could a single line of rail from south to north satisfy this country's wants or tend to develop its industries? How much less significant must be the importance, then, of such a railroad in a country covering an area some forty times greater than that of England? Or let us imagine the whole of Europe under the rule of one monarch with one single line of rails stretching from St. Petersburg to Bordeaux, and with no other outlet to the world in the whole continent; a railroad, moreover, not in the hands of a commercial company, bent upon making it pay, as is, let us say, the Canadian-Pacific Line, but a line under the control of the Russian *tshinovnik*, far removed, as in the case of Siberia, from the seat of central government, and with a time-table absolutely without guarantee against arbitrary shunting and detention of goods-trains in accordance with the caprices of any petty station-master. What benefits, especially in her commerce, would Europe at large derive from such a railway? It seems to us that under such circumstances her trade returns would scarcely require a special Government department for registration and report.

It may be urged, however, that a trunk railway is usually the precursor of branch loop lines destined to bring together the outlying circuits. True; but here we have to bear in mind that this promising railway has been in course of construction since 1891, that it is not likely to be completed before 1903, and that, according to authentic reports, it is so badly laid that to render it safe and serviceable the greater part of it will have to be rebuilt; whilst its total cost, originally estimated at 350,210,482 roubles, has already reached the figure of 850,000,000, and will probably far exceed this sum before the proposed terminus is reached.

Carriage of goods by sea is more than 50 per cent. cheaper than by rail, at the lowest estimate. The present rate of freight by sea from Hankow to London or Hamburg is 42*s.* 6*d.* per ton of 40 c.ft. Goods from Hankow by the Great Siberian Railway have to be transhipped *viâ* Port Arthur by

Digitized by Google


TRADE & THE
SIBERIAN RAILWAY

Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

steamer, involving extra freight and charges. From Port Arthur to the Baltic is a distance, say, of 5000 miles (a very low computation); the carriage by rail on this basis would be equal to 0·102*d.* per mile. No railway in the world could cover its bare working expenses at such a rate of carriage. The New York Central—the greatest railway system in the world—can carry goods at the lowest possible figure, *i.e.*, ¼*d.* per mile, average earnings. There is no goods tariff of the Great Siberian published, unfortunately, but the above rough calculation will suffice to illustrate the improbability of this railway ever becoming the prophesied great power either in developing the industry and resources of Siberia or in competing successfully with the oceanic traffic to the Far East.

One word, too, as to the Trans-Siberian Railway's passenger accommodation. We read of a *train de luxe* which leaves Moscow weekly, furnished with sleeping, restaurant, library, and bath cars, and on the Siberian section with additional church and gymnasium cars. A commodious and luxurious train service crossing picturesque scenery can frequently create a trade of its own. Enterprising speculators quickly perceive points of vantage for the erection of hotels and provision stores. Given a country with an interesting topography and a good climate, a railroad can soon transform an unsophisticated primitive hamlet into a fashionable health or tourist resort. But Siberia is not such a country, and appears to us too far out of the beaten track for such contingencies. Inquisitive millionaires and wealthy globe-trotters may undertake the journey, but we may safely assert that the majority of tourists will look askance at the prospect of some twenty days' jolting at fifteen miles an hour through monotonous steppes and dense forests in order to reach their destination in the Far East, and will prefer the more pleasurable and health-giving experience of a sea voyage in a trustworthy P. & O. steamer, albeit the voyage may take a week or ten days longer.[1] The traveller

[1] This difference in time is bound to be considerably reduced under the present progressive rate in speed attained by new-built steamships.

Google

who has tried the railway in its present state is anything but enthusiastic as to its merits.

In a recent article in the *Finanz-Chronik*, Mr. C. A. Moreing, the well-known mining engineer, writes:

> I have just returned from Peking by the Siberian route. I left Shanghai for London on May 12, and travelled by steamer to Vladivostok, and from there to Moscow, *viâ* the Amoor river and the Siberian Railway. The journey from Shanghai to London by this route occupied 51 days. Baron von Goltz, the first secretary of the German Legation at Peking, accompanied our party. The journey through Siberia was slow, monotonous, and uncomfortable to the last degree. We found the Siberian Railway in a very bad state, badly constructed with very heavy gradients, sharp curves, light rails, and generally in an inefficient condition—in fact, in its present state the Siberian route as a means of communication is quite impracticable. . . . It will be a precarious and uncomfortable journey for many years to come.

Another traveller states that paucity of sidings to allow of goods-train shunting is among its chief drawbacks. At the moment of writing this we read in the press telegrams that the ordinary passenger traffic is interrupted and absolutely stopped along the whole line while troops are being forwarded to the Far East, and previous press telegrams state that the immigration of peasants from European Russia has been prohibited during the transport of troops to China, and the peasants have been ordered to return to the homes they have abandoned. Similar interruptions must be of inevitable occurrence on Russia's only railway communication with her important and vulnerable possessions in the East. Here we have the true purpose of the great Siberian Railway. It is primarily, like its modest prototype the Trans-Caspian Railway, of strategical intent, and so, we venture to predict, it will remain for some time to come, offering little or no material advantage to traders, and no pleasant holiday attractions to tourists.

If Siberia is to develop into the busy centre of international trade that its abundant resources fully entitle it to become, some other means must be employed than a single unreliable railroad. The means are already in existence, afforded by the natural features of the country. Siberia has a water system

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

equalled only by the waterways of northern South America. In Western Siberia there is the Obi-Irtysh system, with numerous tributaries, forming a basin of some 41,500 geographical square miles. In Eastern Siberia there are (1) the Yenissey and Angora Basin, with a watershed of 54,000 geographical square miles; (2) the Yukutsk region, abundantly watered by magnificent navigable rivers—amongst them the gigantic Lena, with its tributaries the Vitin, Olekma, Aldan, and Vilui, watering an area of over 48,000 geographical square miles. It has been proved by competent navigators and such authorities as Captain Wiggins that these broad, deep, smooth-flowing rivers are navigable almost to their sources—various barriers, such as cataracts, being removable with comparatively little engineering difficulty. Siberia, therefore, possesses a series of arteries in every direction, by which steamers could deliver their cargoes into the very heart of the country—at Yenisseysk by the river Yenissey, and at Lake Baikal by the Angora. Utilise these serviceable waterways and Siberia will have the cheapest commercial highroad for the importation of the machinery and the modern appliances so sorely needed for the working of its mines and the general improvement of agriculture. That these rivers are all of them more or less subject to drawbacks incidental to their winter season, when navigation must necessarily cease, is admissible, yet we maintain that the regular icebound periods of the Obi and Yenissey are certainly far easier to cope with than the unavoidable and arbitrary official railway detentions already alluded to.

Open seaports and river entrances are not lacking to the Far East. To the north-west there is the Kara Sea, which affords an entrance into the Gulfs of Obi and the Yenissey. This route has frequently been neglected on account of its brief freedom from ice, yet an impartial, careful study of the matter reveals here many practical advantages to Siberian trade in which the projected railroad is deficient. For example, the experiment made of bringing brick-tea transhipped in London to Siberia *viâ* the Kara Sea resulted in a saving to the

by Google

importer of 8 roubles 50 kon. per pood (2½*d.* per lb.) on the cost, and a saving of over twelve months in the time of delivery. Brick-tea, it should be mentioned, is the only quality within the reach of the Siberian peasantry, and gives them their chief beverage; on account of its low cost it would never pay to bring it from China by rail, and the same argument applies to most of the Siberian raw produce for foreign export. What has been so far accomplished has been done by English companies in a tentative manner with ordinary trade steamers rudely equipped for Arctic seas. Failure in the maintenance of this route is to be attributed not so much to its precarious climatic conditions as to a lamentable want of organisation exhibited by negotiators, together with an insufficient knowledge of the country and its people.

Captain Wiggins, the veteran explorer of these waterways, has given us practical illustrations of their adaptability for commerce by delivering in his ship cargoes from England to the town of Yenisseysk in the centre of Siberia. Other surveyors and engineers assert that a short railway, reaching from Obdorsk on the Obi across the Yamal peninsula to Belkoe (a safe anchorage bay on the N.W.) would serve to remove the present risks attending the entry of ships through the Kara Sea Gates, save considerably in the freightage and cost of delivery of cargoes, and prolong navigation with the Obi by over six months in the year.

At this point the question may naturally suggest itself why these waterways have remained practically overlooked, seeing that so little pains and outlay might convert them into flourishing navigable channels of commercial intercourse. The answer lies in a political nutshell. The traditional policy of the Russian Government towards trade has been one of hostile tariffs and differentiation against all foreigners. In Siberia's case this aggressive policy has been aggravated by the refusal to amend a prohibitive tariff arranged for the protection of a few Moscow merchants and manufacturers, jealously guarding a monopoly of overland transit which has been hitherto wholly

Google

in their hands, and which would be prejudiced by a cheap all-reaching river and sea traffic.

In spite of the determined opposition of the Moscovites, the Siberians have succeeded from time to time, by dint of urgent petitions and remonstrances, in wresting from the Government certain reductions in the duties on the sea-delivered necessaries of life, such as brick-tea, candles, paraffin, preserved fruit, &c. The effect of these concessions tended towards inaugurating a mutually profitable import and export trade between Siberia and Western Europe *viâ* the Kara Sea. And although the few existing concessions do not in themselves afford adequate encouragement to capitalists willing to prosecute this sea-trade, it is nevertheless precisely in these spasmodic concessions, albeit small and grudging, and not in an attempt to force traffic for the support of a Government railway, that we see dawning Siberia's best chance of future commercial prosperity. That a commercial Eldorado is there is sufficiently patent; moreover, the impetus required by Siberia would carry her, it seems to us, exactly in the direction most closely parallel to the course of British trade instincts and interests. The vitality of any country is centred in its commerce, whence springs, as often as not, its political prestige, and the strongest link between nations is perforce forged by convergence of trade interests. Could a channel of Anglo-Russian industry be established along the waterways of Siberia, we might then reasonably hope to see brought about that political *entente cordiale* so desirable between two Empires which form, as we remarked at the outset, the two largest dominions upon the face of the globe.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

Google

LONDON: A SEAPORT

ALTHOUGH situate sixty miles from the open sea, London has been from early ages the principal seaport of the United Kingdom, in late years becoming one of the greatest centres of commerce the world has ever known. The great river which serves her, some 250 miles in length, is navigable by barges for about 200 miles, and by an elaborate system of connecting canals maintains free communication for water-borne traffic with most of the interior counties of Great Britain. Of late years, however, many causes have operated to lower her pride of place. The construction of the Suez Canal in 1865 struck a heavy blow at her supremacy. Formerly the bulk of Eastern produce was carried in British ships to London by the old Cape route, but after the construction of that canal foreign ships began to compete seriously with British for the carriage of Eastern goods; and continental nations saw and seized their opportunity. The seaports of Havre, Antwerp, Ghent, and Hamburg were developed and increased at the expense of London, and became her most active competitors. In Great Britain, Liverpool, Southampton, Hull, Manchester, and other ports were developed and increased. In the same year the successful inauguration of submarine telegraphy inflicted a serious blow to the preponderance of London. Prior to its introduction the merchant princes of London had practically the monopoly of direct knowledge as to crops in India, China, Ceylon, &c., and by consigning the produce to

Google

London had been enabled to control the market supplies and, indirectly, market prices. Telegraphy, by disseminating such information broadcast, put an end to this monopoly. Whilst all this competition necessarily resulted in the lowering of rates on shipping and on produce, expenses in London were increasing by leaps and bounds. Heavy taxation, the high price of labour (owing to the Dock Strike) all added their quota to the difficulties under which London laboured. Foreign bounty-fed warehouses brought about further reductions in charges. Moreover, the constantly increasing size of steamers added fresh difficulties. The Thames, peculiarly liable to silt at her mouth, required deep dredging. The river authorities being too numerous, and lacking in concentration, have barely kept up with the times, and London is now face to face with the need of heavy expenditure, estimated at two millions sterling, for this item alone.

The London and India Docks, hard pressed under such conditions, had to seek for further sources of revenue to keep their heads above water, and endeavoured in the last session of Parliament to get an Act passed authorising them to place a toll upon barges passing their lock gates, and upon the produce they carried. This proposal met with most strenuous opposition and the Bill was not pressed to a second reading, but a Royal Commission was appointed, and is now sitting, to inquire into the position of the Port of London.

It is obvious that nothing short of drastic methods will suffice if London is to regain her former position or even maintain her present one, and it remains to be considered what methods should be adopted.

In the first place, the river must undoubtedly be adequately dredged. Expert opinion differs considerably on this question. Some urge that nothing short of a 80-foot channel would suffice; but, seeing that the bulk of London trade comes through the Suez Canal, it would appear to a layman that the depth of that canal should be the governing factor in deciding

Google

the point, and that a 26-foot channel from the mouth up to the entrances of the Surrey Commercial Docks would suffice for the moment. Deep dredging above that point might seriously imperil the foundations of the riverside buildings. The dock sills, at present, have only a depth of 26 feet, and unless they are lowered a 30-foot channel would be wasted. But the channel should evidently be widened. One thousand feet is bare width for vessels such as those of the P. & O. and Orient Line—many of which are 600 feet long. The whole river from Westminster Bridge to its mouth must be put under the control of one authority.

Next, the river must be freed from the existing monopoly enjoyed by the Watermans' Hall. The days have long gone by when it was necessary to have specially licensed lightermen. Whereas formerly they were required to navigate their barges under oars, now the work is entirely done by tugs, and all that is required is a registration of barges under the Central Authority.

Some antiquated trade customs in London, which result in heavy loss to British merchants and importers, must be abolished: London should be brought into line with Liverpool and Continental ports in this respect. Thus, for instance, bags (say of coffee) are, in London, weighed singly and to the pound; not only does the importer lose the turn of the scale on each bag, but he also loses any odd fraction of one pound, say 12 ozs., which is not allowed for. Goods should be weighed in drafts of five or ten at the time and to the half-pound; odd ounces below the half-pound going to the lower weight, above to the higher. Similarly with taring bags (or weighing the actual bags which contain the goods): they should be weighed in drafts and averaged. London alone retains these obsolete customs, amongst others, and must necessarily be handicapped in competing with Continental and out ports.

The docks themselves require remodelling to suit present requirements. Their construction is good enough in most

Google

cases, were they self-contained; but unfortunately, owing to the length and sinuosity of the Thames, such is not the case. The docks have to be situated too far from the centre of commerce for the housing of all goods—consequently the goods have to be brought up, to a very large extent, in lighters, to the various more favourably situated warehouses. No real provision has been made in dock construction for such services; and it is obvious that if London is to avoid the slur of being a slow and inconvenient port, this point will have to be seriously considered. Side canals, for the barges, on the opposite side of the sheds to the ships have been suggested as the best means of coping with this difficulty.

The main point now remains for consideration—how these various remedies can be carried out. The London and India Docks, with their somewhat meagre revenues, cannot undertake any large expenditure. The creation of a Dock Trust to control the waterways and quays has been suggested in many quarters; and if brought about, the unification of all the various controlling authorities of the river would be valuable, and a step in the right direction. But there are serious difficulties in the way. The Docks themselves would no doubt strenuously resist any divorce of their shipping business from their warehousing business, even if such a divorce could be carried into practical effect. It is difficult to see how any such trust could obtain a sufficient income from existing sources without considerable assistance from the public in the shape of fresh taxation, nor is it easy to see how any such body could effect any considerable lowering of London charges; while, in view of present competition, it seems evident that such lowering is needed if produce in bulk is to be tempted back to London.

All things considered, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that a trust on a more extended scale is the one panacea to meet all requirements. A partial trust, as suggested above, would be hedged around with difficulties, and would only be grasping the shadow without the substance. Is a

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

trust embracing the warehouse business of the docks and wharves, as well as controlling the river and the shipping, desirable and practicable? As to the first question, there can be but little doubt that if London is to be made a popular port, the foremost port in Great Britain and the Continent, large sums of money must be expended in dredging and in bringing our dock system fully up to date; also that London charges should be reducible and reduced. Under present conditions such reductions are not possible. Dock directors have to earn dividends for their shareholders if they can; warehouse keepers have to make a living, and any reduction of London charges cannot be hoped for. Under a trust that includes in its scope all these waterside interests, it is not only possible but certain.

A corporation trust should therefore be created on these lines. The next question requiring a solution is, "Is such a trust practicable?"

The capitalisation question is naturally the first point for consideration. The capital invested in the various docks, at market values, in November last, has been estimated to amount to between seventeen and eighteen millions of money; that invested in public wharves at not less than fifteen millions. Obviously these interests could not be expropriated at ground values. They would have to be valued by competent authorities, and ten per cent. added for compulsory purchase, which would bring up the total to something more nearly approaching forty than thirty-five millions. Taking the higher amount for the purpose of rough calculation, a sum of £1,200,000 would be required annually to pay three per cent. interest on the forty millions. The minimum net profits of the docks and wharves have been estimated at £1,850,000, thus leaving a considerable credit balance. Nor must it be forgotten that such a trust could effect a very large reduction in expenses, by means of concentration and reduction of all the headquarter expenses of the several docks and wharves. It is therefore

Google

suggested that a trust should be formed on these lines to acquire, under the guarantee of the Corporation of London, the whole of the docks and public wharves in the interest of the City of London, with power to levy tolls and charges on shipping and on goods; that this body should be formed of representatives of the Corporation, the docks, wharves, shipowners and produce brokers; that all control of the river from Westminster Bridge to the mouth of the river should be vested in it; that a loan of, say, £40,000,000 should be raised on this guarantee, with the additional security of the freeholds of the various docks, warehouses and wharves; that after paying the interest charges on this loan and maintenance expenses, all further profits should be compulsorily applied—first, in improving the river and in affording better quay and dock accommodation, and secondly, in reducing charges on produce and on shipping; that warehouses should be grouped together for economy of management and to suit the interest of traders; that all undesirable or useless docks or warehouses should be pulled down and their sites realised for other purposes.

It would be necessary in the interests of such a trust that riverside property for some distance below London Bridge—possibly as much as six miles—should be scheduled for the trust, with compulsory powers of purchase for a fixed statutory period. It is not anticipated that such powers would be largely exercised, for the dangers of competition against such a trust are more imaginary than real. Few people, indeed, could enter into successful competition against such a body—one having no shareholders to consider, and whose surplus profits are necessarily employed in reducing charges, and whose warehouses are grouped together in the manner suggested. This scheme may appear to be too grandiose and ambitious to some minds; to others to savour somewhat of socialistic principles. That it is practically the municipalisation of the Port of London in the interests of the citizens may be freely admitted, but that

Google

it is the true logical outcome of the idea of a trust, that it would operate in the interests of the trade of the port and of her traders, cannot be gainsaid, whilst if it is sound in principle, and the best possible solution of London's difficulties, its magnitude should be no deterrent.

HENRY V. HART-DAVIS.

Google

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOER

THE nineteenth century has known the Boer of South Africa mainly through his efforts to avoid British jurisdiction and establish independent republics at the centre of South Africa. His efforts in this direction have been characterised by so much bravery, moral virtue, and religious piety that he has succeeded in drawing to his side the sympathies of continental Europe as against the one country whose flag represents freedom of commerce, religious tolerance, and local self-government. Yet at the beginning of the nineteenth century the Boer's highest ambition was to escape the tyranny of Holland which was then represented by the spirit of the old Dutch East India Company.

It is a sad reflection that political and religious intolerance should have been the mainspring of movements which have done great good to our race. The religious bigotry of France sent forth the Huguenots; the petty princes of Germany drove the most enterprising of their people to America. Brazil was leavened by a nucleus of Portuguese Jews who were outlaws in their own country. They served the cause of humanity better than their bureaucratic masters. The first Englishmen who settled in New England, and who gave the strongest impulse in the direction of America's future progress, abandoned their country in order to escape a tyrannical Church government. And if to-day the white man has planted his

Google

foot securely upon the high central plateau of the great black continent we must seek the cause in the intolerance which characterised the rule, not of England, but of Holland as represented by her famous East India Company. In the case of Spain, Portugal, and Holland, three countries whose colonial expansion was abnormally rapid, and whose decline appears at first sight equally remarkable, certain elements strike us in the very beginning of their career. Spain and Portugal developed their greatest strength at a time when their people still enjoyed considerable self-government. National feeling and religious feeling had been stirred to the utmost by generations of warfare against the common enemy of their country and their religion. The discovery of a new world to the West and another to the East gratified the longings of the people for adventure, and of the Church for the spread of Christianity. The money which poured into the treasuries of Lisbon and Madrid from Peru and Mexico, India and the Moluccas, was spent in further military display by means of which the liberties of the people were ultimately destroyed, and on their ruins was reared a monarchy whose life came from contact with a Church whose own vitality was sinking fast.

The virtues which made Spain and Portugal strong in the days of Columbus and Vasco da Gama no longer existed. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Philip II., though acknowledged as the richest and most powerful of kings, found that his most mighty Armada was chased into fragments by a handful of English fishing boats armed with men like Drake and Hawkins. In the Netherlands his troops, reputed invincible, were repeatedly baffled by Dutchmen, whose country on the map hardly shows land enough to make the canals worth digging.

The years which saw Spain and Portugal rich in soldiers, but poor in liberty, found little Holland an insignificant State in what pertains to pomp and circumstance of government, but unsurpassed in the qualities of civic and commercial rectitude, religious tolerance, and aptitude for navigation. Her people,

Google

a handful of amphibious heretics on a few square miles of bay and sand dunes, staggered the humanity of that day by the ease with which they held their own against the mighty ships of Spain and Portugal. Little by little they learned the secrets of the Far East; learned the relative values of spices and silks; established peaceful relations with native rulers and found that their rivals were universally hated because of their despotic methods, not to say cruelty. Portugal's unpopularity in the Far East was Holland's opportunity. Her leading merchants wisely concluded that they might profit by Spanish and Portuguese failure; contest the commerce of the world, not as conquerors or even monopolists, but merely as traders who would fight only when themselves attacked.

In 1602, therefore, was formed that famous Dutch East India Company which embodied the highest commercial spirit of the age, and was a huge step in advance of anything conceived in Spain or Portugal. It was to some extent a national institution, its shares being held by the different chambers of commerce throughout the country. From the beginning it reflected the correct mercantile habits of the nation and gained its ascendency in the Far East by constantly holding high her commercial honour. The clerks and agents of this Company were held to strict accountability, were forbidden to trade on their own behalf, and above all, were forbidden to approach the natives in any other capacity than as merchants. This was so radical a departure from Spanish and Portuguese precedent as to win for the Dutch the reputation of belonging to quite another race and religion than that of Europe. The Dutch sent no missionaries, and did not, in the beginning, even care to build forts. The trade they offered was so valuable that Eastern merchants found it to their interest to cultivate Dutchmen, in proportion to their dislike of Portugal and Spain. In Japan the story is still current that Dutch traders were admitted when the Portuguese had been driven out, because when interrogated regarding the religion which the

Google

friars had made odious, the new comers answered that they were not Roman Catholics, they were Dutchmen.

The awakening of Holland as a colonial power was under conditions somewhat analogous to those under which Spain and Portugal produced their heroes. At the end of the sixteenth century, the Dutch had emerged from a period of warfare against a political and religious domination which they detested, and were in exactly that state of national exaltation which fits men for enterprises of a daring nature. At this time England and Holland had a common bond in hatred of Spain and the Papacy, and neither country had yet developed strength enough to make her progress seem a danger to that of the other.

Modern economists have had much to say against privileged trading companies, no doubt influenced by the fact that nearly all of them have ended in bankruptcy owing to corruption and mismanagement. The Dutch East India Company did not live to see the end of the eighteenth century, though it lived too long for its reputation; yet with all the faults of its latest years, it accomplished a task at the beginning, which would have been almost impossible without such an organisation. In those days a voyage to the East Indies meant an absence of two, or even three years, and a capital outlay beyond the means of private individuals or even firms. The vessels had to be armed for fighting, not merely pirates, but the ships of rival countries. The fitting out of a merchant ship 300 years ago was almost as much of a venture as in our day the journey of Stanley across Africa. To-day the trading ship's captain has a chart of the seas he proposes to navigate; in every port he finds a consul who watches the interest of his flag; his cargo is consigned to an agent who unloads the vessel for him, loads it again, and settles all accounts with the owners. He finds assistance not merely at the hands of his own countrymen, but from those of every other nation, and, in short, the trade to the Far East to-day resembles more a yacht cruise in one's own waters than the voyages we are considering when the Dutch East India Company was formed.

Google

There were then no charts or lighthouses or consuls or agents of any kind, to help the mariner in difficulty. If his ship was wrecked the crew as well as the cargo were deemed the property of those into whose hands they fell. Dutch and English sailors were put to death or enslaved when they fell into Spanish or Portuguese hands—indeed in those days the white man fared better at the hands of the Japanese and Chinese coasting population than at those of his fellow Christians on the shores of Europe. In those days not only was war itself a trade, but trade itself was war, and costly as all war must be. Trade therefore had to be organised, and treated as a form of war. Dutch merchants, before the founding of the Company, had no means of regulating the interval between cargoes. A ship might enter an Eastern port after a costly journey, and find that one or more ships had preceded her, and overstocked the market; whereas, had those vessels come at regular intervals, each might have realised fair profit.

The Dutch East India Company was therefore nothing more than a practical application of commercial principles to a commercial question far beyond the capacity of a small corporation. We see the same sort of thing every day in America under the name of a Trust, which unites under one control a number of industrial enterprises of analogous character for the purpose of economy in administration and consequently great immunity from competition. The ultimate object of all trade combination is monopoly, and the object of good government is but to prevent monopoly while, at the same time, encouraging trade and commerce. The railways of the United States are successful in proportion as they are organised in great systems, but it is equally obvious that they could be tyrants if permitted to form a monopoly which should have the power to exclude all competitors and charge whatever rates they chose.

The original monopoly of the Dutch East India Company was a trust in which the chief trading communities were represented as share owners. This trust was national to the extent

Digitized by Google

that it was subject to government inspection, and was the standard bearer of Dutch power in the Eastern world. If ever there was such a thing as a beneficent monopoly it was the Dutch East India Company, so long as it was administered according to the spirit of those who framed its original constitution.

But Holland, unfortunately for her, did not live up to the Constitution of her Great Monopoly. Her progress in the Far East was so rapid, the resistance of Spain and Portugal so feeble, that little by little she abandoned those liberal trading principles which had animated her at the outset, and entered upon a policy of exclusion which not merely involved her in war with England, but lost her the goodwill of the natives who had been her chief support from the very beginning.

She began to pass harsh laws, to limit the planting of spice trees in order that the price might remain high, her inspectors made annual tours in order to destroy all plants in excess of those allowed by law; natives were forbidden to trade with others than Dutchmen, and they were forced to sell their products at prices that were not fixed with reference to the producers.

To enforce these laws, which recalled the tyranny of Spain and Portugal, the Dutch had necessarily to revert to the same means—costly military establishments, forts and garrisons. Thus the profits of the Company became more and more swallowed up by the expenses of administration.

Then, too, little by little, a large permanent staff of officials grew up to watch over the enlarged administrative area, and with this force was introduced the same sort of corruption which afflicted Spain and Portugal. The original constitution of the Company contemplated only trade and, in the earlier years, the servants of the Company included chiefly sailors and clerks, with a few agents at main distributing points. But when the Company departed from this principle in order to impose laws upon people with whom they had originally sought only the right to exchange European goods for an equivalent

Google

in spices, then a new departure was made; trade expansion became "Empire"—a very different thing, as we shall see later on.

From 1700 on, the Company, alarmed by the waning in profits, sought to improve matters by changing her officials more frequently, but the result was even worse, for the man who expected to remain but three years at his post was equally disposed to make his fortune before returning home. Clerks, who left Holland on a small weekly salary, returned rich men; this condition was scandalous, but the Government proved unequal to the task of introducing a reform. It is only after studying the failures of Spain and Portugal and Holland in this direction that one can appreciate England, which has commissioned many privileged companies; has checked them when they have gone wrong, called them to account without interfering with their commercial usefulness; and shown the world that she can produce administrators, like Cecil Rhodes and Warren Hastings, without endangering the liberties of her people at home, or the rights of her colonists far away.

The Dutch paid their officials poorly, and in consequence they secured men who attempted to make money in other ways.

To-day Germany also pays her officials very little; but this is the day of telegraphs and fast steamers—when officials at Kiao Chow or Dar es Salaam can be checked from Berlin almost as easily as though they were in Posen or Metz. But in the seventeenth century the Governor at Batavia, on a salary of 12,000 gulden, had little to fear during his term of office. There was no regular post, and all his brother officials were practically fellow conspirators, leagued against the natives for purposes of gain. The Dutch settlements in the East Indies soon offered little advantage over those of Portugal save in the fact that the Dutch did not interfere with native religion, and did not practice slavery to any great extent. The policy of the East India Company became more and more tyrannical and narrow, but as its activity was limited mainly

Google Original fr UNIVERSITY OF M

to gathering the fruits of spice trees, there was no occasion for the employment of large bodies of slaves as in the plantations and mines of the Portuguese and Spanish colonies. The Dutch required but a small number of servants, mainly for domestic purposes, and slavery under such conditions caused but slight complaint. Holland attached much importance to the Cape as a station where her ships might refresh themselves on the way to and from Java, but the Dutch East India Company, so far from showing a desire to colonise the place, passed regulations which made the life of a white colonist almost intolerable. Nothing, perhaps, illustrates more completely the relative ir gnificance of the Cape Colony in the eyes of the Dutch than that it was made a mere appanage of Java. A crime committed at Cape Town had, when appealed, to be decided at Batavia, not at Amsterdam. It is from this long connection with Java that to-day we see so many Malays about the streets of Cape Town, though they are practically unknown in the interior or further up the coast.

But in spite of the selfishness and tyranny which characterised the Dutch East India Company towards the latter half of the seventeenth century, so excellent was the climate at this place that a thin stream of emigration found its way thither—partly Dutch, partly French Protestants—and these were from the outset at war with the repressive measures of the Dutch Government. Thus, naturally, and almost imperceptibly was bred a race roughly analogous to the American "frontiersman," who chafed under the restraints of old world legislation, and whose progress was marked by perpetual warfare with natives and wild beasts. The Great Trek of 1836 would have been impossible but for the preceding generations of discontented colonists who ended the dominion of their legal rulers by settling on the fringes of civilisation and becoming a law unto themselves and to the natives who came within range of their rifles. These Boers were like the American backwoodsmen, tough in fibre, lawless as regards the law of man, but devout Puritans as regards the law of God, at least that portion

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]

of it which they regarded as peculiarly suited to their requirements. The life of these men, like that of David Crockett and Daniel Borne, was not favourable to the founding of schools and churches. The American backwoodsman, until he reached the prairies, had to hew his way through great forests and establish communication along water courses. The Boer, on the contrary, had an open country before him, over which he drove his herds of cattle in search of good pasture and water. Consequently he became a nomad—his house was a huge tented ox-waggon, or prairie schooner as it would be called in America. To-day, in spite of the railway, these great family ox-waggons may still be seen drawing the Boers further and further from the civilisation they detest. That movement must proceed as it did in America, until the frontiersman finds no more frontier, but meets civilisation in front of him, and must perforce accommodate himself to the new order of things. The spirit of the frontiersman is a strange thing, and must be understood if the history of South Africa is to be intelligible.

Blood counts for much, and the Boer could not show his present tenacity of purpose did he not acknowledge his Dutch ancestry. But the Dutchman of Amsterdam can no more understand the Boer than could the cultivated New Englander understand the people of his own race who lived by choice a life of savagery beyond the Mississippi fifty years ago. Legislators of to-day commit the common mistake of regarding the De Wets and Cronjes as Europeans, who, in our day have become rebels. We are apt to think of them as of the emigrants who land in New York, and in a few months become voters or anarchists. We cannot accustom ourselves to the historic evolution of the Boer. To a man who has been two hundred years an outlaw—who has been suckled in principles which we count as treasonable, but which his leaders regard as conformity to the will of God—it is the Boer and not the Englishman who conquered the upland of South Africa; he it is who represents white aristocracy from the Zambesi to Table

Digitized by Google

Mountain; he recognises himself as the superior man physically and morally, and he resents scornfully the pretension of any government towards suzerainty over him. In a rough way his case bears analogy to that of the strange community of English Boers who with a peculiar religion, hardy constitutions and boundless ignorance, penetrated the American desert and created a splendid isolation for themselves in Utah. These people asked no favours of the United States, save to be let alone; they occupied land which was of no value save through the irrigation which they introduced; they minded their own business, assisted in spreading the white race amidst savage tribes, and, with the one exception of polygamy, did nothing to excite the ill-will of government.

But precious metals were discovered in their neighbourhood, the New England Yankee knocked at the Mormon gates; he was refused admission—so he went in without. The fight commenced, and now the Mormon figures in American political life just as any other white man, no more and no less. The Mormon had thought himself as strong physically as he conceived himself to be theologically infallible. When his mistake was demonstrated beyond a peradventure, he conformed to the new order of things as a matter of course.

The South African Boer is learning the same sort of lesson. He has been at war with England since 1815, but until this moment has never yielded to English power, save as one who retires in order to take up a stronger position elsewhere.

As one who has been hospitably entertained by the Boer in lonely farm houses; who has found amongst them men of rounded culture, of honourable instincts and fine physical courage, the subject is for me not an easy one to treat without causing misunderstanding. In situations that are paradoxical, it is hard to make any statement not open to contradiction. There are so many different kinds of Boers that in using the word I am conscious that it comprises almost as much variety as the word Englishman—which includes the Piccadilly dandy and the East End costermonger.

Google

The Boer most in evidence of late is he of the Kruger type —the man who hugs the memory of Slaagter's Nek. The average Englishman knows no more of Slaagter's Nek than he does of Nathan Hale the Connecticut school teacher, whose hanging, during the revolutionary war, determined the execution of André. But every American schoolboy reveres the memory of Nathan Hale, and the Kruger Boer holds in sacred recollection the martyrs of Slaagter's Nek.

The story, in a nutshell, is that the English Government in 1815 condemned to death and hanged half a dozen Boers who had defied the authority of the English courts, and had been guilty of rebellion against the Crown. The case was perfectly clear—quite as clear as that of Jameson in 1896—but a large part of Boer public sentiment, even while deprecating the action of the rebels, refused to admit the right of England to govern the colony which Holland had ceded to her in the year of Waterloo. The Boers did not read much, and cared less for the opinion of learned jurists. They believed, with the late Henry George, that land should be the property of those who made good use of it, and in their opinion it was they, and not the English, who were improving the soil of South Africa. Thus, from the very beginning, British expansion in South Africa caused a succession of conflicts with the Boers, who, though overborne by numbers, always retired sulkily and undismayed, if not undefeated.

In the early days—before 1815—the Dutch Government disliked the Boer and persecuted him more than ever did the English in the succeeding years. But that fact has been lost sight of nowadays when the Dutch of Holland seek to demonstrate that the Boer is their kith and kin. The German now speaks in the most affectionate way of his cousin the Boer, for it is the fashion to pretend that the Boers would naturally welcome German or Dutch control in South Africa. But this view is entertained by people who take counsel of their hopes rather than of history. The Boer dislikes the Hollander cordially—their ways are very far apart, and the supercilious

by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clerk of Rotterdam excites only contempt in Pretoria. He was only tolerated because Dr. Leyds declared him necessary.

As for the official German the Boer of South Africa knows him as a neighbour to be more dangerous than England. Efforts were made after the Jameson raid to trek away into German West Africa, but those who took part in this came back so much discouraged that they effectually put an end to all desire of nearer acquaintance with their cousins from the Spree. They found in the German colony an officialism more intolerant than suited them. Indeed, contact with official Germany has done much to reconcile the Boer to his lot under the British flag.

The Boer of the Kruger type, who has been the foremost in ambushing the advance column of English progress, is grossly misrepresented when credited with a preference amongst European governments. He despises them all equally. European civilisation is to him a corrupt thing calculated to undermine the pristine virtues of the people. He looks upon the man of modern Europe as the Puritans of the Restoration looked upon frivolous cavaliers and theatrical performances. For political purposes the Dr. Leyds portion of Boerdom has created the impression in Europe that the Kruger followers would welcome a Dutch or German protectorate as against that of England. That idea, to the Kruger Boer, is absurd. There were people in France at the end of the last century who thought that the United States would tolerate French intrusion in American matters, because of her war against England.

Of all Holland's great colonial empire South Africa is the only spot where the white man has bred a strong race and where Dutch is spoken. To be sure, the Dutch of South Africa is not intelligible to a classically bred professor of Leyden—it bears the same relation to the mother tongue that the jargon of German Switzerland does to the academical accents of Hanover or Bremen. Each can understand the other, after a preliminary course of misunderstanding—much as Spaniards get along with Portuguese or Norwegians with Danes. The Dutch tongue

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

may live for some time yet as a secondary language—even as a tongue of concurrent importance in certain portions of the country—but every Boer recognises, even to-day, that English is necessary for him if he wishes to move out into the broad current of modern life, and thus without any special legislation on the subject Dutch will become obsolete from sheer force of circumstances. The French Huguenots gave up their French for Dutch, the Boers will surrender their Dutch for English.

A learned German official recently justified the exclusion of Boers from German West Africa on the ground that Germans should reserve that country for people who spoke German, that it would be a national disgrace if the next generation should speak Dutch!

The Germans are not the only ones who have sought to compel language to follow the flag, and they will probably recognise their mistake as others have had to—too late. The Government of Paul Kruger has made desperate efforts to drive English out of the Transvaal schools and to substitute Dutch in its stead, but the result was that Boers who had any ambition for their children, sent them to the Orange Free State, where more liberal maxims prevailed.

The Boers owe more to the mother country than do New Englanders whose ancestors fled from Anglican rule in 1620. Each of these peoples carried to new countries the qualities they had inherited from their parents, but in neither case can their future successes be claimed by the Governments whose illiberal conduct was the cause of their original emigration. Circumstances compelled the New Englander to clear the forest and build houses, the Boer on the other hand was in a climate that made nomadic life agreeable, and had to do with a soil that was peculiarly fitted for cattle, and not for farming in our sense.

Each has developed according to his environment—each held views on the subject of government which ultimately produced armed conflict, in the one case with the mother

Google

country, in the other with a government vastly more liberal than that of Holland.

The Dutch in South Africa have shown a pride of race which has saved them from the consequences of Portuguese and Spanish administration. The Boers—as a people—have never mingled with the negro. It is no small praise to the Dutch character to recall that Boers and Anglo-Saxons are the only colonists that have kept their blood pure. The Portuguese and Spaniards not merely tolerated the abominable practice of cohabitation with negroes, they even encouraged it as a means of more rapidly producing a population calculated to withstand tropical climates.

In early New England as amongst the Boers, the Bible was at the bottom of this disinclination to mingle with the native. The Boers looked upon the Kaffir as the New Englanders of 1620 looked upon the Red Indian, as one of the heathen tribes which they, a chosen people, were called upon to exterminate, after the example set by Joshua; and indeed Joshua reminds me much of Paul Kruger.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Google

TWO POETS OF THE NEW CENTURY

IT is useless to repeat to ourselves that centuries are merely arbitrary divisions of time. No amount of common sense will disabuse us of the idea that with the present year we have turned an important leaf in the world's history. On the whole the feeling is one to be encouraged. It is good to have certain seasons set apart for certain purposes, and the beginning of a new century is a capital point of vantage for counting up the achievements of the past and reckoning what the future may have in store. So far as poetry is concerned, it is a particularly appropriate time for a meditation of this sort, since the hundred years which have just closed formed a very definite epoch in the history of the art. It happened that the beginning of the nineteenth century coincided with one of the most remarkable outbursts of poetical vigour that the world has ever seen. It would be fanciful to pretend that the advent of the new century itself had very much to do with this outburst, although the feeling of freshness which a new century brings with it is not by any means a factor which can be entirely ignored. Still, in this case, the French Revolution was principally responsible for the flood of inspiration which lifted our poets from the groove of eighteenth-century conventionality; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the ideas which in France produced the Revolution, in England produced the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron.

Google

The poets of to-day are not subjected to the same powerful influences which inspired the poets of a hundred years ago. Still, the feeling of freshness is in the air. We have done at last with the *fin de siècle* and, it is to be hoped, with all the nauseous affectations which that hateful phrase embodies. Of late years the languor of the declining century has touched our poetry. It has been as abundant as ever, and the standard of workmanship has been as high as ever. But there has been a notable absence of the finest aspiration. The doctrine of art for art's sake has influenced our poets—the doctrine which exalts manner above matter, which teaches that the subject is nothing, the treatment everything. With this heresy have come its attendant satellites—symbolism, wilful obscurity, juggling with words for their sound rather than their sense. All these things are the stock-in-trade of a decadent poet, with many others good of their kind if moderately employed—the decking and adornment of poetry, but a poor substitute for poetry itself. Poetry, Milton tells us, should be simple, sensuous, and passionate. The poetry of our decadent bards has been sensuous enough, and, in a certain sense, passionate enough and to spare, but simple it has not been, nor desired to be. Will the new century strip it of its trappings and reveal the figure now shrouded beneath fold upon fold of gorgeous drapery? For a new crusade we want new apostles. Who are to be the apostles of the new age of poetry?

We have plenty of poets to choose from. But, in the first place, we must dismiss the elder generation. Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Bridges, and their contemporaries have done their work. They have given us their best, and we are thankful for it. But they cannot be the apostles of the new crusade. They belong to the century that is past; we cannot look to them for any new poetical developments. The younger men are many in number; we must take them in groups. There are some who have won reputation by a single book, sometimes by a single poem. These we must dismiss, for great poetry requires sustained effort, not the transient

Google

inspiration of occasional emotion. Others, some of them with great natural gifts, are content to work in a narrow groove. These, too, we must dismiss, for great poetry must touch life at many points. Others, again, have wilfully wrapped themselves in a cloak of obscurity and affectation, and these also we must dismiss, for great poetry must be simple and straightforward. Others, again, have spent fine energy and fine craftsmanship upon unworthy subjects; and these, too, we must dismiss, for great poetry can only be written upon great themes.

In the ranks of our young poets there are two—there may be others, but of these two I am certain—different in temperament and in aim, but alike in possessing the qualities necessary for the production of great poetry: Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Laurence Binyon. Their reputation is of no sudden growth. Both have been before the public for upwards of ten years, and have already produced a considerable body of poetry. Mr. Phillips is the elder by a few years; let us take him first. Mr. Phillips is above all a dramatist. Even in his early poems, which are cast in a narrative form, his leaning towards a dramatic method of treatment is plainly perceptible. "Christ in Hades" has the appearance of an epic; in reality it is a drama in miniature. "Marpessa" is dramatic in essence too. It has a suggestion of a scene from Euripides, the characters being placed before an imaginary tribunal, each pleading his cause in turn. Only the gnomic tag of the chorus between the speeches is wanted to make the resemblance complete. In "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" Mr. Phillips found the form which suits him best. He has a natural genius for stagecraft which here finds full play. "Paolo and Francesca" has not yet been performed, and it is therefore impossible at present to pronounce finally upon its merits as a stage-play, but "Herod" is constructed in a masterly manner. The main design of the drama, the grouping of the characters, the continuously increasing interest of the plot, the admirably conceived climaxes, all these prove Mr. Phillips' possession of the

Digitized by Google

faculties which go to make a dramatist. As a poet he cannot be praised so unreservedly. His strength lies in two points—his metre and his diction.

In his early poems his blank verse is redolent of Milton. "Eremus" is a splendid exercise in the Miltonic manner. It has little value as a poem, but it is an admirable piece of blank verse. "Christ in Hades," metrically considered, is a work of transition—a transition from the epic manner of "Eremus" to the dramatic manner of "Paolo and Francesca" or "Herod." It abounds with striking metrical effects and even with metrical licences, which would be telling enough in a work designed for the stage, but do not harmonise with the serene grandeur of epic poetry. When "Christ in Hades" first appeared it was greeted on this account with a storm of abuse by critics whose ideas of metre were apparently founded upon hazy reminiscences of schoolboy struggles with the mysteries of Greek iambics. A pretty quarrel upon the laws of metre arose, and a discussion waxed hot in the daily press which gave sober London some conception of the animus which inspires literary squabbles abroad. From time to time weird rumours had reached our shores of doughty deeds wrought by youthful poets in Brussels, and of blood spilt at street corners in the sacred cause of *vers libres*, but here was the literary world of London at loggerheads upon the question of a trochee in the third foot, while the *Star* carts drove up and down Piccadilly displaying on their placards the legend, "Phillips on Blank Verse," as the latest sensation of the hour!

Metrically speaking, "Marpessa" was an advance upon "Christ in Hades," and in "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" Mr. Phillips shows a knowledge of the secrets of blank verse such as no contemporary can boast. His feeling for musical cadence is consummate. It would be as impossible for Mr. Phillips to write a halting line as, let us say, for Sarasate to play out of tune. Allied to this exquisite metrical gift is another of Mr. Phillips' strongest claims to be considered a great poet—his mastery of verbal melody. "Christ in Hades"

Google

first proved his possession of this witchery of language. There is an enchantment about much of it to parallel which we must go back to Keats and his

> Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

The word "glamour" has been cruelly overworked of late, and it seems almost an encroachment upon vested interests to use it of any but Celtic poetry, but it is the only one applicable to the unearthly charm of Mr. Phillips' poetry. One needs only to open "Christ in Hades" to find an illustration:

> The bright glory of after-battle wine,
> The flushed recounting faces, the stern hum
> Of burnished armies, thrill of unknown seas.

Here is another passage, if possible more musical still:

> And millions, like a sea, wave upon wave
> Heaved dreaming to that moonlight face, or ran
> In wonderful long ripples, sorrow-charmed,
> Toward him in faded purple pacing came
> Dead emperors and sad unflattered kings;
> Unlucky captains listless armies led;
> Poets with music frozen on their lips
> Toward the pale Brilliance sighed.

But a gift such as this brings dangers in its train. A poet who has this power of beautiful expression must sometimes be tempted to neglect his subject for the sake of writing pretty things about nothing in particular. This, again, leads to repetition—repetition of thought as well as of language. Poets often have favourite words, and Mr. Phillips' addiction to odours and blooms amounts to a positive obsession, but a trick such as this is easily cured. More serious is his tendency to repeat thoughts. Compare, for instance,

> Dear gladiator pitted against fate

in "Christ in Hades" with

> Lonely antagonist of destiny

Google

in "Marpessa." There are other instances of this kind in his poetry not very important in themselves but regrettable as indications of what may prove to be a besetting sin. Another of Mr. Phillips' faults, or rather the germ of a fault, for it is hardly a fault in itself, lies in the literary quality of his imagery. I do not use the word "literary" as implying that his poetry is derivative or lacking in inspiration, but rather that his images do not arise from the subject in hand. They are not the natural outcome of a poetical imagination centred upon a given subject. Let us take part of the speech of Idas in "Marpessa" as an example. Idas is pleading for the love of Marpessa; Apollo is his rival, and Marpessa is to choose between them.

I love thee then
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods,
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands
Of births far back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear

Google

In this dark country of the world! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying.

This is beautiful poetry. It has exquisite verbal music and high imaginative value. But the imagination is literary in quality; the imagery does not spring naturally from the subject. Throughout the speech we feel the trained faculty of the poet at work. In a situation of tense passion the appeal should be more immediate.

"That jar of violet wine set in the air." How charmingly fanciful, how exquisitely melodious! but in the mouth of a lover pleading for his mistress, how literary and artificial! Now literary poetry is admirable in its place. Shakespeare is often literary, no poet more so; but he has his literary faculty well under control. Listen to Romeo:

O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

. . . . .

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
In fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids: O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

The speech from which I have quoted a few lines is throughout a highly elaborate and imaginative piece of writing, but the images are definitely suggested by what is before Romeo's eyes. This is the secret of its passionate intensity. A literary touch would break the spell. Mr. Phillips will

Google

never hold us in this way until he learns to control that wandering fancy of his. At present he is too much inclined to treat his subject as a kind of mental spring-board from which to take airy leaps into the realms of imagination. What his poetry wants is concentration.

It is impossible to leave unmentioned two of Mr. Phillips' poems, "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife," partly because they show him in a mood absolutely different from that of "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" and partly because they have been singled out for praise by critics, to whom sensation is the last word of art. These poems are painful in subject: the first deals with a woman whose soul has been, as it were, stifled within her by the dull round of life and its trivial tasks; the second is the story of a wife who prostitutes herself in order to obtain food for her sick husband, and returns to his bedside to find him dead. Whether subjects of this kind are adapted to poetical treatment may be, to some extent, a matter of opinion. Much depends on how they are treated, and my objection to these particular poems rests upon Mr. Phillips' treatment, or rather lack of treatment. No one would claim that poetry should be didactic, nor that it should draw an aggressive moral from every subject undertaken, but a meaning it must have. A mere transcript of an event or a series of events is no more a poem than a photograph of a haystack is a picture. Mr. Phillips has transcribed certain events with literal exactness, but they mean nothing to him, he draws no conclusions from them. "The Wife" and "The Woman with the Dead Soul" have the bare ugliness of a police report. They do not inspire pity or terror; they merely repel.

In "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" we have Mr. Phillips' latest and best work. "Paolo and Francesca" has all the magical beauty of "Christ in Hades," together with a dramatic force which, in the earlier poem, is only suggested. Such a passage as the following could have been written by no living poet but Mr. Phillips:

Digitized by Google

PAOLO. O face immured beside a fairy sea
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights.
FRANCESCA. Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.
PAOLO. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?
FRANCESCA. Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?

These are strange spectral lovers. Even to themselves their love seems but the wraith of a passion long dead; but their speech has an unearthly music of indescribable loveliness.

In "Herod" Mr. Phillips shows a praiseworthy endeavour to shake himself clear of tricks and mannerisms. He has here proved himself capable, I will not say for the first time, but in a manner more convincing than in any of his former works, of treating a noble subject for its own sake. One of the most remarkable features of "Herod"—perhaps, in view of Mr. Phillips' future career as a dramatist, the most remarkable of all—is the self-restraint which he has exercised upon himself in its construction. Gifted, as he is, more richly than any living writer with a power over the mysterious harmonies of language, he has steadfastly refused to allow himself to be seduced from his allegiance to his subject by the temptation to use it as a peg upon which to hang a string of pretty speeches. About "Herod" as a poem it is not so easy to be enthusiastic. The play is something of a *tour de force*, a brilliant exercise in an uncongenial manner. Mr. Phillips' genius delights in half-tones and shadowy effects of verbal chiaroscuro. Like his own Marpessa, his poetry is "full of whispers and of shadows." It is difficult to think of him as at ease in the pitiless glare of "Herod." Yet he has risen to the occasion with surprising success. "Herod" is a triumph of sonorous rhetoric; Mr. Phillips has put far from him the delicately woven fabric of "Paolo and Francesca." He has clothed himself for the fray in a garment borrowed from some remote Elizabethan ancestor. But the giant's robe does not hang loosely upon his shoulders. He wears it as one to the manner born. "Herod" is a splendid pageant; we must be content to take it as such, and not look

by Google

to it for profundity of thought nor for subtle development of character. The figure of the King occupies the centre of the picture, the other characters are merely accessory; but even in him there is no growth of personality. He passes through circumstances; he is not moulded by them. The verse of "Herod" is vigorous and highly coloured and in admirable harmony with the glow and glitter of the subject. Throughout the earlier scenes of the play the dialogue is nervous and compact, and in the last act, where the ravings of the distracted King call for all the splendours of poetical rhetoric, Mr. Phillips has reproduced the ringing march of Marlowe's mighty line with brilliant success. Herod's speech in this scene is already almost a classic, but a passage from it will bear being quoted once again as an example of Mr. Phillips in his richest and stateliest manner:

> I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
> To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
> There shall the eagle blindly dash himself
> There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
> Shall aim all night her argent archery;
> And it shall be the tryst of sundered stars,
> The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
> Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell
> And flashings upon faces without hope.

This is rhetoric, of course; good rhetoric, if you will, but still rhetoric—that is to say, its strength lies in its sonorous and picturesque language; the thought behind the language is commonplace or null. "The moon shall aim all night her argent archery" is only a highly ingenious and elaborate way of saying that the moon will shine upon the dome; while, as to "dead and dreaming Solomon," the obvious criticism is that if Solomon were dead he could not be dreaming, and that if he were dreaming he could not be dead. But, after all, rhetoric has its place in drama. A great deal of Shakespeare is purely rhetorical, and, whatever his friends may tell him, Mr. Phillips cannot reasonably hope to do much better than Shakespeare. "Herod" is an exceedingly good play of its kind, but its kind is not the

Google

best. Mr. Phillips can and will do better than "Herod," but meanwhile we can afford to be grateful for what he has already given us. "Paolo and Francesca" is the stronger as poetry, "Herod" the stronger as drama, but the two together are a sufficient guarantee of the breadth and sincerity of Mr. Phillips' genius. It is well for him and for us that he has thus early found the medium which suits him, for it must be plain to a careful reader that the vein of thought and feeling worked with so much success in "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" is by no means inexhaustible. That particular flavour of unearthliness which Mr. Phillips cultivated in his early poems is apt to degenerate into unhealthiness, and there are signs in his early volume of poems not so much of flagging imagination as of a difficulty on his part in getting clear of a narrow groove of thought. In the drama he has found and will find the necessity of expanding his wings and seeking fresh fields of thought. The clash and movement of the stage have roused and will again rouse him. "Herod," with all its faults, has proved his power of rising to a fine subject and casting mannerisms to the wind. Upon this, perhaps, as much as upon any of the intrinsically great qualities of his poetry we may build the hope that in him we have a poet who will restore to our stage something of its lost glory.

The fact that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Binyon are cousins, and that they made their first public appearance side by side in "Primavera," might tempt a critic to institute an elaborate comparison between them. A comparison of this kind is generally misleading, and in this case is almost impossible, for these two poets have very little in common. Since the days of "Primavera" their poetical paths have lain apart. Mr. Phillips' genius is essentially dramatic, Mr. Binyon's essentially lyrical. Mr. Phillips' poetry is objective, Mr. Binyon's subjective. I do not for a moment apply to Mr. Binyon what Edmond Scherer said of Byron: "He has only one subject—himself," but rather what Coleridge said of Milton: "John Milton is in every line of 'Paradise Lost.'" Mr. Binyon's

Google

poetry is strongly coloured by his own personality. He is a thinker as well as a poet, and his poetry is in the highest sense a criticism of life. His strength lies in this, that whatever he writes about, whether it be the passion and death of Tristram or a Saturday night in Whitechapel, he pierces beneath the merely external and accidental aspect of his subject to the permanent emotions which underlie it. He does not merely transcribe life; he interprets it. No poet of our time has a keener appreciation of natural beauty, nor a more delicate gift of expression, but it is the combination of these qualities with his intellectual power that endows his poetry with its attributes of supreme excellence. Mr. Binyon's earliest poems gave abundant promise of his maturer strength. Of his Newdigate poem, "Persephone," I know nothing, but his share of "Primavera" included an ode entitled "Youth," which announced unmistakably the advent of a true poet. This ode makes clear the influences which helped to mould Mr. Binyon's genius. There is in it something of Wordsworth's joy in life, something, too, of the melancholy—one might almost say the pessimism—of Matthew Arnold; there is much in it also of Mr. Binyon himself, and throughout the ode the command of stately and beautiful expression is remarkable for a poet hardly out of his teens. Here is a passage from the close of the ode, which I quote partly for its intrinsic beauty, and partly as an illustration of an attitude of mind, suggestive of Matthew Arnold, which Mr. Binyon was soon to outgrow:

> Yet, O just Nature, thou
> Who, if men's hearts be hard, art always mild;
> O fields and streams, and places undefiled,
> Let your sweet airs be ever on his brow,
> Remember still your child.
> Thou too, O human world, if old desires,
> If thoughts, not alien once, can move thee now,
> Teach him not yet that idly he aspires
> Where thou hast fail'd; not soon let it be plain
> That all who seek in thee for nobler fires,
> For generous passion, spend their hopes in vain

Google

> Lest that insidious Fate, foe of mankind,
> Who ever waits upon our weakness, try
> With whispers his unnerved and faltering mind,
> Palsy his powers; for she has spells to dry,
> Like the March blast, his blood, turn flesh to stone
> And, conjuring action with necessity,
> Freeze the quick will, and make him all her own.

The most interesting and characteristic of Mr. Binyon's earlier poems are his two sets of "London Visions" and "The Praise of Life," three little volumes which appeared in Mr. Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland" between the years 1895 and 1899. These contain some of his finest work. The London poems are especially remarkable. They show not merely acute observation, but an imaginative power and a width of sympathy with life in all its forms which set them apart from all other poems of the kind. Mr. Binyon is far from being the first to feel the beauty, the mystery, and the terror of London, but he yields to none in the use which he has made of them. Scenes sordid and unlovely in themselves assume at his hands a meaning and a beauty beyond the vision of ordinary men. The streets of London illumined by

> The light that never was on sea and land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,

yield up the secrets of everlasting truth. In speaking of Mr. Phillips' London poems I referred to the difference between the photographic and the imaginative treatment of squalid subjects. Mr. Binyon's "Whitechapel High Road" gives an illustration of the latter more cogent than any precept or argument. The poem opens with a vivid description of the familiar scene; this is the close:

> But thou, divine moon, with thine equal beam
> Dispensing patience, stealest unawares
> The thoughts of many that pass sorrowful on,
> Else undiverted, amid the crowd alone;
> Embroiderest with beauty the worn theme
> Of trouble; to a fancied harbour calm

Google

Steerest the widow's ship of heavy cares;
And on light spirits of lovers, radiant grown,
Droppest an unimaginable balm.
Yet me to-night thy peace rejoices less
Than this warm human scene, that of rude earth
Pleasantly savours, nor dissembles mirth,
Nor grief, nor passion: sweet to me this press
Of life unnumbered, where if hard distress
Be tyrant, hunger is not fed
Nor misery pensioned with the ill-tasting bread
Of pity; but such help as Earth ordains
Betwixt her creatures, bound in common pains,
Brother from brother, without prayer, obtains.

Every line in these poems of Mr. Binyon's thrills with a radiant joy in life, a passionate belief in perfection, which strike inspiringly upon ears too well accustomed to the pessimistic tone of modern poetry. In Mr. Binyon's poetry the enthusiasm of youth is tempered by the wisdom of manhood. He does not ignore the seamy side of life. He knows the world with its labours and its sorrows, but he sees with the poet's ardent vision how from corruption can spring incorruption, how from weakness can come strength. His creed is noble and he gives it noble expression. It is not easy to give an impression of the manly exaltation of thought which animates his poetry without long quotations. I should like to give in full "The Threshold," a poem from the second book of "London Visions," which embodies more fully, perhaps, than any other Mr. Binyon's view of life, but a few stanzas must suffice:

Name beyond names, Heart of the Eternal Life,
Whom our faint thought hardly at times conceives,
Who hear'st but as the oak his fluttered leaves
The cry of parting spirits; who in the pang
For children born rejoicest; from whose strife
And travail issuing the bright worlds outsprang;
If the wide thought of thee my childish grief
Ever effaced, accept my manhood's vow!
O sweet and insupportable, O chief
And first and last of all loves, hear me now!

Google

Me, whom this living vastness once appalled,
And this uproar disheartened and oppressed,
Now larger thoughts enfranchise, with sweet zest
Nourish, and this immensity sustains;
Buoyed as a swimmer upon ocean, called
From time to the eternal, my due pains
Accepting, in thy bosom I repose,
Of joys and griefs together make my bed,
In longing to set sure against all foes
My spirit freed, and with thy spirit wed.

Thou, thou remainest ever in lovely power
Triumphant, whom beginning never knew;
'Tis we alone that our own strength undo,
'Tis we alone that, to thy ardour lame,
Often defeated, miserably deflower
The joy thou gavest, quench the imparted flame,
And native sweet sourly to ashes turn.
O help, inspire! Us with thyself endow!
Through our brief actions let thy greatness burn,
As through the clouds the light is burning now!

I would not have it supposed that I see no faults in Mr. Binyon's London poems. Faults they have, but they are faults engendered by their virtues. His power of reading the common things of life sometimes leads him astray. Sometimes he is merely fanciful, as in "The Road Menders" and "The Fire"; sometimes he permits his imagination to carry him to conclusions out of proportion to his subject, as in "Trafalgar Square." But, as a whole, they form a body of work sufficient in itself to guarantee Mr. Binyon a place in the foremost rank of modern poets.

"Porphyrion," Mr. Binyon's one excursion into epic poetry, was published, with a collection of shorter poems, in 1898. It tells the tale of a young hermit who, being visited in the desert by an apparition of magical loveliness, returns to the world and embraces every vicissitude, hoping to find again the lost vision of that ideal beauty. There is an inherent weakness in this subject for which no amount of poetical splendour can atone. "Porphyrion" is an admirable piece of blank verse; it is stately

Google

and vigorous by turns, it has passages of vivid picturesqueness and others of moving tenderness. In a word, it is a highly accomplished poem, but its subject prevents it from being a complete success. An epic poem more than any other requires firmness of outline, and the outline of "Porphyrion" is indistinct. Mr. Binyon seems never really to have made up his mind whether his poem was to be an allegory or not, and this seriously affects its interest as a whole. An epic poem must be decisively constructed; it must have a beginning, a middle and an end; "Porphyrion" is architecturally unsound. There is no particular reason why the hermit's wanderings should ever come to an end. Mr. Binyon conducts them through five books; he might just as well have continued them through five and twenty. Yet, in spite of its subject, the sheer poetical merit of "Porphyrion" deserves to save it from oblivion. Very few of our poets have written better blank verse than the best of it. The subject, after all, has the qualities of its defects; it has life and variety, it gives the poet an endless series of opportunities, and Mr. Binyon makes good use of all of them. One can quote from the poem almost at random. How stirring, for instance, is this battle-piece, how full of movement and vigour:

> Lonely and loud a sudden trumpet blew,
> And fierce a scone of brazen throats replied.
> The sound redoubled in Porphyrion's soul
> And forward drew him; he remembered now
> His errand. In that instant the ripe war
> Broke like a tempest; the great squadrons loosed
> Shot forward glittering, like a splendid wave
> That rises out of shapeless gloom, a form
> Massy with dancing crest, threatening and huge,
> And effortlesaly irresistible
> Bursts on the black rocks turbulently abroad,
> Falling and roaring and re-echoing far.
> So rushed that ordered fury of steeds and spears
> Under an arch of arrows hailing dark
> Against the stubborn foe: they from the slope
> Swept onward opposite with clang as fierce:
> Afar, pale women from the wall looked down.

Google

And can English poetry show a more brilliant, a more richly coloured feast than Mr. Binyon's banquet in Antioch since Milton wrote "Paradise Regained"?

> Pillars in lovely parallel sustained
> A roof of shadowed snow, enkindled warm
> From torches pedestalled in order bright;
> Amid whose brilliance at a banquet sat,
> Crowned with sweet garlands, revellers, and cups
> Lifted in laughing boisterous pledge, or gazed
> Earnest in joy on their proud paramours.
> Pages, with noiseless tripping feet, had borne
> The feast aside; and now the brimming wine
> From frosted flagons blushed, and the spread board
> Showed the soft cheek of apricot, or glory
> Of orange burning from a dusk of leaves,
> Cloven pomegranates, brimmed with ruby cells,
> Great melons, purpling to the frosty core,
> And mountain strawberries. Beyond, less bright,
> Was hung mysterious magnificence
> Of tapestry, where, with ever-moving feet
> A golden Triumph followed banners waved
> O'er captive arms, and slender trumpets blew
> To herald a calm hero charioted.

Space forbids me to deal as I could wish with the other poems in this book. Many of them are of surpassing interest and beauty, notably "The Renewal," an eloquent expression of personal feeling, and "The Supper," a lyrical scene of intense and searching pathos, in which a rich youth gathers a mixed company of desolate street-wanderers to his house with the desire of giving them a temporary respite from their misery. The manner in which the guests unconsciously reveal to their host his unconscious egotism is expressed with extraordinary subtlety and knowledge of human nature, and the poem is in effect a crushing satire upon the impotence of amateur charity.

In his volume of Odes, published this year, Mr. Binyon challenges criticism from a lofty standpoint. This book is at once his most ambitious and his maturest production. He measures himself here with the poets of old time and comes

Google

not ingloriously from the encounter. The Odes are six in number, and the subjects of all of them are taken from a remote antiquity. It is hardly necessary at this time of day to repeat Matthew Arnold's famous refutation of the statement that the legends of the past as subjects for poetry have lost their hold upon human sympathies; indeed, it would be easy to go farther than Matthew Arnold, and to affirm that a subject which has survived the fashions of a thousand years must necessarily contain more of the elements of vitality than a subject taken from modern life which may be old-fashioned in a year or two. With regard to Mr. Binyon's Odes, opinions may differ as to their individual merits, but there can be no question that they constitute, if not his finest work, work fine in itself apart from any illusive standard of comparison. We have here great subjects treated in a great manner; the balance between thought and expression is true, the prosody is rich and varied, the diction is ample, expressive, and unforced. If the old definition of poetry is still to hold true—that it is the noble presentment of noble thoughts and actions—then this is poetry, of a kind to match which we must go back to the great names of a hundred years ago. The subjects of the Odes do not all lend themselves equally well to lyrical treatment. In this respect the first in the book, "The Dryad," is one of the most successful. It is a new reading of an ancient myth, subtle in thought and exquisite in language. Mr. Binyon deals here with a problem which has vexed poets and thinkers from the days of Augustine to those of Renan—the reconciliation of Nature and chastity. Renan frankly gave it up in despair. In one of his books he says despondently, "La Nature ne tient pas du tout que l'homme soit chaste." Mr. Binyon takes higher ground. He does not solve the problem —no one, alas! can do that—but he suggests an escape from it which is as beautiful as it is ingenious. He images the Dryad, the embodiment of natural chastity, in the similitude of the narcissus, whose snowy purity holds, as it were, in solution the hues of all the flowers of the garden:

Google

White sweetness, richest odours round thee cling.
Purely thou breathest of voluptuous Spring!
Thou art so white, because thou dost enclose
All the advancing splendours of the year;
And thou hast burned beyond the reddest rose,
To shine so keenly clear.
Shadowed within thy radiance I divine
Frail coral tinges of the anemone,
Dim blue that clouds upon the columbine,
And wallflower's glow as of old, fragrant wine,
And the first tulip's sanguine clarity,
And pansy's midnight-purple of sole star'
All these that wander far
From thee, and wilder glories would assume,
Ev'n the proud peony of drooping plume,
Robed like a queen in Tyre,
All to thy lost intensity aspire;
Toward thee they yearn out of encroaching gloom,
They are all faltering beams of thy most perfect fire

The "Alexander" ode is in a different vein, and shows strikingly the range of Mr. Binyon's genius. This ode glows with life and colour. In reading it we are carried back in memory to Keats and his wonderful Bacchic procession in "Endymion." It tells of Alexander's march through the fertile valleys of Carmania after having led his army across the salt Gedrosian desert. Mr. Binyon has happily caught the spirit of the subject. The poem is like a series of gorgeous frescoes, stately in design and crowded with picturesque detail. One quotation must suffice:

Slowly along the vine-robed vale move on,
Like those that walk in dream,
The ranks of Macedon.
O much-proved men, why doubt ye truth so sweet?
This is that fair Carmania, that did seem
So far to gain, yet now is at your feet.
'Tis no Circean magic greenly crowds
This vale of elms, the laden vines uprearing,
The small flowers in the grass, the illumined clouds,
Trembling streams with rushes lined,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

All in strangeness reappearing
Like a blue morn to the blind!

"Asoka" is more thoughtful, yet not less rich in varied beauty. It has already appeared in the pages of this REVIEW under the title of "The Indian Prince," therefore I will not linger upon it save to note how subtly the sense of oriental colour is conveyed by the use of similes taken from Eastern tradition and landscape, as in the following passage:

Not so ye deal,
Immortal Powers, with him
Who in his weak hour hath made haste to kneel
Where your divine springs out of mystery brim,
And carries thence through the world's uproar rude
A clear-eyed fortitude;
As mid the blue noon on the Arabian strand
The solitary diver, plunging deep,
Glides down the rough dark brine with questing hand
Until he feels upleap
Founts of fresh water, and his goatskin swells
And bears him upward on those buoyant wells
Back with a cool boon for his thirsting land.

"The Death of Tristram" is the longest ode in the book, and that in which Mr. Binyon's genius is most triumphantly displayed. I do not propose to say anything about his handling of the legend, nor to compare his treatment of it with that of the many poets who have been attracted by the subject before him. This would require an article in itself.

It may be felt by some readers that the subject calls for epical or dramatic rather than lyrical treatment, and the fact that he has succeeded in treating lyrically a subject of this magnitude at all is a triumph. In the disposition of the incidents, the structure of the different sections and the treatment of metre this ode displays a high degree of technical accomplishment; but its strength lies, after all, in the deep emotion which thrills through every line of it. Mr. Binyon does not force the note. There is nothing hysterical in his delineation of passion. His Tristram and Isoult are strong, clean-souled

Google

human beings; fate may slay them, it cannot degrade them. In a lyrical ode it was, of course, impossible to deal with the legend as a whole. Mr. Binyon touches only certain points of culminating interest. His view of the subject, if I may venture upon a somewhat fanciful illustration, is that of a traveller posted at a point of vantage among the Alps at sunrise. Before him lies a vast range of mountains, closely wrapped in clouds, but at intervals the clouds are pierced by snowy peaks upon which the rays of the sun strike with dazzling radiance. On these peaks, as it were, Mr. Binyon has concentrated his gaze. Tristram's lonely watch, the reunion and death of the lovers, and the coming of their bodies to Tintagel—these are the three peaks illuminated by Mr. Binyon's genius. A composition so admirably balanced in design as this ode lends itself ill to quotation, but I cannot pass over the beautiful opening of the third section, so excellently contrasted in its serene loveliness with the tremendous climax of the passionate duet—one can hardly call it anything else—which precedes it:

> Calm, calm the moving waters all the night
> On to that shore roll slow,
> Fade into foam against the cliff's dim height
> And fall in a soft thunder, and upsurge
> Forever out of unexhausted might,
> Lifting their voice below
> Tuned to no human dirge;
> Nor from their majesty of music bend
> To wail for beauty's end
> Or towering spirit's most fiery overthrow,
> Nor tarrieth the dawn, though she unveil
> To weeping eyes their woe,
> The dawn that doth not know
> What the dark night hath wrought,
> And over the far wave comes pacing pale,
> Of all that she reveals regarding nought.

The two remaining odes are less successful. "Amasis" is too much of a narrative to be well suited for lyric poetry, and

Google

"Orpheus in Thrace," though containing passages of great beauty, notably a wonderful storm-beaten landscape, is somewhat disconnected in subject and execution. But the value of the book as a whole can hardly be over-estimated. The prevailing note of it is maturity—maturity of thought and maturity of expression. It is an extraordinary performance for a man in his thirty-second year. We may miss with a touch of regret the freshness of boyish enthusiasm, charming even in its crudity, which must pass away with the springtime of youth. But in its place we have the mellow wisdom of riper years. Every one has to grow up sooner or later, and Mr. Binyon is already astonishingly grown up. Whether he is destined to be the leader of a new movement in English poetry or not I will not attempt to predict, but his own position is already secure. He is a poet of the kind to which fame comes slowly but surely. In his hands and those of Mr. Phillips the poetical reputation of the twentieth century is not likely to suffer.

R. A. Streatfeild.

Google

THE PALACE OF MINOS

LESS than a generation back the origin of Greek civilisation, and with it the sources of all great culture that has ever been, were wrapped in an impenetrable mist. That ancient world was still girt round within its narrow confines by the circling "Stream of Ocean." Was there anything beyond? The fabled kings and heroes of the Homeric Age, with their palaces and strongholds, were they aught, after all, but more or less humanised sun-myths?

One man had faith, accompanied by works, and in Dr. Schliemann the science of classical antiquity found its Columbus. Armed with the spade he brought to light from beneath the mounds of ages a real Troy; at Tiryns and Mycenæ he laid bare the palace and the tombs and treasures of Homeric Kings. A new world opened to investigation, and the discoveries of its first explorer were followed up successfully by Dr. Tsountas and others on Greek soil. The eyes of observers were opened, and the traces of this prehistoric civilisation began to make their appearance far beyond the limits of Greece itself. From Cyprus and Palestine to Sicily and Southern Italy, and even to the coasts of Spain, the colonial and industrial enterprise of the "Mycenæans" has left its mark throughout the Mediterranean basin. Professor Petrie's researches in Egypt have conclusively shown that as early at least as the close of the Middle Kingdom, or, approximately speaking, the beginning of the Second Millennium B.C., imported Ægean vases

Google

were finding their way into the Nile valley. By the great days of the XVIIIth Dynasty, in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries B.C., this intercourse was of such a kind that Mycenæan art, now in its full maturity of bloom, was reacting on that of the contemporary Pharaohs and infusing a living European element into the old conventional style of the land of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

But the picture was still very incomplete. Nay, it might even be said that its central figure was not yet filled in. In all these excavations and researches the very land to which ancient tradition unanimously pointed as the cradle of Greek civilisation had been left out of count. To adapt the words applied by Gelon to slighted Sicily and Syracuse, "The spring was wanting from the year" of that earlier Hellas. Yet Crete, the central island—a half-way house between three Continents—flanked by the great Libyan promontory and linked by smaller island stepping stones to the Peloponnese and the mainland of Anatolia, was called upon by Nature to play a leading part in the development of the early Ægean culture.

Here, in his royal city of Knossos, ruled Minos, or whatever historic personage is covered by that name, and founded the first sea empire of Greece, extending his dominion far and wide over the Ægean isles and coast-lands. Athens paid to him its human tribute of youths and maidens. His colonial plantations extended east and west along the Mediterranean basin till Gaza worshipped the Cretan Zeus and a Minoan city rose in Western Sicily. But it is as the first lawgiver of Greece that he achieved his greatest renown, and the Code of Minos became the source of all later legislation. As the wise ruler and inspired lawgiver there is something altogether biblical in his legendary character. He is the Cretan Moses, who every nine years repaired to the Cave of Zeus, whether on the Cretan Ida or on Dicta, and received from the God of the Mountain the laws for his people. Like Abraham he is described as the "friend of God." Nay, in some accounts, the mythical being of Minos has a tendency to blend with that of his native Zeus.

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Fig. 1.—Western Court of the Palace, Knossos.
Seen from S.W. Portico.

This Cretan Zeus, the God of the Mountain, whose animal figure was the bull and whose symbol was the double axe, had indeed himself a human side which distinguishes him from his more ethereal namesake of classical Greece. In the great Cave of Mount Dicta, whose inmost shrine, adorned with natural pillars of gleaming stalactite, leads deep down to the waters of an unnavigated pool, Zeus himself was said to have been born and fed with honey and goat's milk by the nymph Amaltheia. On the conical height immediately above the site of Minos' City—now known as Mount Juktas—and still surrounded by a Cyclopean enclosure, was pointed out his tomb. Classical Greece scoffed at this primitive legend, and for this particular reason, first gave currency to the proverb that "the Cretans are always liars." St. Paul, too, adopted this hard saying, but in Crete itself the new religion, which here, as elsewhere, so eagerly availed itself of what might aid its own propaganda in existing belief, seems to have dealt more gently with the scenes of the lowly birth and Holy Sepulchre of a mortal God. On the height of Juktas, on the peaks of Dicta, which overlooked, one the birth-place, the other the temple of the Cretan Zeus, pious hands have built chapels, the scenes of annual pilgrimage, dedicated to *Avthentés Christos*, "the Lord Christ." In his shrine at Gaza the Minoan Zeus had already in Pagan days received the distinguishing epithet of Marnas, "the Lord" in its Syrian form.

If Minos was the first lawgiver, his craftsman Dædalus was the first traditional founder of what may be called a "school of art." Many were the fabled works wrought by them for King Minos, some gruesome, like the brass man Talos. In Knossos, the royal city, he built the dancing ground, or "Choros," of Ariadne, and the famous Labyrinth. In its inmost maze dwelt the Minotaur, or "Bull of Minos," fed daily with human victims, till such time as Theseus, guided by Ariadne's ball of thread, penetrated to its lair, and, after slaying the monster, rescued the captive youths and maidens. Such, at least, was the Athenian tale. A more prosaic tradition saw in the Laby-

Google

rinth a building of many passages, the idea of which Dædalus had taken from the great Egyptian mortuary temple on the shores of Lake Moeris, to which the Greeks gave the same name; and recent philological research has derived the name itself from the *labrys*, or double axe, the emblem of the Cretan and Carian Zeus.

Mythological speculation has seen in the Labyrinth, to use the words of a learned German, "a thing of belief and fancy, an image of the starry heaven with its infinitely winding paths, in which, nevertheless, the sun and moon so surely move about." We shall see that the spade has supplied a simpler solution.

When one calls to mind these converging lines of ancient tradition it becomes impossible not to feel that, without Crete, "the spring is taken away" indeed from the Mycenæan world. Great as were the results obtained by exploration on the sites of this ancient culture on the Greek mainland and elsewhere, there was still a sense of incompleteness. In nothing was this more striking than in the absence of any written document. A few signs had, indeed, been found on a vase-handle, but these were set aside as mere ignorant copies of Hittite or Egyptian hieroglyphs. In the volume of his monumental work which deals with Mycenæan art, M. Perrot was reduced to the conclusion that, "as at present advised, we can continue to affirm that, for the whole of this period, neither in Peloponnese nor in Central Greece, no more upon the buildings nor upon the thousand-and-one objects of domestic use and luxury that have come forth from the tombs, has anything been discovered that resembles any form of writing."

But was this, indeed, the last word of scientific exploration? Was it possible that a people so advanced in other respects—standing in such intimate relations with Egypt and the Syrian lands where some form of writing had been an almost immemorial possession—should have been absolutely wanting in this most essential element of civilisation? I could not believe it. Once more one's thoughts turned to the land of Minos, and the question irresistibly suggested itself—was that

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

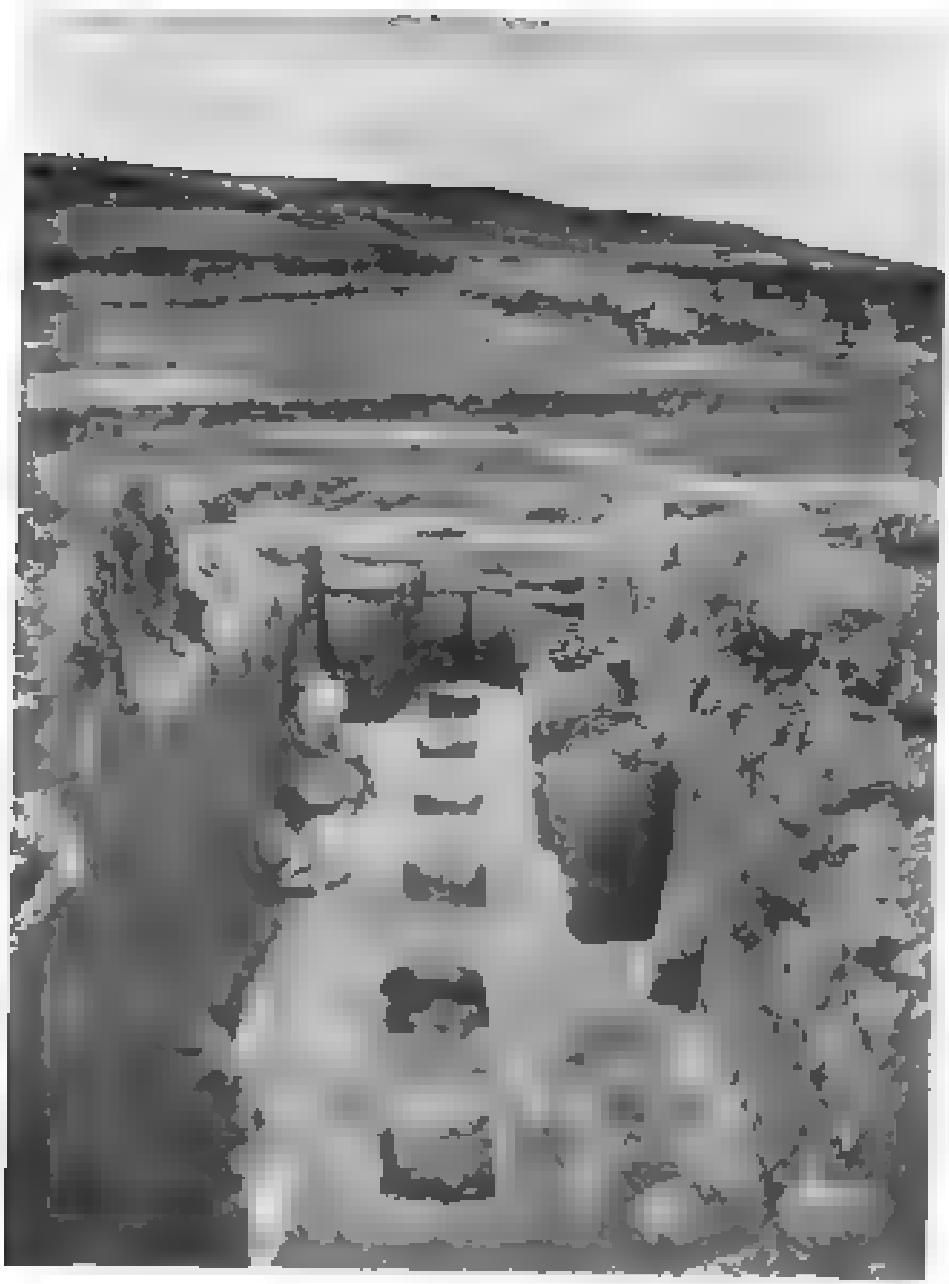


Fig. 2.—Magazine No. 5, showing great Steel Jars.

Google

Digitized by Google
Original from
NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

early heritage of fixed laws compatible with a complete ignorance of the art of writing? An abiding tradition of the Cretans themselves, preserved by Diodoros, shows that they were better informed. The Phœnicians, they said, had not invented letters, they had simply changed their forms—in other words, they had only improved on an existing system.

It is now seven years since a piece of evidence came into my hands which went far to show that long before the days of the introduction of the Phœnician alphabet, as adopted by the later Greeks, the Cretans were, in fact, possessed of a system of writing. While hunting out ancient engraved stones at Athens I came upon some three- and four-sided seals showing on each of their faces groups of hieroglyphic and linear signs distinct from the Egyptian and Hittite, but evidently representing some form of script. On inquiry I learnt that these seals had been found in Crete. A clue was in my hands, and, like Theseus, I resolved to follow it, if possible to the inmost recesses of the Labyrinth. That the source and centre of the great Mycenæan civilisation remained to be unearthed on Cretan soil I had never doubted, but the prospect now opened of finally discovering its written records.

From 1894 onwards I undertook a series of campaigns of exploration chiefly in Central and Eastern Crete. In all directions fresh evidence continually came to light, Cyclopean ruins of cities and strongholds, beehive tombs, vases, votive bronzes, exquisitely engraved gems, amply demonstrating that in fact the great days of that "island story" lay far behind the historic period. From the Mycenæan sites of Crete I obtained a whole series of inscribed seals, such as I had first noticed at Athens, showing the existence of an entire system of hieroglyphic or quasi-pictorial writing, with here and there signs of the co-existence of more linear forms. From the great Cave of Mount Dicta—the birth-place of Zeus—the votive deposits of which have now been thoroughly explored by Mr. Hogarth, I procured a stone Libation Table inscribed with a dedication of several characters in the early Cretan script. But for more

Google

exhaustive excavation my eyes were fixed on some ruined walls, the great gypsum blocks of which were engraved with curious symbolic characters, that crowned the southern slope of a hill known as Kephala, overlooking the ancient site of Knossos, the City of Minos. They were evidently part of a large prehistoric building. Might one not uncover here the palace of King Minos, perhaps even the mysterious Labyrinth itself?

These blocks had already arrested the attention of Schliemann and others, but the difficulties raised by the native proprietors had defeated all efforts at scientific exploration. In 1895 I succeeded in acquiring a quarter of the site from one of the joint owners. But the obstruction continued, and I was beset by difficulties of a more serious kind. The circumstances of the time were not favourable. The insurrection had broken out, half the villages in Crete were in ashes, and in the neighbouring town of Candia the most fanatical part of the Mahomedan population were collected together from the whole of the island. The faithful Herakles, who was at that time my "guide, philosopher, and muleteer," was seized by the Turks and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, from which he was with difficulty rescued. Soon afterwards the inevitable massacre took place, of which the nominal British "occupants" of Candia were in part themselves the victims. Then at last the sleeping lion was aroused. Under the guns of Admiral Noel the Turkish Commander evacuated the Government buildings at ten minutes notice and shipped off the Sultan's troops. Crete once more was free.

At the beginning of this year I was at last able to secure the remaining part of the site of Kephala, and with the consent of Prince George's Government at once set about the work of excavation. I received some pecuniary help from the recently started Cretan Exploration Fund, and was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, who had done good work for the British School in Melos, to assist me in directing the works. From about eighty to one hundred and fifty men

Google



Fig. 3. Large Clay Store Jar.

ed by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

were employed in the excavation which continued till the heat and fevers of June put an end to it for this season.

The result has been to uncover a large part of a vast prehistoric building—a palace with its numerous dependencies, but a palace on a far larger scale than those of Tiryns and Mycenæ. About two acres of this has been unearthed, for by an extraordinary piece of good fortune the remains of walls began to appear only a foot or so, often only a few inches, below the surface. This dwelling of prehistoric kings had been overwhelmed by a great catastrophe. Everywhere on the hill-top were traces of a mighty conflagration; burnt beams and charred wooden columns lay within the rooms and corridors. There was here no gradual decay. The civilisation represented on this spot had been cut short in the fulness of its bloom. Nothing later than remains of the good Mycenæan period was found over the whole site. Nothing even so late as the last period illustrated by the remains of Mycenæ itself. From the day of destruction to this the site has been left entirely desolate. For three thousand years or more not a tree seems to have been planted here; over a part of the area not even a ploughshare had passed. At the time of the great overthrow, no doubt, the place had been methodically plundered for metal objects, and the fallen *débris* in the rooms and passages turned over and ransacked for precious booty. Here and there a local Bey or peasant had grubbed for stone slabs to supply his yard or threshing-floor. But the party walls of clay and plaster still stood intact, with the fresco painting on them, still in many cases perfectly preserved at a few inches depth from the surface, a clear proof of how severely the site had been let alone for these long centuries.

Who were the destroyers? Perhaps the Dorian invaders who seem to have overrun the island about the eleventh or twelfth century before our era. More probably, still earlier invading swarms from the mainland of Greece. The Palace itself had a long antecedent history and there are frequent traces of remodelling. Its early elements may go back a thousand

Google

years before its final overthrow, since, in the great Eastern Court, was found the lower part of an Egyptian seated figure of diorite, with a triple inscription, showing that it dates back to the close of the XIIth or the beginning of the XIIIth Dynasty of Egypt; in other words approximately to 2000 B.C. But below the foundation of the later building, and covering the whole hill, are the remains of a primitive settlement of still greater antiquity, belonging to the insular Stone Age. In parts this "Neolithic" deposit was over twenty-four feet thick, everywhere full of stone axes, knives of volcanic glass, dark polished and incised pottery, and primitive images such as those found by Schliemann in the lowest strata of Troy.

The outer walls of the palace were supported on huge gypsum blocks, but there was no sign of an elaborate system of fortification such as at Tiryns and Mycenæ. The reason of this is not far to seek. Why is Paris strongly fortified, while London is practically an open town? The city of Minos, it must be remembered, was the centre of a great sea-power, and it was in "wooden walls" that its rulers must have put their trust. The mighty blocks of the Palace show, indeed, that it was not for want of engineering power that the akropolis of Knossos remained unfortified. But in truth Mycenæan might was here at home. At Tiryns and Mycenæ itself it felt itself threatened by warlike Continental neighbours. It was not till the mainland foes were masters of the sea that they could have forced an entry into the House of Minos. Then, indeed, it was an easy task. In the Cave of Zeus on Mount Ida was found a large brooch (or *fibula*) belonging to the race of northern invaders, on one side of which a war galley is significantly engraved.

The Palace was entered on the south-west side by a portico and double doorway opening from a spacious paved court (Fig. 1). Flanking the portico were remains of a great fresco of a bull, and on the walls of the corridor leading from it were still preserved the lower part of a procession of painted life-size figures, in the centre of which was a female personage, probably

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Fig. 4. Ante-Chamber to Throne Room.
Seen from its Northern Entrance.

Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Google



Fig. 5.—Three Days from Axial Chamber.

a queen, in magnificent apparel. This corridor seems to have led round to a great southern porch or *Propylæum* with double columns, the walls of which were originally decorated with figures in the same style. Along nearly the whole length of the building ran a spacious paved corridor, lined by a long row of fine stone doorways, giving access to a succession of magazines. On the floor of these magazines huge store jars were still standing, large enough to have contained the "forty thieves" (Fig. 2). One of these jars, contained in a small separate chamber, was nearly five feet in height (Fig. 3).

Here occurred one of the most curious discoveries of the whole excavation. Under the closely compacted pavement of one of these magazines, upon which the huge jars stood, there were built in, between solid piles of masonry, double tiers of stone cists lined with lead. Only a few were opened and they proved to be empty, but there can be little doubt that they were constructed for the deposit of treasure. Whoever destroyed and plundered the Palace had failed to discover these receptacles, so that when more come to be explored there is some real hope of finding buried hoards.

On the east side of the Palace opened a still larger paved court, approached by broad steps from another principal entrance to the North. From this court access was given by an ante-room (Fig. 4) to what was certainly the most interesting chamber of the whole building, almost as perfectly preserved —though some twelve centuries older—as anything found beneath the volcanic ash of Pompeii or the lava of Herculaneum. Already a few inches below the surface freshly preserved fresco began to appear. Walls were shortly uncovered decorated with flowering plants and running water, while on each side of the doorway of a small inner room stood guardian griffins with peacocks' plumes in the same flowery landscape. Round the walls ran low stone benches, and between these on the north side, separated by a small interval and raised on a stone base, rose a gypsum throne with a high back, and originally coloured with decorative designs. Its lower part

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

was adorned with a curiously carved arch, with crocketed mouldings, showing an extraordinary anticipation of some most characteristic features of Gothic architecture. Opposite the throne was a finely wrought tank of gypsum slabs—a feature borrowed perhaps from an Egyptian palace—approached by a descending flight of steps, and originally surmounted by cypruswood columns supporting a kind of *impluvium*. Here truly was the council chamber of a Mycenæan King or Sovereign Lady. It may be said to-day that the youngest of European rulers has in his dominions the oldest throne in Europe (Fig. 5).

The frescoes discovered on the Palace site constitute a new epoch in the history of painting. Little, indeed, of the kind even of classical Greek antiquity has been hitherto known earlier at least than the Pompeian series. The first find of this kind marks a red-letter day in the story of the excavation. In carefully uncovering the earth and *débris* in a passage at the back of the southern Propylæum there came to light two large fragments of what proved to be the upper part of a youth bearing a gold-mounted silver cup (Fig. 6). The robe is decorated with a beautiful quatre-foil pattern; a silver ornament appears in front of the ear, and silver rings on the arms and neck. What is specially interesting among the ornaments is an agate gem on the left wrist, thus illustrating the manner of wearing the beautifully engraved signets of which many clay impressions were found in the palace.

The colours were almost as brilliant as when laid down over three thousand years before. For the first time the true portraiture of a man of this mysterious Mycenæan race rises before us. The flesh tint, following perhaps an Egyptian precedent, is of a deep reddish-brown. The limbs are finely moulded, though the waist, as usual in Mycenæan fashions, is tightly drawn in by a silver-mounted girdle, giving great relief to the hips. The profile of the face is pure and almost classically Greek. This, with the dark curly hair and high brachycephalic head, recalls an indigenous type well represented still in the glens of Ida and the White Mountains—a type which brings

Google



FIG. 6.—Fresco of the Cup-bearer
(Original Life-size).

Google
Original from

with it many reminiscences from the Albanian highlands and the neighbouring regions of Montenegro and Herzegovina. The lips are somewhat full, but the physiognomy has certainly no Semitic cast. The profile rendering of the eye shows an advance in human portraiture foreign to Egyptian art, and only achieved by the artists of classical Greece in the early fine-art period of the fifth century B.C.—after some eight centuries, that is, of barbaric decadence and slow revival.

There was something very impressive in this vision of brilliant youth and of male beauty, recalled after so long an interval to our upper air from what had been till yesterday a forgotten world. Even our untutored Cretan workmen felt the spell and fascination. They, indeed, regarded the discovery of such a painting in the bosom of the earth as nothing less than miraculous, and saw in it the "icon" of a Saint! The removal of the fresco required a delicate and laborious process of under-plastering, which necessitated its being watched at night, and old Manolis, one of the most trustworthy of our gang, was told off for the purpose. Somehow or other he fell asleep, but the wrathful Saint appeared to him in a dream. Waking with a start, he was conscious of a mysterious presence; the animals round began to low and neigh, and "there were visions about"; "φαντάζει," he said, in summing up his experiences next morning, "the whole place spooks!"

To the north of the Palace, in some rooms that seem to have belonged to the women's quarter, frescoes were found in an entirely novel miniature style. Here were ladies with white complexions—due, we may fancy, to the seclusion of harem life—*décolletées*, but with fashionable puffed sleeves and flounced gowns, and their hair as elaborately curled and *frisé* as if they were fresh from a *coiffeur's* hands. "Mais," exclaimed a French savant who honoured me with a visit, "ce sont des Parisiennes!"

They were seated in groups, engaged in animated conversation, in the courts and gardens and on the balconies of a palatial building, while in the walled spaces beyond were large crowds

Google

of men and boys, some of them hurling javelins. In some cases both sexes were intermingled. These alternating scenes of Peace and War recall the subjects of Achilles' shield, and we have here at the same time a contemporary illustration of that populousness of the Cretan cities in the Homeric age which struck the imagination of the bard. Certain fragments of fresco belong to the still earlier period of Ægean art, which precedes the Mycenæan, well illustrated in another field by the elegant painted vases found by Mr. Hogarth in some private houses on this site. A good idea of the refinement already reached in these earlier days of the Palace is given by the subject of one fresco fragment in this "pre-Mycenæan" style—a boy, namely, in a field of white crocuses, some of which he has gathered and is placing in an ornamental vase.

Very valuable architectural details were supplied by the walls and buildings of some of the miniature frescoes above described. In one place rose the façade of a small temple, with triple cells containing sacred pillars, and representing in a more advanced form the arrangement of the small golden shrines, with doves perched upon them, found by Schliemann in the shaft graves at Mycenæ. This temple fresco has a peculiar interest, as showing the character of a good deal of the upper structure of the palace itself, which has now perished. It must largely have consisted of clay and rubble walls, artfully concealed under brilliantly painted plaster, and contained and supported by a woodwork framing. The base of the small temple rests on the huge gypsum blocks which form so conspicuous a feature in the existing remains, and below the central opening is inserted a frieze, recalling the alabaster reliefs of the palace hall of Tiryns, with triglyphs, the prototypes of the Doric, and the half-rosettes of the "metopes" inlaid with blue enamel, the Kyanos of Homer.

A transition from painting to sculpture was supplied by a great relief of a bull in hard plaster, coloured with the natural tints, large parts of which, including the head, were found near the northern gate. It is unquestionably the finest plastic work

Google

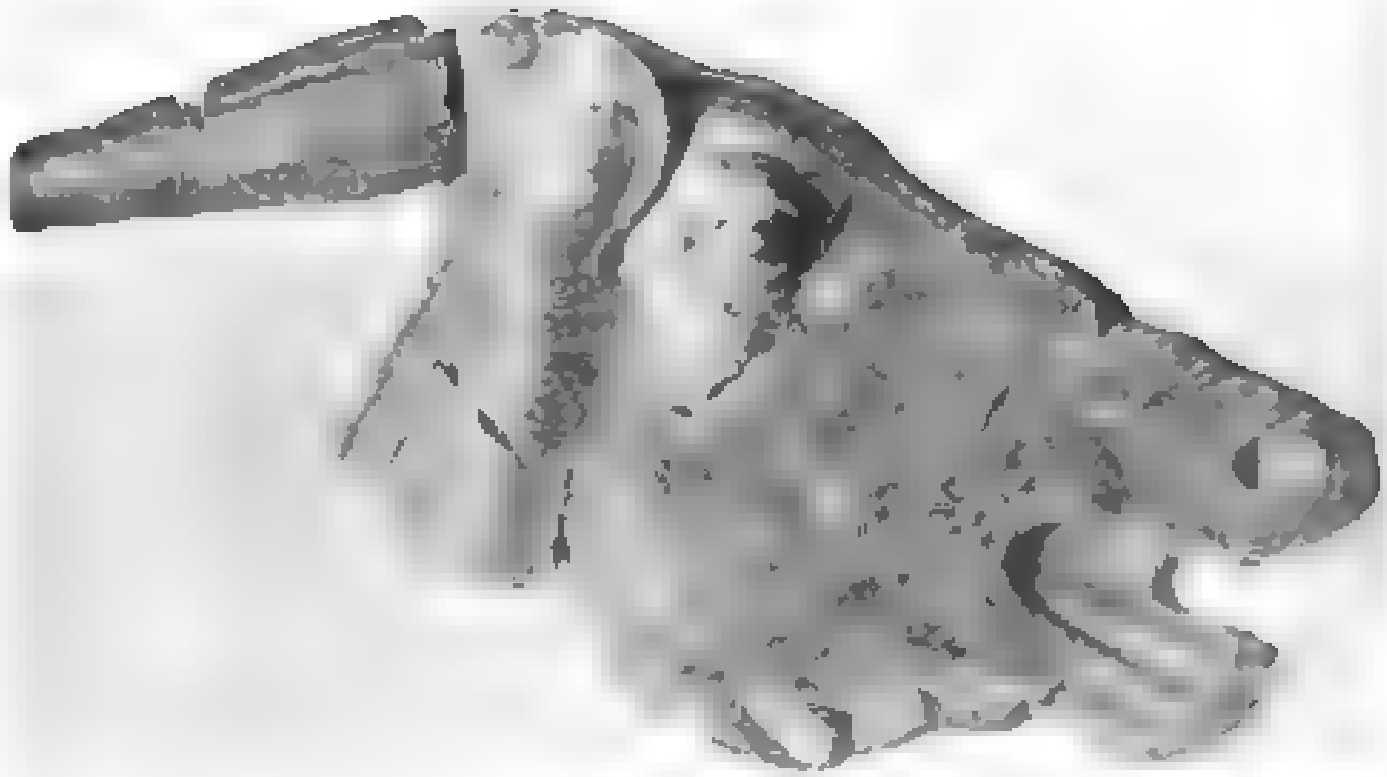


Fig. Relief of Bull's Head in Coloured Limestone (Original Life-size).


Google

of the time that has come down to us, stronger and truer to life than any classical sculpture of the kind (Fig. 7).

Somewhat more conventional, but still showing great naturalistic power, is the marble head of a lioness, made for the spout of a fountain. It too had been originally tinted, and the eyes and nostrils inlaid with brightly coloured enamels. A part of a stone frieze, with finely undercut rosettes, recalled similar fragments from Tiryns and Mycenæ, but far surpasses them in execution.

Vases of marble and other stones abounded, some exquisitely carved. Among these was one cut out of alabaster in the shape of a great Triton shell, every coil and fold of which was accurately reproduced. A porphyry lamp, supported on a quatre-foil pillar, with a beautiful lotus capital, well illustrates the influence of an Egyptian model. But the model was here surpassed.

Among the more curious arts, practised in prehistoric Knossos, was that of miniature painting on the back of plaques of crystal. A galloping bull thus delineated on an azure background is a little masterpiece in its way. A small relief on a banded agate, representing a dagger in an ornamental sheath resting on an artistically folded belt, to a certain extent anticipates by many centuries the art of cameo carving. A series of clay seals was also discovered, exhibiting impressions of intaglios in the fine bold Mycenæan style; one of these, with two bulls, larger than any known signet gem of the kind, may well have been a royal seal. The subjects of some of these intaglios show the development of a surprisingly picturesque style of art. We see fish naturalistically grouped in a rocky pool, a hart beside a water-brook in a mountain glen, and a grotto, above which some small monkey-like creatures are seen climbing the over-hanging crags.

But manifold as were the objects of interest found within the palace walls of Knossos, the crowning discovery—or, rather, series of discoveries—remains to be told. On the last day of March, not far below the surface of the ground, a little

Google

to the right of the southern portico, there turned up a clay tablet of elongated shape, bearing on it incised characters in a linear script, accompanied by numeral signs. My hopes now ran high of finding entire deposits of clay archives, and they were speedily realised. Not far from the scene of the first discovery there came to light a clay receptacle containing a hoard of tablets. In other chambers occurred similar deposits, which had originally been stored in coffers of wood, clay, or gypsum. The tablets themselves are of various forms, some flat, elongated bars, from about 2 to 7½ inches in length, with wedge-like ends; others, larger and squarer, ranging in size to small octavo (Fig. 8). In one particular magazine tablets of a different kind were found—perforated bars, crescent and scallop-like "labels," with writing in the same hieroglyphic style as that on the seals found in Eastern Crete. But the great mass, amounting to over a thousand inscriptions, belonged to another and more advanced system with linear characters. It was, in short, a highly developed form of script, with regular divisions between the words, and for elegance hardly surpassed by any later form of writing.

A clue to the meaning of these clay records is in many cases supplied by the addition of pictorial illustrations representing the objects concerned. Thus we find human figures, perhaps slaves; chariots and horses; arms or implements and armour, such as axes and cuirasses; houses or barns; ears of barley or other cereals; swine; various kinds of trees; and a long-stamened flower, evidently the saffron crocus, used for dyes. On some tablets appear ingots, probably of bronze, followed by a balance (the Greek τάλαντον), and figures which probably indicate their value in Mycenæan gold talents. The numerals attached to many of these objects show that we have to do with accounts referring to the royal stores and arsenals.

Some tablets relate to ceramic vessels of various forms, many of them containing marks indicative of their contents. Others, still more interesting, show vases of metallic forms, and obviously relate to the royal treasures. It is a highly

Google

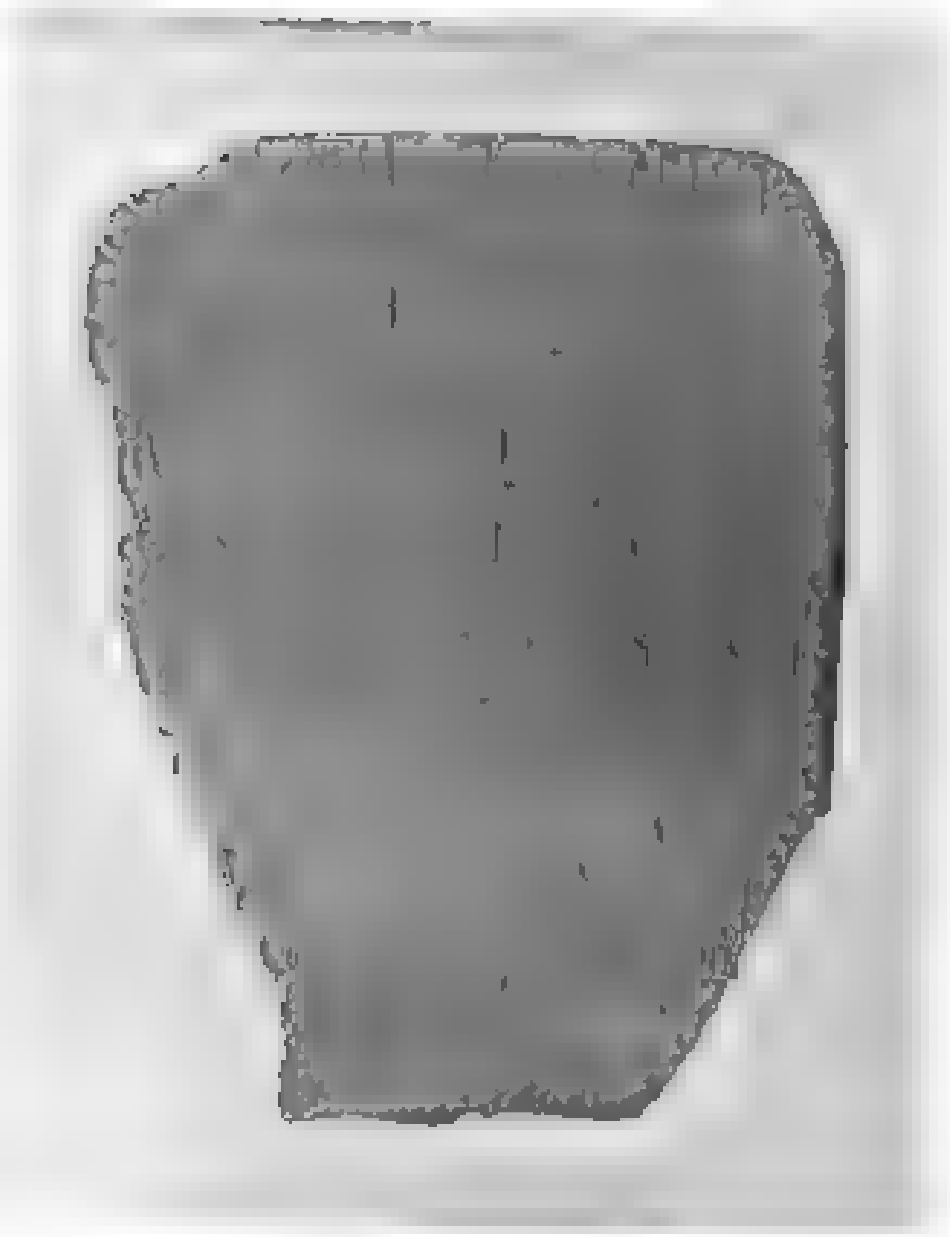


Fig. 8 Clay Tablet with the Linear Prehistoric Script.

Google

Google

significant fact that the most characteristic of these, such as a beaker like the famous gold cups found in the Vapheio tomb near Sparta, a high-spouted ewer and an object, perhaps representing a certain weight of metal, in the form of an ox's head, recur—together with the ingots with incurving sides among the gold offerings in the hands of the tributary Ægean princes—on Egyptian monuments of Thothmes III.'s time. These tributary chieftains, described as Kefts and People of the Isles of the Sea, who have been already recognised as the representatives of the Mycenæan culture, recall in their dress and other particulars the Cretan youths, such as the Cupbearer above described, who take part in the processional scenes on the palace frescoes. The appearance in the records of the royal treasury at Knossos of vessels of the same form as those offered by them to Pharaoh is itself a valuable indication that some of these clay archives approximately go back to the same period—in other words, to the beginning of the fifteenth century B.C.

Other documents, in which neither ciphers nor pictorial illustrations are to be found, may appeal even more deeply to the imagination. The analogy of the more or less contemporary tablets, written in cuneiform script, found in the palace of Tell-el-Amarna, might lead us to expect among them the letters from distant governors or diplomatic correspondence. It is probable that some are contracts or public acts, which may give some actual formulas of Minoan legislation. There is, indeed, an atmosphere of legal nicety, worthy of the House of Minos, in the way in which these clay records were secured. The knots of string which, according to the ancient fashion, stood in the place of locks for the coffers containing the tablets, were rendered inviolable by the attachment of clay seals, impressed with the finely engraved signets, the types of which represent a great variety of subjects, such as ships, chariots, religious scenes, lions, bulls, and other animals. But—as if this precaution was not in itself considered sufficient—while the clay was still wet the face of the seal was countermarked

Google

by a controlling official, and the back countersigned and endorsed by an inscription in the same Mycenæan script as that inscribed on the tablets themselves.

Much study and comparison will be necessary for the elucidation of these materials, which it may be hoped will be largely supplemented by the continued exploration of the Palace. If, as may well be the case, the language in which they were written was some primitive form of Greek we need not despair of the final decipherment of these Knossian archives, and the bounds of history may eventually be so enlarged as to take in the "heroic age" of Greece. In any case the weighty question, which years before I had set myself to solve on Cretan soil, has found, so far at least, an answer. That great early civilisation was not dumb, and the written records of the Hellenic world are carried back some seven centuries beyond the date of the first known historic writings. But what, perhaps, is even more remarkable than this is that, when we examine in detail the linear script of these Mycenæan documents, it is impossible not to recognise that we have here a system of writing, syllabic and perhaps partly alphabetic, which stands on a distinctly higher level of development than the hieroglyphs of Egypt or the cuneiform script of contemporary Syria and Babylonia. It is not till some five centuries later that we find the first dated examples of Phœnician writing.

The signs already mentioned as engraved on the great gypsum blocks of the Palace must be regarded as distinct from the script proper. These blocks go back to the earliest period of the building, and the symbols on them, which are of very limited selection but of constant recurrence, seem to have had a religious significance. The most constantly recurring of these, indeed, is the *labrys*, or double axe, already referred to—the special symbol of the Cretan Zeus, votive deposits of which, in bronze, have been found in the cave sanctuaries of the God on Mount Ida and Mount Dicta. The double-axe is engraved on the principal blocks, such as the corner stones

Google

and door-jambs throughout the building, and recurs as a sign of dedication on every side of every block of a sacred pillar that forms the centre of what seems to have been the inmost shrine of an aniconic cult connected with this indigenous divinity.

The "House of Minos" thus turns out to be also the House of the Double Axe—the *labrys* and its Lord—in other words, it is the true *Labyrinthos*. The divine inspirer of Minos was not less the Lord of the Bull, and it is certainly no accidental coincidence that huge figures of bulls in painting and plaster occupied conspicuous positions within it. Nay, more, on a small steatite relief, a couchant bull is seen above the doorway of a building probably intended to represent the Palace, and this would connect it in the most direct way with the sacred animal of the Cretan Zeus.

There can be little remaining doubt that this vast edifice, which in a broad historic sense we are justified in calling the "Palace of Minos," is one and the same as the traditional "Labyrinth." A great part of the ground plan itself, with its long corridors and repeated succession of blind galleries, its tortuous passages and spacious underground conduit, its bewildering system of small chambers, does in fact present many of the characteristics of a maze.

Let us place ourselves for a moment in the position of the first Dorian colonists of Knossos after the great overthrow, when features now laboriously uncovered by the spade were still perceptible amid the mass of ruins. The name was still preserved, though the exact meaning, as supplied by the native Cretan dialect, had been probably lost. Hard by the western gate in her royal robes, to-day but partially visible, stood Queen Ariadne herself—and might not the comely youth in front of her be the hero Theseus, about to receive the coil of thread for his errand of liberation down the mazy galleries beyond? Within, fresh and beautiful on the walls of the inmost chambers, were the captive boys and maidens locked up here by the tyrant of old. At more than one turn rose a mighty

Google

bull, in some cases, no doubt, according to the favourite Mycenæan motive, grappled with by a half naked man. The type of the Minotaur itself as a man-bull was not wanting on the soil of prehistoric Knossos, and more than one gem found on this site represents a monster with the lower body of a man and the forepart of a bull.

One may feel assured that the effect of these artistic creations on the rude Greek settler of those days was not less than that of the disinterred fresco on the Cretan workman of to-day. Everything around—the dark passages, the lifelike figures surviving from an older world—would conspire to produce a sense of the supernatural. It was haunted ground, and then, as now, "phantasms" were about. The later stories of the grisly king and his man-eating bull sprang, as it were, from the soil, and the whole site called forth a superstitious awe. It was left severely alone by the new comers. Another Knossos grew up on the lower slopes of the hill to the north, and the old Palace site became a "desolation and hissing." Gradually earth's mantle covered the ruined heaps, and by the time of the Romans the Labyrinth had become nothing more than a tradition and a name.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

Google

GIUSEPPE VERDI

IT is always vain to attempt the task of "placing" a great artist of any kind soon after his death, or that of assessing his qualities and defects at the value which they will ultimately hold in history. If it is difficult with every artist, creative or interpretative, it becomes almost impossible in certain cases, where public opinion has varied in successive generations, and where the artist's style has undergone radical changes. In the history of the arts there is surely no exact parallel to the career of Verdi, who swayed the hearts of his countrymen through the greater part of his eighty-seven years, by means of music which had at least this one bond of unity throughout, that it was essentially Italian from first to last. Partly by a series of queer accidents, and partly by his own predilections, he became one of the chief emblems of united Italy, and not even the names of Garibaldi or Cavour were more representative of the cause of Italian freedom than was that name of which the letters stood for the king's initials, so that the phrase "Viva Verdi" stood for "Viva Vittorio Emmanuele, Re D'Italia." Unlike his illustrious contemporary on the other side of the Alps, Richard Wagner, Verdi took next to no active share in politics: he was elected a deputy of the Italian parliament in 1861, and a senator of the Italian kingdom in 1874, but beyond attending a very few meetings of the parliament, and taking the oath required for the second office, he did nothing, happily for music, in connection with either position. I am far

Google

from suggesting that the imaginations of Wagner's biographers are in any need of exercise, but if it were so, I should like to commend to them the consideration of what Wagner would have done in similar circumstances.

The significance of his name was only one out of many accidents which combined to make Verdi a symbol, in the popular imagination, of the coming freedom from the old and evil order of things before the establishment of the kingdom. In his third opera, *Nabucodonosor*, there occurred a chorus of Hebrew slaves, "Va pensiero," in the course of which the words "O mia patria si bella e perduta" inflamed the patriotism of every hearer, and naturally excited the suspicions of the government, so that every succeeding work of Verdi's was considered more or less dangerous, and one after another had to be presented in some altered garb before its performance could be permitted, with the natural result that the audience read between the lines, and the works attracted more attention than they might otherwise have done. This necessity for changing the outward aspect of his earlier operas was oddly common, though the reasons for it were various. It was not from political reasons, but from puritanical, that on its first performance in England the aforesaid *Nabucodonosor* had to be changed into *Nino* in 1846 at Her Majesty's, and again presented, eleven years afterwards, as *Anato*, under Gye at the Lyceum. *La Battaglia di Legnano*, produced at Rome in 1849, was only allowed to pass the Austrian censorship at Milan when it was transformed into *L'Assedio di Harlem;* in *Rigoletto*, Mantua and its duke must needs stand for Paris and Francis I.; the typically nineteenth-century atmosphere of *La Dame aux Camélias* had to be sacrificed in *La Traviata*, simply because trousers were considered out of place on the operatic stage in 1853; and the grim subject of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* had to be changed into *Giovanna di Guzman* before it could be made presentable for the Italian public. The assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden, which provides the central catastrophe of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, would possibly

Digitized by Google

have been presented, all the world over, as it was in Italy, under the guise of the murder of a governor of Boston, if Mario had not had the grace, or the conceit, to refuse to appear in the unbecoming costume of a New England puritan of the eighteenth century. Two cases of more thorough transformation of works that turned out unsatisfactorily there are, but both were done by the composer himself: *Stiffelio*, a forgotten opera, which immediately preceded *Rigoletto* in the list, was turned into *Aroldo*, and provided with a great deal of new music, in particular a graphic musical description of a storm. The Lutheran priest of the original work becomes a Saxon knight, and the new last act takes place on the shores of "Loch Loomond." The other transformation, a far more important one, was that of *Simon Boccanegra*, from the form, scarcely intelligible, in which it was given at Venice in 1857, to that in which it appeared, after revision of the libretto by no less eminent a person than Arrigo Boito, at Milan in 1881. Whether from the fact that Verdi's position, or the Italian kingdom, or both, were firmly established by the time that *La Forza del Destino* was given at St. Petersburg in 1862, the fact remains that from this point onwards no further alterations took place in libretti or music.

If we divide the fifty-five years of Verdi's career as an operatic composer into two portions of twenty-eight and twenty-seven years respectively, we find that in the first, from *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio* (1839) to *Don Carlos* (1867) there are twenty-three operas, in the other only three; but when we consider that the three are *Aïda, Otello*, and *Falstaff*, it is easy to realise how far the value of the three outweighs that of their twenty-three predecessors. It is only in respect of these three that he can be numbered among the greatest dramatic composers of the world, and all schools of critics agree that these are his best works. That is indeed about all they do agree upon; for very few questions have been more hotly disputed than that which concerns the sudden changes or the gradual development of Verdi's style. On the one

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hand are those who perceive in his work three or four periods differing from each other so widely that some cause, external to the composer himself, has to be sought for; according to others, the process of change is quite a gradual one, nothing in fact but a natural development of the sense of artistic propriety. Those who take this latter view are either the acknowledged anti-Wagnerians, who dread the idea that Verdi's change should be considered as a result of Wagner's own revolution, or else Italian critics, who fancy that to mention Wagnerian influence is to impugn their illustrious countryman's originality. Some go so far as to assert that there is no change of style to be perceived between the earlier and the later operas, so that, in their opinion, there is little or nothing to choose between *Oberto*, *Conte di San Bonifacio*, and *Falstaff*, except that the last operas of the composer happen to have better libretti than the first. Wagner is obviously the disturbing element on both sides; but a little reflection will make it clear that the great reform of operatic art was not due to Wagner alone. The art of making music express human passions or emotions was invented, or possibly rediscovered, at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it was not long before the opera-loving public began to give their approval to airs cut out on one formal pattern, quite irrespective of the dramatic situation for which they were intended; and the war has gone on ever since, between the original operatic creators and the stupid public which can only be satisfied with conventional numbers that tickle the ears but express nothing. The process of conventionalising opera reached its height at the period of which Handel's operas are the best-known examples, although he was no worse than many of his Italian, French, or German contemporaries. It was from this state of dramatic decadence that Gluck's reforms rescued the opera, and from that time there began again the process of decay, culminating in the set cavatinas of those Italian composers of whom Rossini is the great example, and Bellini and Donizetti the weaker types. Wagner's music was

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a practical protest against this school, but he only reconquered the ground that Gluck had gained before, and the fact that Verdi had to conquer it again in Italy was due to the circumstance that the typical faults of the Italian school were harder to uproot in Italy than elsewhere. It does not matter whether Verdi consciously adopted the principles which underlay Wagner's compositions, or whether he worked out his later methods for himself; the fact remains that these methods are entirely his own, and that although we may find a *leit-motiv* running through *Aïda*, *Otello*, or *Falstaff*, the manner of its employment is altogether as different from Wagner's manner as the form of the Italian's melody is from that of the German writer.

Looking back over the earlier works of Verdi from the standpoint of his later, we can trace the germs of his later style here and there in the operas of what is called his second period, that is, the period which includes the three operas which formerly represented his work for English audiences, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*. The first of the three contains one at least of those declamatory solos which are of the essence of music-drama; and perfect individualisation of the different characters of the piece is manifested in the famous quartet, in which the various emotions through which the four personages are passing are reflected and combined with rare and perfect art. It is strange after this triumphant artistic success to find the composer going back to the most thoroughly conventional style in *Il Trovatore*, which contains not one hint even of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things—not one suggestion that the composer had already set his foot upon the path which was ultimately to lead him to heights unattained in Italy. This may have been due to the comparatively uneducated condition of the Roman public for whom the work was written, as has been suggested by Mr. Streatfeild in his "Masters of Italian Music"; but if so, how comes *La Traviata*, which, like *Rigoletto*, was brought out in Venice, to approach the style of *Il Trovatore*

Google

much more nearly than it does that of *Rigoletto?* The absurdly complicated plot of *Il Trovatore*, and the sickly sentimentality of *La Traviata*, may have had something to do with it, for neither can compare, of course, with even the weakened version of Victor Hugo's tragedy for dramatic consistency and force.

These, and a few of the operas before and after them, are the works which procured for their composer the credit of making a prodigious amount of noise, of overloading the orchestra, of employing the brass too freely, and, in short, of committing the whole series of crimes which are generally attributed by the less cultivated amateurs to anything and anybody that is strange to them. Browning was such a well-educated musician, and a man of such breadth of view, that we may take his often quoted lines as typical of the general impression concerning Verdi's earlier period:—

> Like Verdi when, at his worst opera's end
> (The thing they gave at Florence, what's its name,)
> While the mad houseful's plaudits near outbang
> His orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones,
> He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths
> Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

We need not press Browning's words so far as to infer from them that Rossini actually attended the first performance of *Macbeth*, the only opera of Verdi's that was brought out in Florence; what is most interesting in the quotation is that it shows the general attitude of the cultivated world with regard to the two composers. Neither Browning, nor any one else in the fifties, could possibly have foreseen that Verdi would rise to heights of dramatic power, even farther beyond Rossini's ken than *Tannhäuser* proved to be, concerning which the story is well authenticated that he tried the pianoforte score first the right way up and then the wrong, without being able to make head or tail of it.

With all his noise and bluster, Verdi never adopted the rhetorical devices by which Rossini charmed his hearers; his melodies are very often wanting in refinement, but they are

Digitized by Google

always direct and utterly sincere. Though many of the earlier songs fall into the pattern set years before, according to which, even in the most tragic situation, the singer must be provided with a quick movement, or "caballetta" after a slow beginning, yet even there Verdi managed to give some sense of natural, direct expression to his music, which to southern ears, at all events, was the perfect musical reflection of the action. The quality which differentiates the three immortal operas of Verdi's latest years from the earlier, is that of intensity; in these there seems to be no time to expatiate on the beauty of some one melodic phrase until even the man in the gallery may be quite sure that he will not forget it, and the man in the stalls only wishes he could. The fire of the composer's genius seems to burn more fiercely as time goes on, and indeed the image of fire is the most suitable one to use of the effect of these later operas. In *Aida*, the warring passions of the rivals, the princess and her slave, seem to burn all the more surely for the curious reiterations of whole passages that occur in so many scenes; in *Otello*, the hearer's first impression is that the purely musical element has almost disappeared in a fiery atmosphere that has given a new force to Shakespeare's tragedy, he knows not how; and in *Falstaff*, the furnace seems kindled to a white heat that culminates in the rapturous laughter of the final fugue. The absence of any very definite musical impression, which many intelligent persons have felt on first hearing *Otello*, is quite inexplicable to those who know the work more intimately, and to whom it seems full of exquisite things; but that Verdi should be able to add a force to Shakespeare shows that there is a considerable difference in his style from the days when his *Macbeth* seemed so far from realising the poet's ideal that its performance in England was impossible. The humour of *Falstaff* must have been a surprise to everybody; the composer's biographer, Arthur Pougin, had years before committed himself to the statement that Verdi was unfit for writing comic music, on the strength of his second work, a comic opera called *Un Giorno di Regno*, which had no success; and there was

Google

surely some excuse for the general impression, since the touches of humour in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the attempt at giving relief to the sanguinary incidents of *La Forza del Destino*, in the persons of a vivandière and a comic priest, are not entirely successful. In truth, Verdi's was not a comic talent of the ordinary kind, and even in *Falstaff* his humour is more often sardonic than superficial; it was not the less intense or genuine because it was about as far from the gay cynicism which prevailed at the Savoy Theatre as it was from the uproarious if less comprehensible jocularities of the latest "variety show." I doubt if the Great Bassoon Joke, upon which English audiences have thriven so well for many years, occurs once in the works of Verdi; but there is not a page of *Falstaff* which does not exhibit touches of musical as well as verbal wit, and that of the most entrancing kind. Such scenes as the assignation made by Falstaff with Dame Quickly, with its playful reiteration of the notes associated with the words "dalle due alle tre," the whole scene of the buck-basket, the fat knight's soliloquy after his immersion in the Thames, and above all, the working up of the fun in the final scene, are monuments of humorous power.

It will possibly never be known how strong was the influence of Boito upon Verdi; in a literary sense, the older composer had strong preferences for the best work from the beginning of his career, and it is curious to find how often he chose subjects from the great literature of the world: thus, *Ernani* and *Rigoletto* come from Victor Hugo; *I Due Foscari* and *Il Corsaro* from Byron; *I Masnadieri*, *Luisa Miller*, *Don Carlos*, and possibly a suggestion of *Giovanna d'Arco* from Schiller; while after his early venture in *Macbeth* he wisely left Shakespeare alone until his new powers of dramatic realisation were completely developed. In his last two operas, the wonderful beauty of the libretti prepared for him by Boito was admitted on all hands, excepting by a few Italian pedants who objected to some restorations of old Italian terms in *Falstaff*, which were obviously employed to put the Italian audience into

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a frame of mind analogous to that in which the ordinary Englishman listens to Shakespeare. The year 1868, which saw the first unsuccessful production of Boito's *Mefistofele* in its original form, is one of the years that divide *Don Carlos*, in which Verdi seemed to be groping in the dark for a new method without any very satisfactory result, from *Aïda*, in which the new method has been completely assimilated. Without wishing to imply that the older composer consciously adopted the method which appeared in perfection in the work of the younger, it is possible that Boito's work may have had something to do with the change in Verdi's style, whether we call it sudden or gradual. The close friendship between the two masters strengthens this theory, and it is sometimes supposed to be the younger man's loyal reverence for the older that made him determine to withhold his own long-finished opera, *Nerone*, from the public until after Verdi's death. Be this as it may, and even if there were no more influence from one to another than that which must naturally occur between a librettist and a composer, the libretti of Boito no doubt did inspire Verdi to new and certain utterance, as the books of Piave and Ghislanzoni had never done.

Those upon whom the Iago's cynical "Credo," or the mock litany in the last act of *Falstaff*, come as an unpleasant surprise, may comfort themselves with the reflection that these are due to Boito, and that Verdi himself cannot have been anything but a good churchman. The Requiem Mass for Manzoni which, coming as it did in 1874, separated *Aïda* from *Otello* cannot surely be blamed for any want of sincerity of conviction; when it was first heard, the pundits were a little shocked by its want of conformity to the ideals of sacred music as set forth in the average English anthem, the favourite German oratorios, or the sedate, if sentimental, hymn-tunes that were then in vogue. The liberties taken with certain words, the fact that the two female soloists had to give out the long-drawn phrases of the "Agnus Dei" in octaves without any accompaniment, the circumstances that the sobbing

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

effect in the "Lacrymosa," and similar details as unimportant, were undoubtedly stumbling-blocks to many who heard the work, at least among English musicians; and it is with a proper shame that some of them now look back upon the time when they considered it as breaking new ground in a wrong direction. The last published work of the master was a set of four sacred pieces, beginning with a curious "Ave Maria," built on a "scala enigmatica," with the semitones between the first and second, sixth and seventh, and seventh and eighth notes, and an augmented second between the second and third notes. In spite of the cleverness with which the scale is harmonised the piece, or rather the four little pieces of which it is composed, can only be considered as a harmonic *tour de force*, of no practical account. The "Stabat Mater" for chorus and orchestra is most expressive, and the "Te Deum" for eight-part choir and orchestra magnificently effective; but the best of the four works is undoubtedly the exquisite setting of Dante's lines, beginning "Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo figlio," for four female voices without accompaniment. Here the truest traditions of Italian church music of the noblest period are admirably kept up, although free harmonic treatment of the present day is not excluded. With such sacred works as these, Verdi may surely be held to have atoned not only for any want of reverence he may have shown in his last two operas, but for the pathetic little instance of childish neglect, when, at seven years old, he was serving the mass at *Le* Roncole, his native village, and was so lost in wonder at the sound of the organ, which he had never heard before, that he forgot to hand water to the priest, and, after repeated reminders, had to be recalled to his duties by a box on the ear. None who were privileged to meet the composer in his later years, and who remember the extraordinary dignity of his bearing, his commanding presence, with the fire of his eyes lighting up a face that seemed naturally cold and reserved, will find it difficult to believe this or the other stories of his youth, for the serious nature of the child prophesied clearly of the intensity

Google

and dignity which raised him through so many stages from the meanest to the highest styles of musical creation. The best key to his later style, a passage which may serve as a kind of motto of his career, is to be found in a letter written to Florimo in 1871 (printed in Pougin's life, and quoted in many books on Verdi, last of all by the "Ménestrel," under the impression that it is a recent discovery), on the subject of his refusal to be Director of the Naples Conservatorio.[1]

I should have desired [he says, speaking of the ideals he would have maintained if he had accepted the post], to put one foot upon the past and the other upon the present and future, for the "music of the future" has no terrors for me. I should have said to my scholars, "Practise fugue steadily and perseveringly, until you have the mere grammar of your art at your finger-ends. You will accustom yourselves in this way to take a firm grasp of your subject; you will acquire a sound, vigorous method of part-writing, and you will learn how to modulate without affectation. Study Palestrina and a few of his contemporaries, then skip to Marcello, and give your special attention to his treatment of recitative. Go now and then to performances of modern operas, but do not allow yourselves to be dazzled by their harmonic and orchestral brilliancy. Do not be led astray either by the chord of the diminished seventh, which is the curse of modern music. Many of our composers cannot write four bars without using it half a dozen times. Do not neglect your literary studies. No composer is worth his salt who is not at the same time a man of wide culture.

The same letter concludes with the famous phrase, so often quoted, "Return to the antique and it will be an advance." "Torniamo all' antico."

J. A. Fuller-Maitland.

[1] I quote from the translation of the letter given in Streatfeild's "Masters of Italian Music."

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A STUDY AT TOLEDO

AN entry in the books of the church of Santo Tomé at Toledo, recently discovered, tells us that Domenico Theotocopuli died on April 7, 1614, and was buried in the church of Santo Domingo el Antiguo: "En siete del Abril 1614, falescio Dominico Greco. No hizo testamento, recibio los sacramentos, enterose en Santo Domingo el Antiguo. Dio velas." The signature to a picture in the Escurial tells us that he came from Crete. We do not know the date of his birth; we are told that he studied at Venice under Titian; the earliest date which connects him with Toledo is 1577, when the chapter of the cathedral ordered from him the "Disrobing of Christ," now in the sacristy. He is said to have been not only a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, but to have written on art and philosophy; he was a fierce litigant on behalf of his art and his own dignity as an artist; we are told of his petulance in speech, as in the assertion that Michael Angelo could not paint; there are legends of his pride, ostentation, and deliberate eccentricity, of his wealth, of his supposed madness; Gongora wrote a sonnet on his death, and Felix de Artiaga two sonnets on his own portrait and on the monument to Queen Margarita. The poet addresses him as "Divino Griego" and "Milagro Griego;" but the name by which he was generally known is the half Spanish, half Italian name, El Greco. One of the most original painters who ever lived, he was almost forgotten until the present century; the unauthenticated story of his madness

Google

is still commonly repeated, not only by the sacristans of Toledo, and it is only quite lately that there has been any attempt to take him seriously, to consider his real position in the history of art and his real value as a painter. What follows is a personal impression of those aspects of his work and temperament which I was able to note for myself in a careful study of his pictures in Spain, and chiefly of those at Toledo and Madrid.

Theotocopuli seems to have discovered art over again for himself, and in a way which will suggest their varying ways to some of the most typical modern painters. And, indeed, I think he did discover his art over again from the beginning, setting himself to the problem of the representation of life and vision, of the real world and the spiritual world, as if no one had ever painted before. Perhaps it is rather, as the legends tell us, with an only too jealous consciousness of what had been done, and especially by Titian, whose pupil he is said to have been, and whose work his earliest pictures done in Spain are said to have resembled so closely that the one might actually have been mistaken for the other. Real originality is often deliberate originality, and though the story is scarcely true, and though it was no doubt Tintoretto and not Titian whom he studied under, I should have seen no injustice to Theotocopuli in accepting the story. When it means chiefly is, that he saw a problem before him, considered it carefully on every side, and found out for himself what was his own way of solving it.

He goes back, then, frankly, to first principles: how one personally sees colour, form, the way in which one remembers expression, one's own natural way of looking at things. And he chooses, out of all the world of colour, those five which we see on his palette in his portrait of himself at Seville, white, vermilion, lake, yellow ochre, and ivory black, with, here as elsewhere, a careful limitation of himself to what he has chosen naturally out of the things open to his choice: style, that is, sternly apprehended as the man.

And he has come, we may suppose, to look on human things somewhat austerely, with a certain contempt for the facile joys

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF

and fresh carnations of life, as he has for the poses and colours of those painters of life who have seen life differently; for, even, Titian's luxurious loitering beside sumptuous flesh in pleasant gardens, and for the voluptuous joy of his colour. He wants to express another kind of world, in which life is chilled into a continual proud meditation, in which thought is more than action, and in which the flesh is but little indulged. He sees almost the spiritual body, in his search beyond the mere humanity of white and red, the world's part of coloured dresses, the attitudes of the sensual life. Emotion is somewhat dried out of him, and he intellectualises the warmth of life until it becomes at times the spectre of a thought, which has taken visible form, somewhat alarmingly.

And Toledo, too, has had its influence upon him, an influence scarcely to be exaggerated in the formation of his mind. Theotocopuli, it seems to me, is not to be understood apart from Toledo, the place to which a natural affinity brought him, the place which was waiting to develop just his particular originality. Toledo is one of the most individual cities in Europe. It is set on a high and bare rock, above a river broken by sounding weirs, in the midst of a sombre and rocky land. With its high, windowless walls, which keep their own secrets, its ascents and descents through narrow passage-ways between miles of twisting grey stone, it seems to be encrusted upon the rock, like a fantastic natural product; and it is at the same time a museum of all the arts which have left their mark upon Europe. Almost the best Moorish art is to be seen there, mingled with much excellent Christian art; and the mingling, in this strange place, which has kept its Arab virginity while accepting every ornament which its Christian conquerors have offered it, is for once perfectly successful. Winter and summer fall upon it, set thus naked on a high rock, with all their violence; even in spring the white streets burn like furnaces, wherever a little space is left unshaded; the air is parching, the dust rises in a fine white cloud. Walk long enough, down descending paths, until you hear the sound

Google

of rushing water, and you come out on a crumbling edge of land, going down precipitously, with its cargo of refuse, into the Tagus, or upon one of the sharply turning roads which lead downwards in a series of inclined planes. On the other side of the ravine another hill rises, here abrupt grey rock, there shaded to an infinitely faint green, which covers the grey rock like a transparent garment. Every turn, which leads you to the surprise of the precipice, has its own surprise for you; there seem to be more churches than houses, and every church has its own originality, or it may be, its own series of originalities. If it had none of its churches, if it were a mere huddle of white and windowless Arab houses, like Elche, which it somewhat resembles, Toledo would still be, from its mere poise there on its desert rock, one of the most picturesque places in Spain. As it is, every stone which goes to make its strange, penetrating originality of aspect, has its history and possesses its own various beauty. To Theotocopuli, coming to this austere and chill and burning city of living rock from the languid waters of Venice, a new world was opened, the world of what is most essentially and yet exceptionally Spanish, as it can appeal, with all its strength, only to strangers. Toledo made Theotocopuli Spanish, more Spanish than the Spaniards.

And Toledo was surely not without its influence in the suggestion of that new system of colour, teaching him, as it certainly would, to appreciate colour in what is cold, grey, austere, without luxuriance or visible brightness. The colour of Toledo is marvellously sharp and dim at once, with an incomparable richness in all the shades to which stone can lend itself under weather, and in sun and shadow; it is a colour violently repressed, a thing to be divined, waited upon, seen with intelligence. It is amply defended against indifferent eyes: it shocks, and is subtle, two defences; but there it is, the colour of Theotocopuli.

In the Museo Provincial there is a bird's-eye view of Toledo by Theotocopuli which is the most fantastic landscape I have ever seen, like a glimpse of country seen in a nightmare, and

Digitized by Google

yet, somehow, very like the real Toledo. It is done with a sweeping brush, with mere indications, in these bluish white houses which rush headlong down hill and struggle wildly uphill, from the phantom Tagus below to the rushing storm-sky above. The general tone is pale earthy green, colouring the hills on which the city rests, and intersecting the streets of pale houses, and running almost without a break into the costume of the youth in the foreground, who holds a map of the city in his hands, filling a huge space of the picture. Toledo itself is grey and green, especially as night comes on over the country, and the rocks and fields colour faintly under the sunset, the severity of their beauty a little softened by a natural effect which is like an effect in painting. It is just the effect of this phantasmal landscape; and, here again, all Toledo is in the work of Theotocopuli, and his work all Toledo. Coming out from seeing his pictures in some vast, old, yellow church, into these never quite natural or lifelike streets, where blind beggars play exquisitely on their guitars in the shadow of a doorway, and children go barefoot, with flowers in their mouths, leading pet lambs, I seem to find his models everywhere: these dark peasants with their sympathetic and bright seriousness, the women who wear his colours, the men who sit in the cafés with exactly that lean diminishing outline of face and beard, that sallow skin, and those fixed eyes.

In his portraits, as we see them for the most part in the Prado at Madrid, there is a certain subdued ecstasy, purely ascetic, and purely temperamental in its asceticism, as of a fine Toledo blade, wearing out its scabbard through the mere sharpness of inaction. There is a kind of family likeness, a likeness, too, with his own face, in these portraits of Spanish gentlemen, in the black clothes and enveloping white ruff of the period: the lean face, pointed beard, deep eyes, thin hair, olive skin, the look of melancholy pride. Seen at a little distance, the black clothes disappear into the black background; nothing is seen but the eager face starting out of the white ruff, like a decapitated head seen in a dream. Their faces are

Google

all nerves, distinguished nerves, quieted by an effort, the faces of dreamers in action; they have all the brooding Spanish soul, with its proud self-repression. And they live with an eager, remote, perfectly well-bred life, as of people who could never be taken unawares, in a vulgar or trivial moment. In their tense, intellectual aspect there is all the romantic sobriety of the frugal Spanish nature.

Look for instance at the portrait of the man with a sword, his hand laid across his breast with a gesture of the same curious fixity as the eyes. Compare this portrait with the fine portrait by the pupil of Theotocopuli, Luis Tristan, through whom we are supposed to reach Velasquez. In Tristan there is more realism, a more normal flesh; there is none of that spiritual delicacy, by which the colours of the flesh are dimmed, as if refined away by the fretting and consuming spirit. In the portrait by Theotocopuli, the light falls whitely upon the man's forehead, isolating him within a visionary atmosphere, in which he lives the mysterious life of a portrait. He exists there, as if sucked out of the darkness by the pale light which illuminates his forehead, a soul and a gesture, a secret soul and a repressive gesture.

And these portraits are painted with all the economical modern mastery of means, with almost as black and hard an outline as Manet, with strong shadows and significant indications of outline, with rapid suppressions, translations of colour by colour, decomposition of tones, as in the beautiful lilacs of the white flesh. Individuality is pushed to a mannerism, but it is a mannerism which renders a very select and vivid aspect of natural truth, and with a virile and singular kind of beauty

In the earliest pictures painted under the influence of the Venetian painters, as in the "Disrobing of Christ" in the sacristy of the cathedral at Toledo, there is a perfect mastery of form and colour, as the Venetians understood them; the composition is well balanced, sober, without extravagence. In the "Assumption of the Virgin," over the high altar of Santo Demingo el Antiguo, there is just a suggestion of the hard

Google

black and white of the later manner, but for the most part it is painted flowingly, with a vigour always conscious of tradition. A Virgin of splendid humanity reminds me of one of the finest of Alonso Cano's wooden statues. The somewhat fiercely meditative saints in the side panels are at once Spanish and Italian; Italian by their formal qualities of painting, certainly Spanish by an intensity of religious ardour which recalls and excels Zurbaran. In the "Adoration of the Shepherds" and the "Resurrection," in the same church, we see already sharp darknesses of colour, an earthy pallor of flesh, a sort of turbulence flushing out of the night of a black background. In the latter picture there is on one side a priest, finely and soberly painted in his vestments of white and pale gold; and, on the other, almost Blake-like figures asleep in attitudes of violent repose, or rising suddenly with hands held up against the dazzling light which breaks from the rising Saviour. But it is in the "Martyrdom of S. Maurizio," ordered by Philip II. as an altar-piece for the Escurial, and refused by him when it had been painted, that we see the complete abandonment of warm for cold colouring, the first definite search for a wholly personal manner. Is it that he has not yet assimilated his new manner? for the picture seems to me a sort of challenge to himself and to his critics, an experiment done too consciously to be quite sincere or quite successful. There is a wild kind of beauty, harshly and deliberately unsympathetic, in this turbulent angelic host, these figures of arbitrary height, placed strangely, their anatomy so carefully outlined under clinging draperies of crude blues and yellows, their skin turned livid under some ghastly supernatural light. In another picture painted for the Escurial, and now to be seen there, the "Dream of Philip II.," there is a hell which suggests the fierce material hells of Hieronymus van Bosch: a huge, fanged mouth wide open, the damned seen writhing in that red cavern, a lake of flame awaiting them beyond, while angels fly overhead, sainted persons in rich ecclesiastical vestments kneel below, and the king, dressed in black, kneels at the side. It is almost a vision

Google

of madness, and is as if the tormented brain of the fanatic who built those prison walls about himself, and shut himself living into a tomb-like cell, and dead into a not more tomb-like niche in a crypt, had wrought itself into the brain of the painter; who would indeed have found something not uncongenial to himself in this mountainous place of dust and grey granite, in which every line is rigid, every colour ashen, in a kind of stony immobility more terrible than any other of the images of death.

It was only three years after the painting of the "Martyrdom of S. Maurizio" that Theotocopuli painted his masterpiece, the "Burial of the Conde de Orgaz," which was ordered by the Archbishop of Toledo for the tomb, in the church of Santo Tomé, of Gonzalo Ruiz de Toledo, Conde de Orgaz, who had died in the thirteenth century. The picture is still to be seen there, in its corner of the little white mosque-like church, where one comes upon it with a curious sensation of surprise, for it is at once as real and as ghostly as a dream, and it reminds one of nothing one has ever seen before. The picture, as it takes hold upon one, first of all, by a scheme of colour as startling as the harmonies of Wagner in music, seems to have been thought out by a brain for once wholly original, in forgetfulness of all that had ever been done in painting. Is it that reality, and the embodied forms of the imagination, have been seen thus, at a fixed angle, instinctively and deliberately, for a picture, by an artist to whom all life is the escaping ghost of art? Certainly its austerity, its spiritual realism, its originality of composition, so simple as to be startling, and of colour, the reticence of a passionate abnegation; the tenderness of the outlines of the drooping dead body, in its rich armour; the masculine seriousness in all the faces, each of which is like one of the portraits in the Prado, and with all their subtlety, make the picture one of the masterpieces of painting. The upper part is a celestial company, arranged so as to drift like a canopy over the death-scene below; and these angels are painted in swift outline, their blue and yellow draperies sweeping the

Google

vehement clouds. Below, where the warrior is dying, and his friends, with their distinguished Castillian faces, their black clothes which sink into the shadow, the white ruffs about their thin faces and pointed beards standing out startlingly, crowd about him, we have the real world, in all the emphasis of its contrast to the spiritual world. Every face lives its own life, there on the canvas, assisting at this death as an actual spectator, thinking of this and of other things, not as a merely useful part of a composition. And the beauty of beautiful things is nowhere neglected: the fine armour, the golden and embroidered vestments of the bishop, the transparent white linen of the surplice worn by the tall man in the foreground, the gracious charm of the young priest who stoops over the dying man. The chief indication of what is to be the extravagant later manner comes out in the painting of the hands, with their sharp, pained gesticulation, to which nature is a little sacrificed. They must exclaim, in their gesture.

Madness, it has commonly been supposed, and will still be told you by all the sacristans of Toledo; a disease of the eye, as it is now thought; mere insistent and defiant originality of search after what was new and powerfully expressive, as it may well have been; something, certainly, before long set Theotocopuli "chevauchant hors du possible," as Gautier puts it, in those amazing pictures by which he is chiefly known, the religious pictures in the Prado at Madrid, in the churches and the Hospital a fuera at Toledo, and in some galleries and private collections outside Spain. In the immense retablo of Santa Clara, with its six large and four small panels, its gilded and painted statues, the sombre splendour of colour begins to darken, that it may be the more austere; the forms and faces, so vigorous in St. Jerome, so beautiful in St. Anne, begin to harden a little; but as yet leanness has not eaten up all, nor a devouring energy consumed away the incidents of the drama into a kind of spectral reflection of it. In the "Dead Christ in the arms of God the Father," in the Prado, energy has grown eager and restless, as the divine persons are

Google

seen couched upon rolling white clouds, while a burst of golden sunlight blazes upon the great white wings of God. In the "Ascension" near it, where Christ floats upwards, carrying a white banner, while the soldiers fall about his feet, throwing their arms and swords wildly into the air, the lights seem to hurtle to and fro, catching the tips of noses, the points of knees, the hollows of breast-bones, in a waste of clouds and smoke. In the "Baptism of Christ," the anatomies grow bonier than ever, more violently distorted by shadows, as a green and blue flood pours out angels like foam about the feet of God the Father. There is a "Crucifixion" as if seen by lightning-flashes, against a sky crackling with flames, while a poisonous green light flashes upon the tormented figures below. The hollow anatomy of Christ turns livid, the little angels who flutter about the cross are shadowed by the same spectral light, which sickens their wings to green; another angel, at the foot of the cross, is coloured like the gold heart and green leaves of a crocus. This angel catches the blood dripping from the feet of Christ in a handkerchief, the Magdalen kneels beside him, holding up another handkerchief to catch the blood; the other angels catch in their hands the blood dripping from the hands and side of Christ. In this picture all the extravagances of Spanish painting are outdone; but without a trace of affectation. All these emblematical details are like things seen, in a fury of vision, by one to whom sight is a disease of the imagination. In an "Assumption of the Virgin" in S. Vicente at Toledo, the whole landscape seems on fire, with flames of more than sunset, as an angel in a pale saffron robe bears up the feet of the Virgin, one gorgeous wing of ruddy brown spread out across the sky, while flame-winged angels surround her, one playing languidly upon a 'cello. And this surging tumult of colour, wild, sensitive, eloquent, seems to speak a new language, with vehement imperfection. Here, as in the "Baptism" in the Hospital a fuera, in which earnestness has become a kind of dementia, there is some of the beauty of an extravagant natural thing, of a stormy and incoherent sunset.

Google

It is as if a painter had tried to embody such a sunset, creating fantastic figures to translate the suggestion of its outlines.

And so Theotocopuli ends, in that exaggeration of himself which has overtaken so many of those artists who have cared more for energy than for beauty. His palette is still the limited, cold palette which we have seen in the hands of his portrait at Seville, but colour seems to chafe against restraint, and so leap more wildly within its limits. The influence of Tintoretto is after all unforgotten, though it is seen now in a kind of parody of itself. Lines lengthen and harden, as men seem to grow into trees, ridged and gnarled with strange accidents of growth. That spiritual body which he has sought for the reticent souls of his portraits becomes a stained, earthy thing which has known corruption. No longer, at all equably, master of himself or of his vision, he allows his skill of hand to become narrow, fanatical; and, in his last pictures, seems rather an angry prophet, denouncing humanity, than a painter faithful to the beauty and expressiveness of natural things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Google

A READING OF LIFE

I

THE VITAL CHOICE

OR shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if derided;
Each claims worship undivided,
In her wake would have us wallow.

Youth must render on bent knees
Homage unto one or other;
Earth, the Mother,
This decrees:
And unto the pallid Scyther,
Either points us, shun we either;
Shun or too devoutly follow.

Google

II

THE TEST OF MANHOOD

LIKE a flood river whirled at rocky banks,
An army issues out of wilderness,
With battle plucking round its ragged flanks;
Obstruction in the van; insane excess
Oft at the heart; yet hard the onward stress
Unto more spacious, where move ordered ranks,
And rise hushed temples built of shapely stone,
The work of hands not bent to grind or slay.
They gave our earth a dress of flesh on bone;
A tongue to speak with answering heaven gave they.
Then was the gracious birth of man's new day;
Divided from the haunted night it shone.

That quiet dawn was Reverence; whereof sprang
Ethereal Beauty in full morningtide.
Another sun had risen to clasp his bride;
It was another earth unto him sang.

Came Reverence from the Huntress on her heights?
From the Persuader came it, in those vales

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Whereunto she melodiously invites,
Her troops of eager servitors regales?
Not far those two great Powers of Nature speed
Disciple steps on earth when sole they lead,
Nor either points for us the way of flame.
From him predestined mightier it came;
His task to hold them both in breast, and yield
Their dues to each, and of their war be field.
The foes that in repulsion never ceased,
Must he, who once had been the goodly beast
Of one or other, at whose beck he ran,
Constrain to make him serviceable man:
Offending neither, nor the natural claim
Each pressed, denying, for his true man's name.

Ah, what a sweat of anguish in that strife
To hold them fast conjoined within him still;
Submissive to his will
Along the road of life!
And marvel not he wavered if at whiles
The forward step met frowns, the backward smiles.
For Pleasure witched him her sweet cup to drain;
Repentance offered ecstasy in pain;
Delicious licence called it Nature's cry;
Ascetic rigours crushed the fleshly sigh:
As step on shingle timed his lame advance.
Flung as the die of Bacchanalian chance,
He of the troubled marching army leaned
On godhead visible, on godhead screened;

Google

The radiant roseate, the curtained white;
Yet sharp his battle strained through day, through night

He drank of fictions, till celestial aid
Might seem accorded when he fawned and prayed;
Sagely the generous Giver circumspect
To choose for grants the egregious, his elect;
And ever that imagined succour slew
The soul of brotherhood whence Reverence drew.

In fellowship religion has its founts:
The solitary his own God reveres:
Ascend no sacred Mounts
Our hunger or our fears.
As only for the numbers Nature's care
Is shown, and she the personal nothing heeds,
So to Divinity the spring of prayer
From brotherhood the one way upward leads.
Like the sustaining air
Are both for flowers and weeds.
But he who claims in spirit to be flower,
Will find them both an air that doth devour.

Whereby he smelt his treason, who implored
External gifts bestowed but on the sword;

Google

Beheld himself, with less and less disguise,
Through those blood-cataracts which dimmed his eyes,
His army's foe, condemned to strive and fail;
See a black adversary's ghost prevail;
Never, though triumphs hailed him, hope to win
While still the conflict tore his breast within.

Out of that agony, misread for those
Imprisoned Powers warring unappeased,
The ghost of his black adversary rose,
To smother light, shut heaven, show earth diseased.
And long with him was wrestling ere emerged
A mind to read in him the reflex shade
Or its fierce torment; this way, that way urged;
By craven compromises hourly swayed.

Crouched as a nestling, still its wings untried,
The man's mind opened under weight of cloud.
To penetrate the dark was it endowed;
Stood day before a vision shooting wide.
Whereat the spectral enemy lost form;
The traversed wilderness exposed its track;
He felt the far advance in looking back;
Thence trust in his foot forward through the storm.

But when the mind, the cherishable mind,
The multitude's grave shepherd, took full flight,

Google

Himself as mirror raised among his kind,
He saw, and first of brotherhood had sight:
Knew that his force to fly, his will to see,
His heart enlarged beyond his ribbed domain,
Had come of many a grip in mastery,
Which held conjoined the hostile rival twain;
And of his bosom made him lord, to keep
The starry roof of his unruffled frame
Awake to earth, to heaven, and plumb the deep
Below, above, aye with a wistful aim.

The mastering mind in him, by tempests blown,
By traitor inmates baited, upward burned;
Perforce of growth, the Master Mind discerned;
The great Unseen, nowise the dark Unknown.
To whom unwittingly did he aspire
In wilderness, where bitter was his need:
To whom in blindness, as an earthy seed
For light and air, he struck through crimson mire.
But not ere he upheld a forehead lamp,
And viewed an army, once the seeming doomed,
All choral in its fruitful garden camp,
The spiritual, the palpable illumed.

This gift of penetration and embrace,
His prize from constant battles lost and won,

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Reveals the scheme to animate his race:
How that it is a warfare but begun;
Unending; with no Power to interpose;
No prayer, save for strength to keep his ground,
Heard of the Highest; never battle's close,
The victory complete and victor crowned:
Nor solace in defeat, save from that sense
Of strength well spent, which is the strength renewed.
In manhood must he find his competence;
In his clear mind the spiritual food:
God being there while he his fight maintains;
Throughout his mind the Master Mind being there,
While he rejects the suicide despair;
Accepts the spur of explicable pains;
Obedient to nature, not her slave:
Her lord, if to her rigid laws he bows;
Her dust, if with his conscience he plays knave,
And bids the passions on the Pleasures browse:—
Whence Evil in a world unread before;
That Mystery to simple springs resolved.
His God the known, diviner to adore,
Shows Nature's savage riddles kindly solved.
Inconscient, insensitive, she reigns
In iron laws, though rapturous fair her face.
Back to the primal brute shall he retrace
His path, doth he permit to force her chains
A soft Persuader coursing through his veins,
An icy Huntress stringing to the chase:
What one the flesh disdains;
What one so gives it grace.

Google

But is he rightly manful in her eyes,
A splendid bloodless knight to gain the skies,
A blood-hot son of earth by all her signs,
Desiring and desirable he shines;
As peaches that have caught the sun's uprise,
And kissed warm gold till noonday, even as vines.
Earth fills him with her juices, without fear
That she will cast him drunken down the steeps.
All woman is she to this man most dear;
He sows for bread, and she in spirit reaps:
She conscient, she sensitive in him:
With him enwound, his brave ambition hers;
By him humaner made; by his keen spurs
Pricked to race past her pride in giant limb,
Her crazy adoration of big thews,
Proud in her primal sons, when crags they hurled,
Were thunder spitting lightnings on the world
In daily seeds, and she their evening Muse.

This man, this hero, works not to destroy;
This godlike—as the rock in ocean stands—;
He of the myriad eyes, the myriad hands
Creative, in his edifice has joy.
How strength may serve for purity is shown
When he himself can scourge to make it clean.
Withal his pitch of pride would not disown
A sober world that walks the balanced mean
Between its tempters, rarely overthrown:
And such at times his army's march has been.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Near is he to great Nature in the thought
Each changing season intimately saith,
That nought save apparition knows the death;
To the God-lighted mind of man 'tis nought.
Close on the heart of Earth his bosom beats,
When he the mandate lodged in it obeys,
Content to breast a future clothed in haze,
Strike camp, and onward, like the wind's cloud-fleets.

No miracle the shoot of wheat from clod,
She knows, nor growth of man in grisly brute;
But he, the flower at head and soil at root,
Is miracle, guides he the brute to God.
And that way seems he bound; that way the road,
With his dark-lantern mind, unled, alone,
Wearifully through forest-tracts unsown,
He travels, urged by some internal goad.

Dares he behold the thing he is, what thing
He would become is in his mind its child,
And stirs, demanding birth to light and wing;
For battle prompt, by pleasure unbeguiled.
So moves he forth in faith, if he has made
His mind God's temple, dedicate to truth.
Earth's nourishing delights, no more gainsaid,
He tastes as doth the bridegroom rich in youth.

Google

Then knows he Love, that beckons and controls;
The star of sky upon his footway cast:
Then match in him, who holds his tempters fast,
The body's love and mind's, whereof the soul's.
Then Earth her man for woman finds at last,
To speed the pair until her goal of goals.

Or is't the widowed's dream of her new mate?
Seen has she virulent times of heat in flood;
The sly Persuader snaky in his blood;
With her the barren Huntress alternate;
His rough refractory off on kicking heels
To rear; the man dragged rearward, shamed, amazed;
And as a torrent stream where cattle grazed,
His tumbled world. What, then, the faith she feels?

'Tis that in each recovery he preserves,
Between his upper and his nether wit,
Sense of his march ahead, more brightly lit;
He less the shaken thing of lusts and nerves;
With such a grasp upon his brute as tells
Of wisdom from that vile relapsing spun.
A sun goes down in wasted fire, a sun
Resplendent springs, to faith refreshed compels.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XIV

THE VERY SAME DAY

"SHALL I wait up, my lord? Miss Gainsborough has gone to her room. I've turned out the lights and shut up the house."

Harry looked at the clock in the study. It was one o'clock.

"I thought you'd gone to bed long ago, Mason." He rose and stretched himself. "I'm going to town early in the morning. I shan't want any breakfast and I shan't take anybody with me. Tell Fisher to pack my portmanteau—things for a few days—and send it to Paddington. I'll have it fetched from there. Tell him to be ready to follow me, if I send for him."

"Yes, my lord."

"Give that letter to Miss Gainsborough in the morning." He handed Mason a thick letter. Two others lay on the table. After a moment's apparent hesitation Harry put them in his pocket. "I'll post them myself," he said. "When did Miss Gainsborough go to her room?"

"About an hour back, my lord."

*** Copyright 1900 by A. H. Hawkins in the U.S.A. All rights strictly reserved.

Digitized by Google

"Did she stay in the Long Gallery till then?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I may be away a little while, Mason. I hope Miss Gainsborough—and Mr. Gainsborough too—will be staying on some time. Make them comfortable."

Not a sign of curiosity or surprise escaped Mason. His "Yes, my lord," was just the same as though Harry had ordered an egg for breakfast. Sudden comings and goings had always been the fashion of the house.

"All right. Good-night, Mason."

"Good-night, my lord." Mason looked round for something to carry off—the force of habit—found nothing, and retired noiselessly.

"One o'clock!" sighed Harry. "Ah, I'm tired. I won't go to bed though, I couldn't sleep."

He moved restlessly about the room. His flood of feeling had gone by; for the time the power of thought too seemed to have deserted him. He had told Cecily everything; he had told Janie enough; he had yielded to an impulse to write a line to Mina Zabriska—because she had been so mixed up in it all. The documents that were to have proved his claim made a little heap of ashes in the grate.

All this had been two hours' hard work. But after all two hours is not long to spend in getting rid of an old life and entering on a new. He found himself rather surprised at the simplicity of the process. What was there left to do? He had only to go to London and see his lawyer—an interview easy enough for him, though startling no doubt to the lawyer. Cecily would be put into possession of her own. There was nothing sensational. He would travel a bit perhaps, or just stay in town. He had money enough to live on quietly or to use in making more; for his mother's savings were indubitably his, left to him by a will in which he, the real Harry, was so expressly designated by his own full name—even more than that—as "Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram, otherwise Henry Austen Fitzhubert, my son by the late Captain Austen Fitz-

Digitized by Google

hubert"—that no question of his right could arise. That money would not go with the title. Only Blent and all the realty passed with that; the money was not affected by the date of his birth; that must be explained to Cecily by his lawyer or perhaps she would expect to get it. For the moment there was nothing to do but to go to London—and then perhaps travel a bit. He smiled for an instant; it certainly struck him as rather an anti-climax. He threw himself on a sofa and, in spite of his conviction that he could not sleep, dozed off almost directly.

It was three when he awoke; he went up to his room, had a bath, shaved, and put on a tweed suit. Coming down to the study again, he opened the shutters and looked out. It would be light soon, and he could go away. He was fretfully impatient of staying. He drank some whisky and soda-water, and smoked a cigar as he walked up and down. Yes, there were signs of dawn now; the darkness lifted over the hill on which Merrion stood.

Merrion! Yes, Merrion. And the Major? Well, Duplay had not frightened him, Duplay had not turned him out. He was going of his own will—of his own act anyhow, for he could not feel so sure about the will. But for the first time it struck him that his abdication might accrue to the Major's benefit, that he had won for Duplay the prize which he was sure the gallant officer could not have achieved for himself. "I'll be hanged if I do that," he muttered. "Yes, I know what I'll do," he added, smiling.

He got his hat and stick and went out into the garden. The windows of the Long Gallery were all dark. Harry smiled again and shook his fist at them. There was no light in Cecily's window. He was glad to think that the girl slept; if he were tired she must be terribly tired too. He was quite alone—alone with the old place for the last time. He walked to where he had sat with Cecily, where his mother used to sit. He was easy in his mind about his mother. When she had wanted him to keep the house and the name, she had no idea

Google

of the true state of the case. And in fact she herself had done it all by requesting him to invite the Gainsboroughs to her funeral. That was proof enough that he had not wronged her; in the mood he was in it seemed quite proof enough. Realities were still a little dim to him, and fancies rather real. His outward calmness of manner had returned, but his mind was not in a normal state. Still, he was awake enough to the every-day world and to his ordinary feelings to remain very eager that his sacrifice should not turn to the Major's good.

He started at a brisk walk to the little bridge, reached the middle of it, and stopped short. The talk he had had with Mina Zabriska at this very spot came back into his mind. "The Blood, not the Law!" he had said. Well, it was to the Blood he had bowed and not to the Law. He was strong about not having been frightened by the Law. Nor had he been dispossessed; he insisted on that too. He had given; he had chosen to give. He made a movement as though to walk on, but for a moment he could not. When it came to going, for an instant he could not go. The parting was difficult. He had no discontent with what he had done; on the whole it seemed far easier than he could ever have imagined. But it was hard to go, to leave Blent just as the slowly growing day brought into sight every outline that he knew so well and began to warm the gardens into life. "I should rather like to stay a day," was his thought, as he lingered still. But the next moment he was across the bridge, slamming the gate behind him and beginning to mount the road up the valley. He had heard a shutter thrown open and a window raised; the sound came from the wing where Cecily slept. He *did* not want to see her now; he did not wish her to see him. She was to awake to undivided possession, free from any reminder of him. That was his fancy, his idea of making his gift to her of what was hers more splendid and more complete. But she did see him; she watched him from her window as he walked away up the valley. He did not know; true to his fancy, he never turned his head.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bob Broadley was an early riser, as his business in life demanded. At six o'clock he was breakfasting in a little room opening on his garden. He was in the middle of his rasher when a shadow fell across his plate. Looking up, he started to see Harry Tristram at the doorway.

"Lord Tristram!" he exclaimed.

"You've called me Tristram all your life. I should think you might still," observed Harry.

"Oh, all right. But what brings you here? These aren't generally your hours, are they?"

"Perhaps not. May I have some breakfast?"

The maid was summoned and brought him what he asked. She nearly dropped the cup and saucer when she realised that the Great Man was there—at six in the morning!

"I'm on my way to London," said Harry. "Going to take the train at Fillingford instead of Blentmouth, because I wanted to drop in on you. I've something to say."

"I expect I've heard. It's very kind of you to come, but I saw Janie Iver in Blentmouth yesterday."

"I daresay; but she didn't tell you what I'm going to."

Harry, having made but a pretence of breakfasting, pushed away his plate. "I'll smoke if you don't mind. You go on eating," he said. "Do you remember a little talk we had about our friend Duplay? We agreed that we should both like to put a spoke in his wheel."

"And you've done it," said Bob, reaching for his pipe from the mantelpiece.

"I did do it. I can't do it any more. You know there were certain reasons which made a marriage between Janie Iver and me seem desirable? I'm saying nothing against her, and I don't intend to say a word against myself. Well, those reasons no longer exist. I have written to her to say so. She'll get that letter this afternoon."

"You've written to break off the engagement?" Bob spoke slowly and thoughtfully, but with no great surprise.

"Yes. She accepted me under a serious misapprehension.

Google

When I asked her I was in a position to which I had no——" He interrupted himself, frowning a little. Not even now was he ready to say that. "In a position which I no longer occupy," he amended, recovering his placidity. "All the world will know that very soon. I am no longer owner of Blent."

"What?" cried Bob, jumping up and looking hard at Harry. The surprise came now.

"And I am no longer what you called me just now—Lord Tristram. You know the law about succeeding to peerages and entailed lands? Very well! My birth has been discovered" —he smiled for an instant—"not to satisfy that law—the merits of which, Bob, we won't discuss. Consequently not I, but Miss Gainsborough succeeds my mother in the title and the property. I have informed Miss Gainsborough—I ought to say Lady Tristram—of these facts, and I'm on my way to London to see the lawyers and get everything done in proper order."

"Good God, do you mean what you say?"

"Oh, of course I do. Do you take me for an idiot, to come up here at six in the morning to talk balderdash?" Harry was obviously irritated. "Everybody will know soon. I came to tell you because I fancy you've some concern in it, and, as I say, I still want that spoke put in the Major's wheel."

Bob sat down and was silent for many moments, smoking hard.

"But Janie won't do that," he broke out at last. "She's too straight, too loyal. If she's accepted you——"

"A beautiful idea, Bob, if she was in love with me. But she isn't. Can you tell me you think she is?"

Bob grunted inarticulately—an obvious, though not a skilful, evasion of the question.

"And anyhow," Harry pursued, "the thing's at an end. I shan't marry her. Now if that suggests any action on your part I—well, I shall be glad I came to breakfast." He got up

Google

and went to the window looking out on the neat little garden and to the paddock beyond.

In a moment Bob Broadley's hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned and faced him.

"What a thing for you! You—you lose it all?"

"I have given it all up."

"I can't realise it, you know. The change——"

"Perhaps I can't either. I don't know that I want to, Bob."

"Who made the discovery? How did it come out? Nobody ever had any suspicion of it!"

Harry looked at him long and thoughtfully. But in the end he only shook his head, saying, "Well, it's true, anyhow."

"It beats me. I see what you mean about myself and —Still I give you my word I hate its happening. Who's this girl? Why is she to come here? Who knows anything about her?"

"You don't, of course," Harry conceded with a smile. "No more did I a week ago."

"Couldn't you have made a fight for it?"

"Yes, a deuced good fight. But I chose to let it go. Now don't go on looking as if you didn't understand the thing. It's simple enough."

"But Lady Tristram—your mother—must have known——"

"The question didn't arise as long as my mother lived," said Harry quickly. "Her title was all right, of course."

There was another question on the tip of Bob's tongue, but after a glance at Harry's face he did not put it; he could not ask Harry if he had known.

"I'm hanged!" he muttered.

"Yes, but you understand why I came here?"

"Yes. That was kind."

"Oh, no. I want to spike the Major's guns, you know." He laughed a little. "And, well, yes, I think I'm promoting the general happiness too, if you must know. Now I'm off, Bob."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

He held out his hand and Bob grasped it. "We'll meet again some day, when things have settled down. Beat Duplay for me, Bob. Good-bye."

"That's grit, real grit," muttered Bob as he returned to the house after seeing Harry Tristram on his way.

It was that—or else the intoxication of some influence whose power had not passed away. Whatever it was, it had a marked effect on Bob Broadley. There was an appearance of strength and resolution about it—as of a man knowing what he meant to do and doing it. As he inspected his pigs an hour later, Bob came to the conclusion that he himself was a poor sort of fellow. People who waited for the fruit to fall into their mouths were apt to find that a hand intervened and plucked it. That had happened to him once, and probably he could not have helped it; but he meant to try to prevent its happening again. He was in a ferment all the morning, partly on his own account, as much about the revolution which had suddenly occurred in the little kingdom on the banks of the Blent.

In the afternoon he had his gig brought round and set out for Blentmouth. As he passed Blent Hall he saw a girl on the bridge—a girl in black looking down at the water. Lady Tristram? It was strange to call her by the title that had been another's. But he supposed it must be Lady Tristram. She did not look up as he passed; he retained a vision of the slack dreariness of her pose. Going on, he met the Iver carriage; Iver and Neeld sat in it, side by side; they waved their hands in careless greeting and went on talking earnestly. On the outskirts of the town he came on Miss Swinkerton and Mrs. Trumbler walking together. As he raised his hat a dim and wholly inadequate idea occurred to him of the excitement into which these good ladies would soon be thrown, a foreshadowing of the wonder, the consternation, the questionings, the bubbling emotions which were soon to stir the quiet backwaters of the villas of Blentmouth. For himself, what was he going to do? He could not tell. He put up his gig at the

Google

inn and sauntered out into the street; still he could not tell. But he wandered out to Fairholme, up to the gate, and past it, and back to it, and past it again.

Now would Harry Tristram do that? No; either he would never have come or he would have been inside before this. Bob's new love of boldness did not let him consider whether this was the happiest moment for its display. Those learned in the lore of such matters would probably have advised him to let her alone for a few days, or weeks, or months, according to the subtlety of their knowledge or their views. Bob rang the bell.

Janie was not denied to him, but only because no chance was given to her of denying herself. A footman, unconscious of convulsions external or internal, showed him into the morning-room. But Janie's own attitude was plain enough in her reception of him.

"Oh, Bob, why in the world do you come here to-day? Indeed I can't talk to you to-day." Her dismay was evident. "If there's nothing very particular——"

"Well, you know there is," Bob interrupted.

She turned her head quickly towards him. "I know there is? What do you mean?"

"You've got Harry Tristram's letter, I suppose?"

"What do you know of Harry Tristram's letter?"

"I haven't seen it, but I know what's in it, all the same."

"How do you know?"

"He came up to Mingham to-day and told me." Bob sat down by her, uninvited; certainly the belief in boldness was carrying him far. But he did not quite anticipate the next development. She sprang up, sprang away from his neighbourhood, crying:

"Then how dare you come here to-day? Yes, I've got the letter—just an hour ago. Have you come to—to triumph over me?"

"What an extraordinary idea!" remarked Bob in the slow tones of a genuine astonishment.

Digitized by Google

"You'd call it to condole, I suppose! That's rather worse."

Bob confined himself to a long look at her. It brought him no enlightenment.

"You must see that you're the very——" She broke off abruptly, and, turning away, began to walk up and down.

"The very what?" asked Bob.

She turned and looked at him; she broke into a peevishly nervous laugh. Anybody but Bob—really anybody but Bob—would have known! The laugh encouraged him a little, which again it had no right to do.

"I thought you'd be in trouble, and like a bit of cheering up," he said with a diplomatic air that was ludicrously obvious.

She considered a moment, taking another turn about the room to do it.

"What did Harry Tristram say to you?"

"Oh, he told me the whole thing. That—that he's chucked it up, you know."

"I mean about me."

"He didn't say much about you. Just that it was all ended, you know."

"Did he think I should accept his withdrawal?"

"Yes, he seemed quite sure of it," answered Bob. "I had my doubts, but he seemed quite sure of it." Apparently Bob considered his statement reassuring and comforting.

"You had your doubts?"

"Yes. I thought perhaps——"

"You were wrong then, and Harry Tristram was right." She flung the words at him in a fierce hostility. "Now he's not Lord Tristram any longer, I don't want to marry him." She paused. "You believe he isn't, don't you? There's no doubt?"

"I believe him all right. He's a fellow you can rely on."

"But it's all so strange. Why has he done it? Well, that doesn't matter. At any rate he's right about me."

Bob sat solidly in his chair. He did not know at all what to say, but he did not mean to go. He had put no spoke in

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the Major's wheel yet, and to do that was his contract with Harry Tristram, as well as his own strong desire.

"Have you sympathised—or condoled—or triumphed—enough?" she asked; she was fierce still.

"I don't know that I've had a chance of saying anything much," he observed with some justice.

"I really don't see what you can have to say. What is there to say?"

"Well, there's just this to say—that I'm jolly glad of it."

She was startled by his blunt sincerity, so startled that she passed the obvious chance of accusing him of cruelty towards Harry Tristram, and thought only of how his words touched herself.

"Glad of it! Oh, if you knew how it makes me feel about myself! But you don't, or you'd never be here now."

"Why shouldn't I be here now?" He spoke slowly, as though he were himself searching for any sound reason.

"Oh, it's——" The power of explanation failed her. People who will not see obvious things sometimes hold a very strong position. Janie began to feel rather helpless. "Do go. I don't want anybody to come and find you here." She had turned from command to entreaty.

"I'm jolly glad," he resumed, settling himself back in his chair, "that the business between you and Harry Tristram's all over. It ought never to have gone so far, you know."

"Are you out of your mind to-day, Bob?"

"And now, what about the Major, Miss Janie?"

She flushed red in indignation, perhaps in guilt too. "How dare you? You've no business to——"

"I don't know the right way to say things, I daresay," he admitted, but with an abominable tranquillity. "Still, I expect you know what I mean all the same."

"Do you accuse me of having encouraged Major Duplay?"

"I should say you'd been pretty pleasant to him. But it's not my business to worry myself about Duplay."

"I wish you always understood as well what isn't your business."

Google

"And it isn't what you have done, but what you're going to do that I'm interested in." He paused several moments and then went on very slowly, "I tell you what it is. I'm not very proud of myself. So if you happen to be feeling the same, why, that's all right, Miss Janie. The fact is I let Harry Tristram put me in a funk, you know. He was a swell, and he's got a sort of way about him too. But I'm hanged if I'm going to be in a funk of Duplay." He seemed to ask her approval of the proposed firmness of his attitude. "I've been a bit of an ass about it all, I think," he concluded with an air of thoughtful inquiry.

The opening was irresistible. Janie seized it with impetuous carelessness. "Yes, you have, you have indeed. Only I don't see why you think it's over, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me," said he. But he seemed now rather uncertain how he ought to go on. "That's what I wanted to say," he added, and looked at her as if he thought she might give him a lead.

The whole thing was preposterous; Janie was bewildered. He had outraged all decency in coming at such a moment and in talking like this. Then, having got (by such utter disregard of all decency) to a point at which he could not possibly stop, he stopped! He even appeared to ask her to go on for him! She stood still in the middle of the room, looking at him as he sat squarely in his chair.

"Since you've said what you wanted to say, I should think you might go."

"Yes, I suppose I might, but——" He was puzzled. He had said what he wanted to say, or thought he had, but it had failed to produce the situation he had anticipated from it. If he went now, leaving matters just as they stood, could he be confident that the spoke was in the wheel? Up to now nothing was really agreed upon except that he himself had been an ass. No doubt this was a pregnant conclusion, but Bob was not quite clear exactly how much it involved; while it encouraged him, it left him still doubtful. "But don't you

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

think you might tell me what you think about it?" he asked in the end.

"I think I'm not fit to live," cried Janie. "That's what I think about it, Bob." Her voice trembled; she was afraid she might cry soon if something did not happen to relieve the strain of this interview. "And you saw what Harry thought by his sending me that letter. The very moment it happened he sent me that letter."

"I saw what he thought pretty well, anyhow," said Bob, smiling reflectively again.

"Oh yes, if that makes it any better for me!"

"Well, if he's not miserable, I don't see why you need be."

"The things you don't see would fill an encyclopædia!"

Bob looked at his watch; the action seemed in the nature of an ultimatum. His glance from the watch to Janie heightened the impression.

"You've nothing more to say!" he asked her.

"No. I agreed with what you said—that you'd been—an ass. I don't know that you've said anything else."

"All right." He got up and came to her, holding out his hand. "Good-bye for the present, then."

She took his hand—and she held it. She could not let it go. Bob allowed it to lie in hers.

"Oh, dear old Bob, I'm so miserable; I hate myself for having done it and I hate myself worse for being so glad it's undone. It did seem best till I did it. No, I suppose I really wanted the title and—and all that. I do hate myself! And now—the very same day—I let you——"

"You haven't let me do much," he suggested consolingly.

"Yes, I have. At least——" She came a little nearer to him. He took hold of her other hand. He drew her to him and held her in his arms.

"That's all right," he remarked, still in tones of consolation.

"If anybody knew this! You won't say a word, will you, Bob? Not for ever so long? You will pretend it was ever so long before I—I mean, between——?"

Google

"I'll tell any lie," said Bob very cheerfully.

She laughed hysterically. "Because I should never be able to look people in the face if anybody knew that on the very same day——"

"I should think a—a week would be about right?"

"A week! No, no. Six months."

"Oh, six months be——"

"Well, then, three? Do agree to three."

"We'll think about three. Still miserable, Janie?"

"Yes, still—rather. Now you must go. Fancy if anybody came!"

"All right, I'll go. But, I say, you might just drop a hint to the Major."

"I can't send him another message that I'm—that I've done it again!"

She drew a little away from him. Bob's hearty laugh rang out; his latent sense of humour was touched at the idea of this second communication to the Major. For a moment Janie looked angry, for a moment deeply hurt. Bob laughed still. There was nothing for it but to join in. Her own laugh rang out gaily as he caught her in his arms again and kissed her.

"Oh, if anybody knew!" sighed Janie.

But Bob was full of triumph. The task was done, the spoke was in the wheel. There was an end of the Major as well as of Harry—and an end to his own long and not very hopeful waiting. He kissed his love again.

There was a sudden end to the scene too—startling and sudden. The door of the room opened abruptly, and in the doorway stood Mrs. Iver. Little need to dilate on the situation as it appeared to Mrs. Iver! Had she known the truth, the thing was bad enough. But she knew nothing of Harry Tristram's letter. After a moment of consternation Janie ran to her, crying.

"I'm not engaged any more to Harry Tristram, mother."

Mrs. Iver said nothing. She stood by the open door. There was no mistaking her meaning. With a shame-faced

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

bow, struggling with an unruly smile, Bob Broadley got through it somehow. Janie was left alone with Mrs. Iver.

Such occurrences as these are very deplorable. Almost of necessity they impair a daughter's proper position of superiority, and put her in a relation towards her mother which no self-respecting young woman would desire to occupy. It might be weeks before Janie Iver could really assert her dignity again. It was strong proof of her affection for Bob Broadley that, considering the matter in her own room (she had not been exactly sent there, but a retreat had seemed advisable), she came to the conclusion that, taking good and bad together, she was on the whole glad that he had called.

But to Bob, with the selfishness of man, Mrs. Iver's sudden appearance wore rather an amusing aspect. It certainly could not spoil his triumph or impair his happiness.

CHAPTER XV

AN INQUISITION INTERRUPTED

"My mother told it me just as a bit of gossip. She didn't believe it, no more did I."

"But you repeated it."

It was Iver who was pressing her. He was not now the kind host Mina knew so well. He was rather the keen man of business, impatient of shuffling, incredulous of any action for which he could not see the motive, distrustful and very shrewd.

"Oh, I repeated it to my uncle, because I thought it might amuse him—just for something to say."

"Your idea of small talk is rather peculiar," was Iver's dry comment. He looked at the Major on his right, and at Neeld on his left at the table; Mina was opposite, like the witness before the committee.

"So are yours of politeness," she cried. "It's my house. Why do you come and bully me in it?"

Google

Duplay was sullenly furious. Poor Mr. Neeld's state was lamentable. He had not spoken a word throughout the interview. He had taken refuge in nodding, exhausting the significance of nods in reply to the various appeals that the other three addressed to him. If their meaning had been developed, his nods must have landed him in a pitiable mess of inconsistencies; he had tried to agree with everybody, to sympathise all round, to endorse universally. He had won momentary applause and in the end created general dissatisfaction.

Iver had his temper in hand still, but he was hard and resolute.

"You don't seem to understand the seriousness of the thing in the least," he said. "I've spoken plainly to you. My daughter's future is at stake. You say it was all idle gossip. I find that hard to believe. Even if so, I must have that gossip investigated and proved to be nothing but gossip."

"Investigate it then," said the Imp peevishly.

"You refuse me the materials. What you told Major Duplay was too vague. You know more. You can put me on the track."

Mina was silent. Neeld wiped his brow with his handkerchief. Iver changed his tone.

"Mina, we've been friends to you. I'm not ashamed to remind you of it. Janie's a great friend of yours; my wife and I have welcomed you first for her sake, then for your own. Is this the best return you can make us? Consult anybody you like, if you think I'm prejudiced, whether your conduct is honourable, is square." He paused a moment. "Ask Mr. Neeld here what he would do. I'm willing to abide by his judgment."

Mina was sorely tempted to say "Ask him then." The situation would thus become so much the more piquant. But Mr. Neeld was in such distress—to her sharp eyes a distress so visible—that she did not dare to risk the *coup*. If he were let alone he might keep silence and quiet his conscience by the

Google

plea that he had been asked no questions. But she did not venture to face him with a demand for a verdict on her conduct; for her conduct was also his own.

"I must judge for myself. Mr. Neeld can't help me," she answered. "Uncle has chosen to say he can prove these things. Let him try." She drew herself up with a prim prudish air. "I don't think it's desirable to mix myself up in such very peculiar questions at all, and I don't think it's nice of men to come and cross-question me about them."

"Oh, we're not in a ladies' school," said Iver, with a touch of irritation hardly suppressed. "We come as men of the world to a sensible woman."

"Anybody will tell you I'm not that," interrupted the Imp.

"Well, then, to a woman of good feeling, who wishes to be honest and to be true to her friends. Duplay, have you no influence with Madame Zabriska?"

"I've spared no effort," replied the Major. "I can't believe that she won't help us in the end." His tone was almost menacing. Mina, remembering how he had terrorised the secret out of her before and resenting the humiliation of the memory, stiffened her neck once more.

"I've nothing to say. You must do as you think best," she said.

"You must be made to speak."

Iver's threats alarmed where Duplay's only annoyed. He spoke calmly and with weight.

"Who can make me speak?" she cried, more angry from her fear.

"The law. When we have reached a certain stage in the inquiry, we shall be able to compel you to speak."

"I thought you couldn't move a step without me?"

Iver was rather set back, but he braved it out.

"The difficulties are immensely increased, but they're not insuperable," he said.

"I shan't stay to be questioned and bullied. I shall go abroad."

Digitized by Google

Iver looked at the Major; the Major returned his glance; they were both resolute men.

"No, you won't go away," declared Iver slowly.

The Imp was frightened; she was an ignorant young woman in a land of whose laws she knew nothing. Neeld would have liked to suggest something soothing about the Liberty of the Individual and the Habeas Corpus Act. But he dared show no sympathy—beyond nodding at her unobserved. The nod told her nothing.

"You'll stop me?" Still she tried to sneer defiantly.

Another glance passed between Iver and Duplay. A shrewd observer might have interpreted it as meaning, "Even if we can't do it, she'll think we can."

"We shall," said the Major, executing the bluff on behalf of himself and his partner.

The Imp thought of crying—not for her uncle—which would be hopeless—but for Iver. She concluded it would be hopeless there too; Iver would not heed tears in business hours, however tender-hearted he might be in private life. So she laughed again instead. But the laugh was a failure, and Iver was sharp enough to see it.

"In this country people aren't allowed to play fast and loose in this fashion," he remarked. "I'll tell you one way in which we can make you speak. I have only to go to Lord Tristram and tell him you have spread these reports, that you have made and repeated these imputations on his birth and on his title. What will he do? Can he rest content without disproving them at law? I say he can't. In those proceedings you would be compelled to speak. I must assume you would tell the truth. I refuse to suppose you would commit perjury."

"I should hold my tongue," said Mina.

"Then you'd be sent to prison for contempt of Court."

The bluff worked well. Mina knew nothing at all of what Harry Tristram would do, or might do, or must do, of what the law would, or might, or might not do, in the circumstances

Google

supposed. And Iver spoke as though he knew everything, with a weighty confidence, with an admirable air of considered candour. She was no match for him; she grew rather pale, her lips twitched, and her breath came quick. Tears were no longer to be treated merely as a possible policy; they threatened to occur of their own accord.

What wonder that a feeling of intolerable meanness attacked Mr. Jenkinson Neeld? He was on the wrong side of the table, on the bench instead of in the dock. He sat there judging; his proper place was side by side with the criminal, in charge of the same policeman, wearing the handcuffs too. And he had less excuse for his crime than she. He was even more in Iver's debt; he had eaten his bread these weeks past; even now he was pretending to be his adviser and his witness; his deception was deeper than hers. Besides, he was not a young woman who might find excuse in the glamour of Harry's position or the attraction of Harry's eyes; he was not a romantic young woman; he was only a romantic old fool. He could bear it no longer. He must speak. He could not get into the dock beside her—for that would only throw away the case which she was defending so gallantly—but he must speak a word for her.

"In my opinion," he said nervously, but not without his usual precision, "we can carry this matter no further. Madame Zabriska declines to speak. I may say that I understand and respect the motive which I believe inspires her. She regrets her idle words. She thinks that by repeating them she would give them greater importance. She does not wish to assume responsibility. She leaves the matter in your hands, Iver. It is not her affair; she had no reason to suppose that it would be yours. By a train of events for which she is not accountable the question has become of importance to you. In her view it is for you to take your own steps. She stands aside."

"She's my friend, she's my daughter's friend. The question is whether my daughter marries Lord Tristram of Blent

Google

or an impostor (whether voluntary or involuntary) without a name, an acre, or, so far as I know, a shilling. She can help me. She stands aside. You think her right, Neeld?"

"Yes, I do," said the old gentleman with the promptness of desperation.

"Then your idea of friendship differs diametrically from mine. I desire no such friends as that."

It is to be hoped that the sting of Iver's remark was somewhat mitigated by Mina's covertly telegraphed gratitude. Yet Neeld was no happier after his effort than before it. A silence fell on them all. Mina glanced from her uncle's face to Iver's. Both men were stern and gloomy. Her sense of heroism barely supported her; things were so very uncomfortable. If Harry could know what she suffered for him, it would be something. But Mina had an idea that Harry was thinking very little about her. Moreover, in taking sides in a controversy perhaps the most important practical question is—Whom has one got to live with? She had to live not with Harry Tristram, but with that glowering uncle, Major Duplay. Agree with your enemy whiles you are in the house with him, even more than whiles you are in the way.

At this point—the deadlock demanded by the canons of art having been reached by the force of circumstances and the clash of wills—enter the *Deus ex Machina*, in the shape of a pretty parlourmaid in a black gown and white apron, with a bow of pink ribbon at the neck; instead of the car, a silver salver, and on it a single letter.

"For you, ma'am," said the *Deus*, and with a glance at Neeld (merely because he was a man and a stranger) she ended her brief but momentous appearance on the stage.

The Imp was in no mood for ceremony; one glance at the handwriting, and she tore the envelope open eagerly. Iver was whispering to Duplay. Neeld's eyes were on the ceiling, because he did not know where else he could direct them with any sense of safety.

Mina read. A gasp of breath from her brought Neeld's

Google

eyes down from their refuge and stayed Iver and the Major's whispered talk. She gazed from one to the other of them. She had flushed red; her face was very agitated and showed a great stress of feeling. Duplay with an exclamation of surprise put out his hand for the letter. But Mina kept hers on it, pinning it immovably to the table. For another minute she sat there, facing the three. Then all composure failed her; she burst into tears and bowing her head to meet her arms on the table, covering the letter with her hair, she sobbed violently.

The fort she had been defending was betrayed from within. For some reason unknown, unguessable, the champion she fought for had fled from the fight. And the few words of his message—aye, and that he should send a message to her—pierced her to the heart. Strained already by her battle, she was broken down by this sudden end to it, this sudden and disastrous end.

"I can't help it, I can't help it," the men heard her say between her sobs.

Her apology did nothing to relieve their extreme discomfort. All three felt brutal; even the Major's face lost its gloomy fierceness and relaxed into an embarrassed solicitude. "Ought we to call the maid?" he whispered. "Poor child!" murmured Neeld.

The sobs dominated these timid utterances. Was it they who had brought her to this state, or was it the letter? Iver stirred uneasily in his chair, his business manner and uncharitable shrewdness suddenly seeming out of place. "Give her time," he said gently. "Give her time, poor girl."

Mina raised her head; tears ran down her cheeks; she was woe personified.

"Time's no use," she groaned. "It's all over now."

Neeld caught at the state of affairs by an intuition to which his previous knowledge helped him. Duplay had been baffled by Harry's diplomacy and expected no action from his side. To Neeld such a development seemed possible, and it was the

Google

only thing which to his mind could throw light on Mina's behaviour.

"Won't you show us the letter?" he asked gently.

"Oh yes. And I'll tell you anything you like now. It doesn't matter now." She looked at Neeld; she was loyal to the end. "I was the only person who knew it," she said to Iver.

That was too much. Timid he might be, even to the point of cowardice; but now, when the result of confession would be no harm to anybody but himself, Neeld felt he must speak if he were to have any chance of going on thinking himself a gentleman—and it is an unpleasant thing for a man to realise that he has none.

"I must correct Madame Zabriska," he said. "I knew it too."

"What?" cried Duplay. Iver turned quick scrutinising eyes on his friend.

"You knew too? You knew what?" he demanded.

"The facts we have been endeavouring to obtain from Madame Zabriska."

"The facts about——"

"Oh, it's all in the letter," cried Mina in a burst of impatience. "There it is."

She flung it across to Iver and rested her chin on her hands, while her eyes followed his expression as he read. Duplay was all excitement, but old Mr. Neeld had sunk back in his chair with a look of fretful weariness. Iver was deliberate; his glasses needed some fitting on; the sheet of paper required some smoothing after its contact with Mina's disordered and disordering hair. Besides, he was really as excited as Duplay and almost as agitated as Mina herself. But these emotions are not appropriate to business men. So he was very calm and deliberate in his demeanour; he might have been going to deliver a whole speech from the way he cleared his throat.

"I have thrown up the sponge and fled. Please make friends with Lady Tristram of Blent.—H. T."

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was enough. What need of further witness? And if there had been, the principal criminal had confessed and the lips of his accomplices were unsealed.

For a while nobody spoke. Then Neeld, leaning forward to the table again, began to explain and excuse his silence, to speak of the hard case he was in, of the accidental and confidential character of his knowledge. Neither Mina nor her uncle even appeared to heed him. Iver seemed to listen patiently and courteously, but his mind too was distracted, and he did not cease fidgeting with Harry Tristram's letter and referring ever and again to its brief sufficient message.

"I daresay I was wrong. The position was very difficult," pleaded Neeld.

"Yes, yes," said Iver in an absent tone. "Difficult no doubt, Neeld; both for you and Mina. And now he has—he has given up the game himself! Or was his hand forced?"

"No," flashed out Mina, restored in a moment to animation, her fighting instincts awake again. "He'd never have been forced. He must have done it of his own accord."

"But why?" Again he returned to the letter. "And why does he write to you?"

"Because he knew I knew about it. He didn't know that Mr. Neeld did."

"And this—this Lady Tristram of Blent?" Iver's voice was hesitating and conscious as he pronounced the name that was to have become his daughter's.

Again the pink-ribboned *Deus* made entry on the scene, to give the speaker a more striking answer.

"A lady to see you, ma'am. Miss Gainsborough."

The three men sprang to their feet; with a sudden wrench Mina turned her chair round towards the door. A tall slim girl in black came in with a quick yet hesitating step.

"Forgive me, Madame Zabriska. But I had to come. Harry said you were his friend. Do you know anything about him? Do you know where he is?" She looked at the

Google

men and blushed as she returned their bow with a hurried recognition.

"No, I haven't seen him. I know nothing," said Mina.

"The letter, Mina," Duplay reminded her, and Mina held it out to Cecily.

Cecily came forward, took and read it. She looked again at the group, evidently puzzled.

"He doesn't say where he's gone," she said.

"You are——?" Iver began.

"I'm Cecily Gainsborough. But I think he means me when he says Lady Tristram of Blent."

"Yes, he must mean you, Miss Gainsborough."

"Yes, because last night he told me—it was so strange, but he wouldn't have done it unless it was true—he told me that he wasn't Lord Tristram really, and that I——" Her eyes travelled quickly over their faces, and she re-read the letter. "Do you know anything about it?" she demanded imperiously. "Tell me, do you know what he means by this letter and whether what he says is true?"

"We know what he means," answered Iver gravely, "and we know that it's true."

"Have you known it long?" she asked.

Iver glanced at Duplay and Neeld. It was Neeld who answered gently: "Some of us have been sure of it for some time. But——" He looked at Mina before he went on. "But we didn't intend to speak."

Cecily stood there, seeming to consider and for a moment meeting Mina's intense gaze which had never left her face.

"Had he known for long?" was her next question.

It met with no immediate answer. Duplay rose abruptly and walked to the mantelpiece; he leant his arm on it and turned half away from the group at the table.

"Had he known for long?" Cecily repeated.

"Ever so long," answered Mina Zabriska in a low voice, but very confidently.

"Ah, he was waiting till Lady Tristram died?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Iver nodded; he thought what she suggested a very good explanation to accept. It was plausible and sensible; it equipped Harry Tristram with a decent excuse for his past silence, and a sound reason for the moment of his disclosure. He looked at Neeld and found ready acquiescence in the old gentleman's approving nod. But Mina broke out impatiently—

"No, no, that had nothing to do with it. He never meant to speak. Blent was all the world to him. He never meant to speak." A quick remembrance flashed across her. "Were you with him in the Long Gallery last night?" she cried. "With him there for hours?"

"Yes, we were there?"

"Yes, I saw you from the terrace here. Did he tell you there?"

"He told me there." There was embarrassment as well as wonder in her manner now.

"Well then, you must know why he told you. We don't know." Mina was very peevish.

"Is it any use asking——?" Iver began. An unceremoniously impatient and peremptory wave of Mina's arm reduced him to silence. Her curiosity left no room for his prudent counsels of reticence.

"What were you doing in the Gallery?" demanded Mina.

"I was looking at all the things there and—and admiring them. He came up presently and—I don't remember that he said very much. He watched me; then he asked me if I loved the things. And—well, then he told me. He told me and went straight out of the room. I waited a long while, but he didn't come back, and I haven't spoken to him since." She looked at each of them in turn as though some one might be able to help her with the puzzle.

"Somehow you made him do it—you," said Mina Zabriska.

Slowly Cecily's eyes settled on Mina's face; thus she stood silent for a full minute.

"Yes, I think so. I think I must have somehow." Her

Google

voice rose as she asked with a sudden access of agitation, "But what are we to do now?"

Mina had no thought for that; it was the thing itself that engrossed her, not the consequences.

"There will, of course, be a good many formalities," said Iver. "Subject to those, I imagine that the—er—question settles itself."

His phrase seemed to give Cecily no enlightenment.

"Settles itself?" she repeated.

"Subject to formal proof, I mean, and in the absence of opposition from"—he hesitated a second—"from Mr. Tristram, which can't be anticipated now, you will be put into possession of the estates and the title." He pointed to Harry's letter which was still in her hands. "You see what he himself calls you there, Miss Gainsborough."

She made no answer. With another glance at Neeld, Iver pushed back his chair and rose. Neeld followed his example. They felt that the interview had better end. Duphy did not move, and Cecily stood where she was. She seemed to ask what was to be done with her; her desolation was sad, but it had something of the comic in it. She was so obviously lost.

"You might walk down to Blent with Miss Gainsborough, Mina," Iver suggested.

"No," cried the Imp in a passion, leaping up from her chair. "I don't want to have anything to do with her."

Cecily started and her cheeks flushed red as though she had been struck. Iver looked vexed and ashamed.

"It's all her fault that Harry Tristram's—that Harry Tristram's——" The Imp's voice was choked; she could get no further.

Old Mr. Neeld came forward. He took Harry's letter from Cecily and gave it to Mina.

"My dear, my dear!" he said gently, as he patted her hand. "Read that again."

Mina read, and then scrutinised Cecily keenly.

"Well, I'll walk down with you," she said grudgingly.

Digitized by Google

She came nearer to Cecily. "I wonder what you did!" she exclaimed, scanning her face. "I must find out what you did!"

Iver came forward. "I must introduce myself to you, Miss Gainsborough. I live at Blentmouth, and my name is Iver."

"Iver!" She looked at him curiously. At once he felt that she had knowledge of the relation between his daughter and Harry Tristram.

"Yes, and since we shall probably be neighbours——" He held out his hand. She put hers into it, still with a bewildered air. Neeld contented himself with a bow as he passed her, and Duplay escaped from the room with a rapidity and stillness suggestive of a desire not to be observed. When the men were gone Cecily sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands for a minute. She looked up to find Mina regarding her, still with mingled inquisitiveness and hostility.

"What were you all doing here when I came?" asked Cecily.

"They were trying to make me tell what I knew about Harry Tristram. But I wouldn't tell."

"Wouldn't you?" Cecily's eyes sparkled in sudden approval, and she broke into a smile. "I like you for that," she cried. "I wouldn't have told either."

"But now!" The Imp pouted disconsolately. "Well, it's not your fault, I suppose, and——" She walked up to Cecily and gave her a brief but friendly kiss. "And you needn't be so upset as all that about it. We'll just talk over what we'd better do."

There was not much prospect of their talk affecting either the laws of England or the determination of Harry Tristram to any appreciable extent. But the proposal seemed to comfort Cecily; and the Imp rang the bell for tea. Coming back from this task, she gave Cecily a critical glance.

"You'll look it anyhow," she concluded, with a reluctant smile.

Google

Meanwhile Iver and Neeld drove back to Blentmouth. Iver said nothing about his friend's bygone treachery; oddly enough it was not in the culprit's mind either.

"Now, Neeld, to break this news to Janie!" said Iver.

Neeld nodded once again.

But of course a situation quite other than they expected awaited them at Fairholme.

(*To be continued.*)

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW



LONDON JOHN MURRAY

ALLIANCE

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1824.

Capital: FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, Chairman.
CHARLES EDWARD BARNETT Esq.
Right Hon. LORD BATTERSEA.
F. CAVENDISH BENTINCK Esq.
Hon. KENELM F. BOUVERIE.
THOMAS HENRY BURROUGHES, Esq.
FRANCIS WILLIAM BUXTON, Esq.
Major-Gen. Sir ARTHUR ELLIS, K.C.V.O.
JAMES FLETCHER Esq.
RICHARD HOARE, Esq.
FRANCIS ALFRED LUCAS, Esq., M.P.
EDWARD HARFORD LUSHINGTON Esq.
Hon. HENRY BERKELEY PORTMAN.
Hon. LIONEL WALTER ROTHSCHILD, M.P.
ROBT. COLIN SMITH, Esq.
Right Hon. LORD STALBRIDGE.
Lieut.-Col. F. ANDERSON STANNING.
Sir CHARLES RIVERS WILSON K.C.M.G., C.B.

AUDITORS.

JOHN CATOR, Esq.
VICTOR C. W. CAVENDISH, Esq., M.P.
[illegible] BURRAY HEATHCOAT AMORY Esq.
C. C. NICHOLS, Esq. F.C.A.

FIRE INSURANCES granted at current rates of premium, and Leasehold and Capital Redemption Policies issued.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Moderate Rates of Premium.
Large Bonuses, including Interim Bonuses.
Policies Whole World and Indisputable.
Special Policies to cover Death Duties.

Liberal Commissions to Solicitors, Agents and Brokers for the introduction of business.

Prospectuses, Proposal Forms and Statements of Account may be had on application to

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager

CHAMPAGNE

DE LOSSY-HOLDEN,

REIMS.

1892 Vintage. 1892 Vintage.

[illegible]

Chief Office 61 BEAUFORT BUILDINGS E.C.



INSTRA WARMERS

Prevent C[illegible] the Cause. A [illegible] Surface. Prevent [illegible] the INSTRA

[illegible]

O BLAIR & CO 6 Strand on the Green Chiswick LONDON

MEDOC [illegible] 14/6 8/3

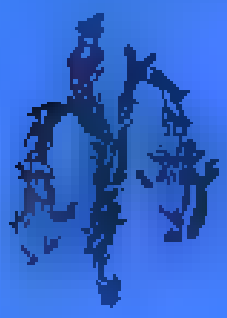
ST. ESTÉPHE [illegible] 17/6 9/9

[illegible]

JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,

Wine Merchants.

LIVERPOOL 27 North John Street [illegible]



PERRY & CO.,

Electric Light Fittings

IN ALL STYLES OF DECORATION.

Highest Class. Best Work. Choicest Designs. Installations

17, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET LONDON

BLICKENSDERFER

Choosing a Typewriter,

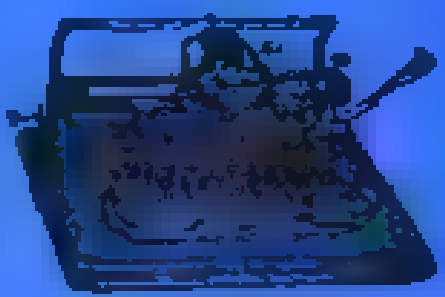
OUR NEW BOOKLET IS SENT POST FREE, AND WILL ASSIST YOU IN JUDGING OF ANY MAKE OF MACHINE

BUY NO MACHINE TILL YOU HAVE READ THIS.

Send for it and List No. 39, which tells you about Blickensderfers.

Typewriters Unite the Good Points of all other makes at less than half their prices.

Local References all over the Kingdom.



Visible Writing.
Direct Inking and Printing.
Interchangeable Type.
Permanent Alignment.
Light Weight.
Great Strength.
Good Manifolder.
Excellent Manifolder.
Very Durable.

No. 5, 10½ lbs. in Case,	£8	8	0	Cash Price.
No. 7, as shown	£10	10	0	"
No. 7, Brief Size	£12	12	0	"

THE BLICKENSDERFER TYPEWRITER CO.

LONDON DEPOT 9, CHEAPSIDE. (Wholesale Agency for Newspapers) NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Also in LEEDS LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER. NOTTINGHAM BIRMINGHAM EDINBURGH GLASGOW DUBLIN &c.

THE

Allenburys' Foods

A PROGRESSIVE DIETARY suited to the growing digestive powers

Milk Food No. 1 Milk Food No. 2 Malted Food No. 3.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London

THE

"SWAN" FOUNDATION PEN

Is as perfect a model as the highest skill of the day can produce

IT combines all that is best in Fountain Pens without any of the faults common to many. The thirsty and inefficient. Gentlemen with, or in fact anyone who uses a pen at all will find a "Swan" a necessity once they have tried it. Time and constant work affect no change in the initial outlay. I was of the "Swan" Fountain Pen (the

ELBERT HUBBARD Editor of The Philistine writes "I have used one now for four years and from that day to this have done all my writing with a 'Swan' and am miserable whenever writing is for a moment

AN IDEAL PRESENT

Complete Gift and Prospectus Post Free on application to

MABIE TODD & BARD

93, Cheapside, E.C.

Also, Regent Street, London

3, Exchange Street, Manchester

Brentano's, 37, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.





SHREDDED WHEAT

A Ready Cooked Porridge. A Health Bread.

"BISCUIT."

"IN LITTLE LOAVES."

Send 1d. Stamp to

Shredded Wheat Co., Dept. N.R. 6, LEICHESTER E.C.

For SAMPLE and BOOKLET

Google

THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY,

74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Permanent Photographic Reproductions of Famous Works of Art by the Autotype (Carbon) Process.

Recent additions to the Company's well-known collections:

DRAWINGS by HOLBEIN at WINDSOR CASTLE. By Gracious Permission of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. A New Series of Reproductions of Twenty-eight of the Principal Drawings in this Renowned Collection. The Autotype Copies are made as nearly as possible to exact size of the Originals, and the Colour of the Drawings and Paper is matched as closely as possible. The prices range from 4s. to 8s. each.

The NATIONAL GALLERY of British Art (Tate Gallery). An Extensive Series of Reproductions of Notable Pictures in this Popular Collection, including Representative Works of Constable, Hogarth, Dobson, Linnell, Mason, Sargent, Walker, Watts, Rossetti, and others.

The WALKER ART GALLERY, Liverpool. Autotype Reproductions of Notable Works of Modern English Art from this Collection. The Series now includes examples by Lord Leighton, Herkomer, Albert Moore, Calderon, Caton Woodville, Dendy Sadler, Henry Holiday, etc. The Autotypes measure about 23 inches longest line, and are published at 21s. each.

The WALLACE COLLECTION, Hertford House. Autotype Copies of about Forty of the most Interesting Pictures in these Galleries. The Masters represented include Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Boucher, Lawrence, Fragonard, Greuze, Watteau, Meissonier, Dreamps, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Wouverman, Hobbema, Vander Heyden, etc.

Full particulars of all Autotype Reproductions after Old and Modern Masters are given in

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART CATALOGUE.

New Edition of 180 pages. With upwards of 100 Miniature Photographs of Notable Autotypes, and 23 Tint-block Illustrations. For convenience of reference the Publications are arranged alphabetically under Artists' names. Post free, 1s.

Framed Autotypes possess distinctive Fine Art character, and prove acceptable Presents, being eminently suitable for the adornment of the Hall, Library, Dining-Room, Boudoir, Shooting-Box, &c.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS INVITED TO

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART GALLERY, 74, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

"The Edition."—*Publishers' Circular.*

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

A NEW TEXT, COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL MSS. AND REVISED PROOFS WHICH ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE, WITH MANY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ADDITIONS.

LETTERS. Vol. V.—1820–1822. [*Now Ready.*

POETRY. Vol. IV.—PRISONER OF CHILLON—MANFRED—BEPPO—MAZEPPA—VISION OF JUDGMENT—MARINO FALIERO, ETC., ETC. [*Ready Immediately.*

To be completed in 12 Volumes. 6s. each.

*** *The Edition de Luxe is all sold.*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sampson Low, Marston & Co.'s Publications.

[illegible] HALF-CROWN [illegible]
A QUARTER OF A MILLION [illegible]

SPECIAL NOTICE. [illegible]

WILLIAM BLACK'S NOVELS

IN NEW UNIFORM BINDING AT

TWO SHILLINGS.

MACLEOD OF DARE. KILMENY.
GREEN PASTURES. BEAUTIFUL WESTON.
MAID OF KILLEENA. IN SILK ATTIRE. SUNRISE.
IN FAR LOCHABER.

[illegible]

JOSEPH THOMSON,

[illegible]

AT THE ANTIPODES

[illegible] New Zealand [illegible] New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and South America

FICTION

[illegible]

DANIEL. MAID OF SKER.

POPULAR ROYALTY

[illegible]

FAMOUS HORSES.

[illegible]

CAPTAIN MAHAN'S STORY OF THE WAR IN AFRICA.

[illegible]

THE PROBLEM OF ASIA

[illegible]

THE ROYAL NAVY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT

[illegible]

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & COMPANY, Limited.

Google

From MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

The following Important Work has just been Published:

CHINA: Her History, Diplomacy and Commerce, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.

By E. H. PARKER,

Consul-General in Corea, 1888-97. Consul-General in Kiung Chow, 1819; and in 1892-3, Adviser in Chinese Affairs to the Burma Government

With 19 Maps, &c. Large Crown 8vo, 8s. net.

"Instructive and entertaining work. . . unique as a historical and contemporary account of China."—*Morning Post.*

WORKS by the late SIR HENRY LAYARD.

NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS. With an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Yezedis, or Devil Worshippers, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*

NINEVEH AND BABYLON: a Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Ruins of Assyria, with Travels in Armenia. With Illustrations. Cr 8vo. 7*s* 6*d.*

EARLY ADVENTURES IN PERSIA, BABYLONIA AND SUSIANA, including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes. With Portrait, Map, and Illustrations. 2 Vols. Crown 8vo, 24*s.*; also in 1 Vol. Crown 8vo, 7*s* 6*d*

THE LION HUNTER OF SOUTH AFRICA. Five Years' Adventures in the Far Interior of South Africa with the Wild Beasts of the Forest. By R. GORDON CUMMING. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6*s*

WORKS BY MRS. BISHOP

(ISABELLA L. BIRD).

THE YANG-TZE VALLEY AND BEYOND. An Account of Journeys in Central and Western China, especially in the Province of Sze-Chuan, and among the Man-Tze of the Somo Territory. Dedicated by permission to the Marquess of Salisbury, K.G. With Map and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, £1 1*s.* net

KOREA AND HER NEIGHBOURS. A Narrative of Travel. An Account of the Vicissitudes and Present Position of the Country. With Maps and Illustrations from the Author's Photographs. 2 Vols. Large crown 8vo, 24*s.*

THE GOLDEN CHERSONESE AND THE WAY THITHER. With Map and Illustrations. Post 8vo, 14*s.*

UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN. Including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the the Shrines of Nikko and Isé. Map and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7*s* 6*d*

JOURNEYS IN PERSIA AND KURDISTAN: with a Summer in the Upper Karum Region, and a Visit to the Nestorian Rayahs. Maps and 36 Illustrations. 2 Vols. Cr 8vo. 24*s.*

HAWAIIAN ARCHIPELAGO: Six Months among the Palm Groves and Coral Reefs and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands. Illustrations. Cr 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d*

A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. Illustrations. Post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

Macmillan & Co.'s New and Forthcoming Books.

BRITAIN'S TITLE IN SOUTH AFRICA. By [illegible] [illegible]

WEST AFRICAN STUDIES. By Mary H. Kingsley

RUDYARD KIPLING'S PROSE WRITINGS.

THE NAULAHKA. By [illegible] Kipling and

THE LIFE OF EDWARD WHITE BENSON.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Poet, Dramatist and Man.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF EAST ANGLIA.

MACMILLAN'S LIBRARY OF ENGLISH CLASSICS. New Vols.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER, and the Lives of

DE QUINCEY'S CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER. MURDER AS A FINE ART. THE ENGLISH MAIL COACH, and other Essays.

EVERSLEY SERIES. New Vol.

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY.

LIBYAN NOTES.

ANTHOLOGY OF LATIN POETRY.

THE PROBLEM OF CONDUCT. A Study in the Phenomenology of Ethics. By A. E. Taylor

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON

Google

From Mr. MURRAY'S LIST.

WORKS BY HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.,

Late Dean of St. Paul's.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS. From the Earliest Period down to the Modern Times. Three Vols. Post 8vo. 12s.

THE HISTORY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. From the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire. Three Vols. Post 8vo. 12s.

THE HISTORY OF LATIN CHRISTIANITY, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. Nine Vols. Post 8vo. 36s.

HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. A Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Correspondence. By his Son, ARTHUR MILMAN. With Portraits. 8vo. 16s.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

From the Apostolic Age to the Reformation.

BY THE LATE JAMES CRAIGIE ROBERTSON,

Canon of Canterbury, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, King's College, London.

3 Vols. Post 8vo. 6s. each.

BOOK 1. From the Persecution of the Church by Nero to Constantine's Edict of Toleration, A.D. 64–313.
" 2. From Constantine to the Death of Theodosius the Great, A.D. 313–395.
" 3. From the Death of the Emperor Theodosius I. to the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, A.D. 395–590.
" 4. From the Election of Gregory the Great to the Death of Charlemagne, 590–814.
" 5. From the Death of Charlemagne to the Deposition of Pope Gregory VI., A.D. 814–1046.
" 6. From the Deposition of Gregory VI. to the Death of Pope Celestine III., A.D. 1046–1198.
" 7. From the Election of Innocent III. to the Death of Bonifice VIII. A.D. 1198–1303.
" 8. From the Death of Pope Boniface VIII. to the End of the Council of Constance, A.D. 1303–1418.
" 9. From the End of the Council of Constance to the End of the Fifth Council of the Lateran, A.D. 1418–1517.

CONTENTS OF VOLUMES.—Vol. I. contains Book 1 and part of 2. Vol. II. part of 2, 3, and part of 4. Vol. III. part of 4 and part of 5. Vol. IV. part of 5 and part of 6. Vol. V. Conclusion of 6. Vol. VI. 7. Vol. VII. 8. Vol. VIII. 9.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google Original UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Messrs. Wm. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

ANNOUNCEMENT LIST.

A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

A LEADER OF LIGHT HORSE; Life of Hudson of Hudson's Horse.

MOUNTAINS OF NECESSITY.

A HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB.

LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR MURDOCH SMITH, K.C.M.G.

BELGIUM AND THE BELGIANS.

THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

MARLAW OF BENGAL.

LIFE, LETTERS, and DIARIES of LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., G.C.B., R.E.

THE EARLIER RENAISSANCE.

MEMORIAL EDITION.

WORKS BY G. W. STEEVENS.

LIBRARY EDITION.

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS.

WARWICK EDITION

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH and LONDON.

Google

DARWIN'S WORKS.

A CHEAPER EDITION.—*Ready Immediately.*

Uniform with the New Popular Edition of "The Origin of Species"

JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST DURING A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD IN H.M.S. "BEAGLE." With a Portrait and Sixteen Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo. 2s 6d net.
Also Popular Edition. 3s. 6d.—And Medium 8vo 21s With 100 Illustrations.

THIRTEENTH THOUSAND OF THE NEW POPULAR EDITION.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION. With Portrait. 2s. 6d net
Also Library Edition. 2 vols. 12s.—Crown 8vo. 6s

DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. Woodcuts. Library Edition. 2 vols. 15s. Or, Popular Edition. 7s. 6d.

VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS UNDER DOMESTICATION. Woodcuts. 2 vols. 15s

EXPRESSION OF THE EMOTIONS IN MAN AND ANIMALS. With Illustrations. 12s

VARIOUS CONTRIVANCES BY WHICH ORCHIDS ARE FERTILIZED BY INSECTS. Woodcuts. 7s. 6d.

MOVEMENTS AND HABITS OF CLIMBING PLANTS. Woodcuts. 6s

INSECTIVOROUS PLANTS. Woodcuts. 9s.

CROSS AND SELF-FERTILIZATION IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM. 9s.

DIFFERENT FORMS OF FLOWERS ON PLANTS OF THE SAME SPECIES. 7s 6d

FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOULD THROUGH THE ACTION OF WORMS. Illustrations. 6s.

LIFE and LETTERS of CHARLES DARWIN. With an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S. With 3 Portraits and Illustrations. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

CHARLES DARWIN: An Autobiography. With Selections from his Letters by FRANCIS DARWIN. Portrait. 7s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Unique Work.

JAPAN: DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE JAPANESE

Edited by CAPTAIN BRINKLEY, Editor of the *Japan Mail*

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE DUKE OF STOCKBRIDGE.
BY EDWARD BELLAMY

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE HEART OF THE ANCIENT WOOD.
By C. G. D. ROBERTS

Agency for American Books.

DAVID NUTT, 57-59, LONG ACRE.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE HIDDEN SERVANTS AND OTHER VERY OLD STORIES.

HEARTSEASE. A CYCLE OF SONG.

TOWN AND COUNTRY POEMS.
By A. E. J. Legge.

Google

From MR. MURRAY'S LIST.

A DICTIONARY OF HYMNOLOGY

SETTING FORTH THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN HYMNS OF ALL AGES AND NATIONS,

With special reference to those contained in the hymn-books of English-speaking countries, and not in common use.

Together with Biographical and Critical Notices of their Authors and Translators, and Historical Articles on National and Denominational Hymnody, Breviaries, Missals, Primers, Psalters, Sequences, etc., etc.

Edited by JOHN JULIAN, M.A.,

Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield.

One Volume, Medium 8vo, £2 2s.

"One of the most remarkable books which have ever issued from the press. It is a complete guide to the Hymnology of Christendom."—*Daily News.*

∴ ***Arrangements have now been made with the booksellers, enabling them to offer Special Terms for the two following complete works.***

Intending purchasers should make application to their bookseller, from whom all particulars may be obtained

A COMMENTARY on the HOLY BIBLE

Explanatory and Critical, with a Revision of the Translation.

BY BISHOPS AND CLERGY OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

Edited by F. C. COOK, M.A.,

Late Canon of Exeter

OLD TESTAMENT. 6 Vols. Medium 8vo.

NEW TESTAMENT. 4 Vols. Medium 8vo.

THE APOCRYPHA. By VARIOUS WRITERS. Edited by Rev. HENRY WACE, D.D. 2 Vols. Medium 8vo.

THE REVISED, ENLARGED AND CHEAPER EDITION OF

THE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE

By VARIOUS WRITERS.

Edited by SIR WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D.,

AND THE

REV. PROFESSOR J. M. FULLER, M.A.

With a Large Number of New Illustrations and Maps of Special Districts

3 Vols. Medium 8vo.

Among the writers of the new articles in the present edition are:—

The late Bishop Lightfoot.	**Professor Lumby.**	**Professor Stanton.**
Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham.	**M. Naville.**	**Canon Tristram.**
Professor Driver.	**Professor Ryle.**	**Archdeacon Watkins.**
Dr. Ebers.	**Dr. Salmon.**	**Major-General Sir Charles Wilson.**
Professor Kirkpatrick.	**Professor Sanday.**	**and others.**
	Dr. Sandys.	
	Professor Sayce.	

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF M[illegible]AN

JOSEPH JOACHIM. A BIOGRAPHY

By Professor ANDREAS MOSER.

With Portrait by G. F. WATTS, R.A.

The LIFE and CONFESSION of ASENATH the Daughter of Pentephres and Heliopolis

POEMS OF THE MALAY PENINSULAR

IN A MIDDLESEX GARDEN Illustrated. By ALFRED HEATH

Catalogues sent post free on application.

PHILIP WELLBY 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

A HISTORY OF GREECE

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

By GEORGE GROTE

THIS IS NOW THE ONLY EDITION IN PUBLICATION.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

Google

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

1-lb., ½-lb. and ¼-lb. air tight tins.

2 oz. & 1 oz. packets.



THIS HIGH CLASS MIXTURE is the invention of the Proprietors of

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

No better Tobacco can be obtained at even the most extravagant rates.

Sold at Fine and well-known shops all over the World.

John Player & Sons, Ltd. Nottingham.

VARICOSE VEINS.

BAILEY'S

ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

A badly fitting stocking or one made of unsuitable material is not only no good, it is positively harmful.

Write for our Illustrated Booklet, how to wear Elastic Stockings and Reduced Prices, post free two stamps.

Write for our large Catalogue of Surgical Appliances post free.

W. H. BAILEY & SON,

38 OXFORD STREET LONDON W.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, W.C.

25,000 Patients a year.

£16,000

Donations and Subscriptions urgently required

STONE'S

LETTER FILES, OFFICE & LIBRARY FURNITURE, MUSIC CABINETS



TIME SAVING SPECIALITIES

CHARMING NOVEL USEFUL PRESENTS.

HENRY STONE & SON, LTD

NEW SHOW ROOMS

115 BERNERS ST OXFORD ST LONDON W

Google

ADVICE AS TO CHOICE OF SCHOOLS

THE SCHOLASTIC, CLERICAL, AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, LIMITED, supplies, without charge information and advice as to (1) Preparatory Schools; (2) Public Schools; (3) Army Tutors; (4) Tutors preparing for University or other Examinations; (5) Schools or Tutors in France, Germany or Switzerland receiving pupils for the holidays or for a longer period; (6) Boarding Schools for girls in England or on the Continent. In order that the Manager may be able to render effective assistance to parents or guardians in the choice of a School, it is essential that he should be supplied with the fullest possible particulars of their requirements. It is desirable in all cases to know the age of the pupil for whom a School or Tutor is sought. Where a Preparatory School is needed, it is useful to know for which Public School preparation is needed. Further points on which information should be supplied are (1) the career or examination, if any, for which the pupil is preparing; (2) the locality or situation to which preference would be given; and (3), within certain limits, the fees for board and tuition which a parent expects to pay.

All communications should be addressed to the Manager,

R. J. BEEVOR, M.A.,

22, CRAVEN STREET,

STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

(Close to Trafalgar Square).

OFFICE HOURS FOR INTERVIEWS 10 to 5.

Telegraphic Address:
"TRIFORM, LONDON."

Telephone No.
1854 (GERRARD)

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GLOBE POLISH

MAKERS OF ... Stockton-on-Tees and ... Liverpool, &c.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW is published on the 25th of each month. All Copy for Advertisements to be inserted in the current issue must reach the Office not later than the 18th preceding date of publication. Communications relating to Advertisements should be addressed to

The Advertisement Manager
Monthly Review
50A Aldersgate Street, W.

Purity HILLABY'S Perfection

Soothing to the Throat. A wonderful Voice Preservative. Used by Singers and Public Speakers.

WAFERS A Natural and Effective Laxative. PELLETS

Hillaby's LIQUORICE Hillaby's

BURROW'S "MALVERN" WATERS

For the TABLE, the SICK-ROOM, the NURSERY and SICK-ROOM.

PROTECTION AGAINST TYPHOID AND SAFEGUARD OF HEALTH.

W. & J. BURROW, THE SPRINGS, MALVERN.

Google

The Hospital for Sick Children,

Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

Convalescent Branch CROMWELL HOUSE, HIGHGATE, N.

President THE DUKE OF FIFE, K.T.

Treasurer JOHN BEACON, Esq.

Chairman ARTHUR LUCAS, Esq. *Vice-Chairman* JOHN MURRAY, Esq.

The Oldest and largest Children's Hospital in the British Empire. 200 Beds at Great Ormond Street, 50 Beds at Cromwell House. Daily Deficit, £30.

A Donation of

One Thousand Pounds will endow a Bed for ever in memory of a relative.

New Annual Subscribers are always urgently needed to enable the Committee to meet the daily cost of keeping open all the Wards.

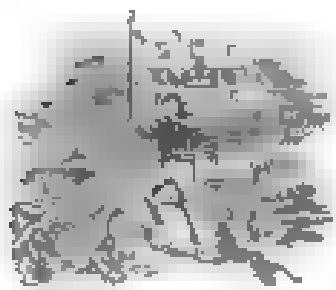
ADRIAN HOPE, *Secretary*

"There is mercy on the Sea."

THE SHIPWRECKED Fishermen and MARINERS' Royal Benevolent SOCIETY.

(Founded in 1839.)

OVER HALF A MILLION PERSONS RELIEVED.



The wreck of Sailor, Fisherman, &c., is instantly called for and Aged Sailor, Boy Mariner, Orphan, &c., immediately sought out and succoured. The distressed Seafarer of every grade at once charitably assisted.

CONTRIBUTIONS VERY URGENTLY NEEDED.

[illegible] H.M. the KING (Hon. Vice).
Chairman ADM. SIR E. S. ADEANE, C.M.G.
Secretary G. E. MACOB, Esq., 16, Buckingham Street, Strand, [illegible]

. . The . .

International Fur Store.



163 & 165, Regent Street, W.

Google

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL,

Broad Sanctuary, S.W.

INSTITUTED 1719. A.D.

CHAIRMAN SIR JOHN WOLFE BARRY, K.C.B.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL is the oldest Institution in London dependent upon Voluntary Contributions.

It contains 212 Beds, and relieves every year nearly 3,000 in Patients and 24,000 out Patients.

The Expenditure for the year 1900 **exceeded** *the Receipts* **from all sources** *by* **£9,993.**

Additional contributions are most urgently needed.

DONATIONS and SUBSCRIPTIONS will be thankfully received by the Treasurers, Messrs. Hoare, 37, Fleet Street; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co., 1, Pall Mall East; or by the Secretary at the Hospital.

To Lovers of Music.

MR. MURRAY'S MUSICAL SERIES.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net each.

THREE NEW VOLUMES.

SONGS AND SONG WRITERS. By HENRY T. FINCK, Author of "Wagner and His Works," &c. With Eight Portraits. *Just Published.*

THE ORCHESTRA AND ORCHESTRAL MUSIC. By W. J. HENDERSON, Author of "What to Sing and How to Sing It," &c. With Eight Portraits and Other Illustrations. *Just Published.*

THE OPERA. Past and Present. An Historical Sketch. By WILLIAM F. APTHORP, Author of "Musical Essays." With Portraits. *Just Published.*

HOW MUSIC DEVELOPED. By W. J. HENDERSON.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC. By W. J. HENDERSON.

MUSIC: How It Came To Be What It Is. By JOHN SPENCER CURWEN. NEW IMPRESSION. NOW READY.

HOW TO LISTEN TO MUSIC. Hints and Suggestions to Untaught Lovers of the Art. By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS. With Many Illustrations.

JOHN MURRAY, 50, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

SCALE of CHARGES for ADVERTISING

IN

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Cover Pages and other Special positions by arrangement

Ordinary Page	-	£6	0	0	Quarter Page	-	£2	0	0
Half do.	-	3	10	0	One-eighth do.	-	1	7	6

Special Contracts for a Series upon application

[illegible]

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISING

IN

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Cover Pages and other Special positions by arrangement

	£	s.	
Ten Lines in Single Column	0	11	6
Exceeding Ten Lines, and under a Quarter of a Column, per Line	0	0	9
Half a Column, or Quarter of a Page	1	8	6
A Column, or Half a Page	2	10	0
A Page	5	0	0

[illegible]

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE Co.

Established 1864.

TRUSTEES

WEALTH SECURITY STABILITY.

Paid in Claims upwards of - £11,700,000.

PROVISION FOR

LOW PREMIUM RATES FOR

WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT, 1897

Branch Offices BELFAST BIRMINGHAM CARDIFF GLASGOW LEEDS MANCHESTER

Chief Office 15, NEW BRIDGE STREET LONDON E.C.

Applications for Agencies invited

FIRE. LIFE.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714

Head Office **81, Cornhill, E.C., London.**

Accumulated Funds, £3,800,000.

Subscribed Capital, £480,000. Annual Income, £1,000,000.

DIRECTORS &c.

Moderate Premiums. Liberal Conditions. Claims paid Free of Office.

Prompt Payment of Claims. Interim Bonuses. Non-Forfeitable Policies.

Fire Manager—W. C. Wilcocks. Life Manager [illegible]

Scottish Provident Institution.

IN THIS SOCIETY are combined the ADVANTAGES OF

MUTUAL ASSURANCE with MODERATE PREMIUMS.

THE SYSTEM of Mutual Assurance adopted by the Institution is that of [illegible] per cent. of the Profits every Five Years, which [illegible] Assurances with participation in Profits [illegible] to an Annual and certain Bonus of not less than 25 per cent.

THE WHOLE SKILL [illegible] the Institution rests on a system at once safe and equitable, no Policy being issued by which every Insurer [illegible] and

Examples of Premiums for £100 at Death With Profits.

AGE	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
[illegible]	£1 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible] Premiums [illegible] Assurance [illegible] Premiums [illegible] Policy [

Google

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 05542 3217
B 1,469,473



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN